

A BEAUTIFUL LIFE
AND
ITS ASSOCIATIONS

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*" When time has passed and season fled,
Your hearts will feel like mine,
And aye the song will maist delight,
That minds ye o' lang syne."*





Yours Affectionately
D. C. Stoddard.

A BEAUTIFUL LIFE

AND

ITS ASSOCIATIONS

BY

ANNA HOWELL CLARKSON

ILLUSTRATED



NEW YORK

PUBLISHED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF
THE HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT OF IOWA

1899

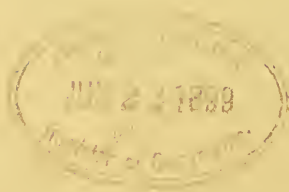
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AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED TO

My Fellow Students

OF THE IOWA CENTRAL UNIVERSITY

Prefatory

In the days when writing was a solemn function, when the only admissible style was imposing and full of dignity, I never could have gained the courage to present my readers with this semi-social, semi-historical book. Nowadays one may be permitted to tell his story in a conversational way—in the simplest language—and I have availed myself of the privilege of the time.

It is not that I have anything to relate which you, my friends and fellow-students, do not already know; but the necessity for gathering together a little data, personal and otherwise, concerning those of whom I write, seemed impressed upon me. When I began the work, all of the presidents of the College were living, with one exception. In the short two years intervening, three of them have passed away. I have letters from each of them. The importance of time is shown in this instance, as it has been in many others.

In writing of Mrs. Stoddard I have refrained from encroaching upon her family life as much as possible; and I have resisted the temptation to use private letters which would have added much in interest. My original idea was to preserve, in a small pamphlet, the main points of her life. In conference with her, a more extended plan was decided upon. My debt to the friends of my youth herein mentioned is so large that I gladly set about gathering material for the sketches; imperfect and incomplete as the result may be, my intentions have been loving and sincere. If they prove lacking in interest the fault is mine, for my subjects have been worthy of a more graceful pen.

Mrs. Stoddard, like the mother of the great Wesley, is one of the women who “underwent” and “overcame.” The fire

of her life has been kindled by energy and devotion. I realize how far short I have fallen in writing of her, but the letters of the old friends and students are so full of savor and appreciation, that they will avail and succeed where I have failed. I am somewhat reassured by this, for they have been a great delight to me.

You will not wonder that these pages are full of reminiscent thought. Few people live in the present. We dream and dote on the past with the enchantment lent by distance. We hope and plan for the future, and rarely think of to-day, which is the link that carries us from the yesterday that was, to the morrow which is to be. We seem not to be able to look the sun straight in the face; we see our future gilded by his rising beams; we view our past in his fading glow and the light of memory.

Yes, this book is a song of the past, and not a sermon for the future. It is a love-token, pure and simple. Out of the fulness of my heart have the lines been written, with the hope that they may serve to recall all that was pleasant in our school-days, and reinforce our faith in the College itself.

I might have told more of the quaint little city where our College is located, and how it came to be founded; but the fine monograph by Cyrenus Cole, has told this tale so beautifully and so faithfully that I refer you to its pages. I have steered clear of everything traditional and legendary, and spoken only of what I know. To those who have furnished me with data, and assisted me in collecting photographs for reproduction, I wish to express my gratitude. To Mr. Herman Bousquet, Professor Fred Morgan, Mrs. Russell Sage, Mrs. Marvin Lord, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and Dr. Albert Shaw, I owe thanks for favors shown. I have been fortunate in securing many letters and pictures, but the number is not complete. It is a matter of regret to me that I have been unable to reach several of my best-loved friends. I give the result of my work into your hands, trusting you may find entertainment and pleasure in its pages.

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ANNA HOWELL CLARKSON.

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A Beautiful Life and its Associations

CHAPTER I

MRS. DRUSILLA ALLEN STODDARD

"She is more precious than rubies, and all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her."

When we read of the women of days gone by, whose fame has come down to us through centuries, we find ourselves comparing them with those of our own time, and wondering if, after all, they differed so materially in virtues and achievements. At distant range we see through glasses, colored by rosy romance or warped by unwarranted prejudice, the pictured lives of a long line of famous women. It is difficult to know just how much is truth, and what per cent. fiction; for all narratives are tinged with the color of individual preference or prejudice. We draw our conclusions from our desires, and it is unusual to find a mind so fair and judicial that an exact reproduction of a character, with all its phases, is placed in review, where it must endure the scrutiny of all time. Beginning with Mother Eve, we feel that there is the possibility of misrepresentation, that her motives may have been misconstrued, that her desire was certainly to *share* the delights of the forbidden "apple" with Adam, from whose side she was taken, and that she had no intention of drawing him into trouble because of feeling her sin

too heavy to bear alone. No historian was by to preserve the exact spirit of the unlucky *contretemps*; and the theologians and experts leave us largely to draw our own conclusions.

It is not at all certain that our views of many of the gifted of our sex are fair; their names have come before the public lighted, perchance, by envy, malice, and false accusation.

But I do feel sure when good is said of a woman, when biographers have vied with each other in telling of her graces, there is sure to be some truth in their statements.

The human tendency is not to praise, even where merit is brilliantly apparent. It is much easier to find fault and blame, and bring to the public eye flaws that are microscopic. With all the risks that are to be run, in sending the true analysis of a life down through countless ages, we cannot but see that merit, developed and rounded; natural ability, nourished and strengthened; ambition and high-mindedness, persevered in and quickened, stand by far the best chances of meeting with recognition. It is an encouragement that a determination to live up to the fullest of our opportunities, and to block out our steps in unhewn quarries, is usually in some measure recognized. An effort in the right direction is never lost. And whether or not it meets with the chronicler's pen, or is preserved as a matter of pride by loving friends, it goes to brighten and strengthen the wide fabric which is woven day by day, with warp and woof spun by the hands which are reaching out toward a wider and a richer experience.

A few years of worthy impulse, noble purpose, and strength of character leave upon the world an impress which always remains. A *long* life, rich in good works, strong in achievements, and powerful in influence, deepens and widens the impressions, until they become great channels, flowing with fragrant waters, which strengthen and refresh as they pass by.

Prefacing what I may say later with these few thoughts, I come to the subject of this little sketch. With loving words I want to tell you of the life that is the fullest and most useful I have ever known, from all points of excellence; in its philos-

ophy and piety it is a model of beauty and power. I am talking to friends and schoolmates, who are the children and outgrowth of the broad faith and the beneficent teachings of one of the grandest and most interesting of women. Did I not feel that my audience is in entire sympathy, I would not have the temerity to place before it a *résumé* of a life so full of interest. I speak of one who has, by long years of telling work, made an impression upon a community which has been enriched by her presence and pervading influence; one who threw all selfishness aside, gave up all cherished plans and schemes of her own, made herself one of the people of her choosing, and dwelt among them, a blessing, a guide, and a never-failing source of strength to a multitude of young students, whose welfare was the motive thought of her life.

It will be of interest to learn by what rules so noble a woman was modelled, by what precepts she was trained, and in what school of fortune she was reared. When we find a beautiful flower, we look to the richness of the loam which nourished it, to learn just what elements it required to form such creamy petals and such glossy foliage. If we hear the trill of an unknown bird, we cannot rest until we know what zone first sheltered the little warbler. If we meet with the grandest thing of all, a rounded and ripened character, an almost perfect man or woman, how quickly we ask of the childhood, the associations, the training and environment that brought a result so satisfying. We look for sturdiness of character in thorough-going, wisely governed homes; for warriors, where privation has made stoics of the race; for bravery on the frontiers; for lovers and troubadours, where the Mediterranean laps the warm sands along the Riviera; for prime donne in the same mild clime which knows not influenza or coryza; and for thinkers along the Rhine, where time is given to thought. Every country, every nationality, sends out its true sons and daughters stamped with the "hall-mark" of their own land so ineffaceably, that neither time nor travel can dim its distinctness.

Every home stamps all the members of its household in the same way. If you study the children well you may learn something of the grandsire; for we stamp with our faults and graces, our children even to the third and fourth generations.

By closing our eyes we can almost see the long line of true-blue, staunch ancestry which came before the noble woman who is so dear to us all. We find, in reviewing her early life and surroundings, just what we expected to find.

Mrs. Stoddard (Drusilla Allen) came as a blessing into the Allen home on June 18, 1821. Isaac Allen, her father, was married to Lydia Bartlett, her mother, in Danby, Vermont, in 1815. The Allens were English, and were in America two or three generations before the Revolution. They were patriots, and fought well for their adopted country.

Mrs. Stoddard's grandmother was a Harper. Her father was one of seven ^{brothers} ~~brothers~~ all of whom served in the Revolutionary War. The ^{Harper} ~~Allens~~ were Scotch-Irish, descended from the Scotch who settled in Ireland before the siege of Londonderry, 1689. They were Presbyterians in faith. Her grandfather Allen served in the Vermont Legislature soon after the State was admitted to the Union. The Bartletts, also English, were Quakers, and did not take part in the war.

Mrs. Stoddard was born into the Quaker Church, a member by "birthright," as they called it. Her father became one through "convincement."

Mr. and Mrs. Allen, soon after their marriage, turned their eyes to the "Holland Purchase" in western New York, as a desirable place for a home. In those days that was called "out West." They settled in Genesee County; Batavia was their nearest purchasing point. Mr. Allen was twenty-two years old, and his wife was twenty—a young couple to live alone in a wilderness beset with Indians and entirely unsettled and wild. Here these plucky young people started their home, harrowed their fields, and sowed about their door-yard the seeds of flowers from their old home. Orchards were planted, and soon New England thrift began to tell in the

uncultivated country. Mr. Allen was very successful at raising fruit, and on presenting samples of his skill to his neighbors would always say: "Now be sure thee plants the stones." (A lesson in a sentence.)

Through carefulness and energy the home soon grew to be a place of comfort. The spinning-wheel hummed, the fire blazed, and generous living became possible. The friend and stranger found a welcome at this hospitable hearth, which was large enough to accommodate all who came. When we are told that it fronted a fireplace which took in a "back-log" eight feet long, and nobody knows how many other logs, we sigh for a good book and a low chair, and unlimited time to spend in that chimney-corner. The thought of such a great roaring fire, with its dancing flames and restless sparks, cheering body and soul, makes us turn from the steam-pipes and patent heaters with a shiver. Give us the open fire, even if one's back is always cold, and though every rug in the house is burnt into holes.

Mr. Allen was a man of piety and a member of the Quaker Church, but very charitable toward other beliefs and creeds. He used to say, "He can't be wrong whose life is in the right." Honest and upright, he was the adviser and counsellor of his neighborhood. Far-sighted and clear in judgment, his word was law. He constantly advanced in knowledge, keeping up with the progress of the world. When the little Drusilla was too young to be at school, but not too small to help her mother gather up the dishes after the meals, a school was established near their home. Her share of the daily routine did not please her little ladyship, for she wanted to be off with her brother and sister. One day her mother heard her muttering something. Upon listening, she heard the following little couplet:

" Mary and Daniel can go to school,
While I stay home to be a fool."

This infantile expression of dissatisfaction sounded so badly

in a Quaker household, that the next day her father carried her on his shoulders to the schoolhouse. Thus her education had its beginning. Mrs. Stoddard often refers to those delightful days, when, in her father's arms going through the woods, she began to see the outside life. She says: "As we thee'd and thou'd by the way, the lessons I learned under my father's tuition were, I have no doubt, as profitable as those in school, which extended from 'A B C' to 'Crucifix' in Webster's old spelling-book.

Mrs. Stoddard's mother was a tiny woman, but full of courage and reserve strength. At one time, when she sent her little son on an errand to a neighbor's house, a mile away by the blazed path through the woods, a terrible storm came on. Large trees were uprooted, and a terrific wind swept the forest. After the whirlwind had subsided, she watched in vain for the little chap's return. Night was falling, and her heart was bursting with fear lest he had been torn to pieces in the storm, or lost in the forest and become the prey of wolves and panthers. The father was away from home. The man employed on the farm said it would be impossible to thread the woods after such a terrific storm, as the way would be blocked. But mother-love could no longer endure the suspense; so leaving the other children in charge of the man, and taking her lantern, she set out on her perilous journey. This lantern was no "argand burner," but a perforated tin "lighthouse," as it was then called, which contained a "tallow-dip," the flame of which was liable to be blown out by the first whirl of wind, and this was before the day of lucifer matches. Over fallen trees, through brambles and bushes, this heroic little woman picked her way, calling as she went, "Daniel, Daniel," but eliciting no reply. Coming at last to the open field, she found the neighbor's house, and, to her great joy, little Daniel. This was just half the trip. Relieved of this anxiety, her heart turned to the children at home. Back she went, and midnight found her quieting her hungry baby, who knew nothing of what a plucky mother he had.

Those were days which tried the courage of both men and women. It was no unusual thing for an Indian to open the door, thrust his head through the opening, and give his characteristic "Ugh!" That was a little startling, but it was only one of the trying things that tested the courage and nerve of the pioneers in this new country.

The Allens managed, in those early days when means of obtaining information were scarce, to keep pace with the doings of the world. Their large intelligence rejoiced in all the vast improvements going forward in all countries. They felt that the world was growing better and richer each year, and did not, in their day, suffer from that pessimism born of overfed minds and bodies. They were well-informed, advanced thinkers, and a power in their community.

In politics Mr. Allen was a Republican. When he went to the polls for the last time, he cast his vote with representatives of four generations of his own family, all voting the straight Republican ticket.

Mrs. Stoddard, in writing of her father and mother, says: "Rejoicing in all that brought peace and good-will to mankind, my parents went down the hill of life and finished their course in 1879, and were buried from the home in which they had lived so happily for sixty-four years. My mother was eighty-four years of age, my father eighty-six. May those who remain emulate their virtues and cherish their memory."

Growing to womanhood in the strong, bracing air of this pure and intellectual atmosphere, it is not strange that we have before us a young girl full of the grace of maidenhood, with a mind fully equipped and ready for a large future.

At fifteen, we find her starting off to a Quaker boarding-school, full of life and health, with her splendid eyes—which have ever been filled with the essence of enlightenment and civilization—sparkling with delight at the prospect of going where all her time could be spent in study. Truth compels me to say that this spirited girl loathed the routine of preparing meals and mending the "weekly wash." When she was

needed for these tasks she and her books were usually very hard to find.

At the school she came under the care of an instructress of fine ability, who had a strong influence over her life and did much toward forming her character.

At the age of seventeen Miss Allen began teaching in another Quaker school, as an assistant to one of her former teachers, who was a woman of culture, and led the budding mind of the young girl into paths of literature and science. They became very close in friendship, and for twenty-five years held their intimacy, until the elder friend passed from the scenes of earth.

After several years of teaching Miss Allen entered the famous school of Mrs. Emma Willard, in Troy, New York, and completed her course of study there in 1845. After her graduation at Troy she taught in the mission school established by the Quakers among the Seneca Indians. Among her pupils were the children of "Two Guns," "Silver Heels," "Big Kettle," and of others with equally high-sounding and "aristocratic" names. These Indians had lived many years on the "Cattaraugus Reservation," and were quite civilized; but they still clung to their blankets, and all of the members of one family ate their food out of a large kettle. There were some Christians among them, but they held to the pagan ceremony of sacrificing a white dog upon occasion.

In 1847 Miss Allen was married to the Rev. Ira Joy Stoddard, and they sailed away to India on their wedding journey, bravely starting out on their new life to carry the blessed Gospel to the benighted souls across the seas. An account of their interesting and useful life there would alone fill a large volume. I can mention only briefly some of the most important events connected with the missionary work of these ardent young zealots who went forth at the call of the Master.

It took Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard four long months to make the trip from New York to Calcutta. One hundred and

twenty days they were out of sight of land, in a tubby old ship, ballasted with New England rock, which was unloaded, upon landing, for use at the delta of the Ganges and Brahmaputra rivers. Their diet consisted entirely of salt provisions, with sea-biscuits and hardtack. Mrs. Stoddard was ill with sea-sickness for six weeks. After her recovery her fine health asserted itself, and she enjoyed the sea, the air, the food, and everything connected with the trip to the fullest, and landed with rosy cheeks and buoyant spirits, ready for the life of trial and sacrifice before her.

There were several other missionaries on the ship, all bound for India. During the voyage they encountered many storms in the north Atlantic, and a fearful one in the Indian Ocean. It was with great rejoicing that they finally saw the low-lying shores of the Hoogly River, the treacherous stream up which they must be piloted to Calcutta, adding one hundred long, weary miles to their journey. When they reached Calcutta, the monthly steamer, which was to carry them to Gowhatty, had sailed the day before. The hot season was at hand and cholera was raging; but there was no help for it, there they were obliged to tarry one month.

Any one knowing Mrs. Stoddard could tell precisely how she spent those days of waiting. Every library, museum, garden, and spot of interest became her haunt. The government mission schools came in for a share of her time. She was especially interested in the one established by the Free Church of Scotland, managed by that prince of missionaries, Dr. Duff. In this school she found a thousand boys studying everything, from the alphabet to the work of senior classes. The "Museum of the Asiatic Society" was Mrs. Stoddard's delight. They visited Serampore, sixteen miles from Calcutta, where missionaries had planted their standard before the East India Company allowed them in their territory. They were protected in this small possession, which was owned by the Danes. Mrs. Stoddard tells of the beauties of Carey's Garden at Serampore; of their being entertained by

John C. Marshman, the son of the missionary, and of meeting the distinguished men connected with the college.

At the end of that month of waiting, Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard set sail on the great Brahmaputra. The river was swollen with the heavy rainfall, and navigation was difficult. After a two weeks' voyage they landed at Gowhatty, then the seat of the English Government. Here they were transferred to canoes, with all their luggage, for another trip of ten days up a smaller river, to their destination, Nowgong. This place they reached just seven months after leaving Buffalo, New York. This shows the fastest rate of travel in the "forties," barring the delay at Calcutta.

As soon as the young couple were settled in their home, they began the study of the Assamese language. This tongue they acquired quickly. Mrs. Stoddard was very fluent in her use of it; the "mem sahib" received many compliments from the natives on this accomplishment.

The resident missionary at Nowgong was about to leave for America, so Dr. and Mrs. Stoddard at once took charge of the orphan school. The nine years they spent in India were full of work. Dr. Stoddard preached and taught; Mrs. Stoddard had charge of the girls, their studies, work, food, clothing, medicinal treatment, and care of the ailing. I once asked Mrs. Stoddard how she learned to heal the sick. She replied: "When one is at the end of the earth, and obliged to do a thing, the way is, to do it." Necessity, as well as being the mother of invention, is the mistress of all secrets and trades.

Dr. and Mrs. Stoddard were fortunate in falling in with cultivated English people in India, who loaned them books, papers, and magazines. The English magistrate was an accomplished gentleman, and was good enough to keep his orderly "on the run" with current books and periodicals for the Stoddard home. Baptist missionaries did not have much money to spend on luxuries, and hardly enough for the necessities of life, so this was a much appreciated favor.

The three Stoddard children—Bertha, Ella, and Ira Joy—were born during this sojourn in India.

After nine years among the people of Nowgong, Dr. and Mrs. Stoddard returned to America. Mrs. Stoddard had suffered greatly from the fevers of the country, but she had grown acclimated, when her husband was so prostrated that they were compelled to give up their work in India.

Soon after they returned to America, Mrs. Stoddard's fame as an instructress reached the little college town of Pella, and she was invited by the trustees of "Central" to take charge of the Ladies' Department of the College. Fortunately for us, Dr. Stoddard had been ordered by his physicians to proceed inland, where the air was dry and anti-malarial. Iowa was decided upon. Mrs. Stoddard accepted the position offered her, and at once entered upon her duties.

At that time Dr. Gunn was president of the College. What Mrs. Stoddard was able to do for the unclothed youth of the far East we can never fully and clearly know, but we have definite and positive knowledge of the work accomplished in her new "mission." The college had never possessed a "mother," and, as it was a co-educational institution, one was needed very much. It was denominational, and Mrs. Stoddard, having embraced the Baptist faith on her marriage, met the requirements on that score. Most perfectly and fully she filled her position, and performed her duties in a manner which placed her above praise.

Just here I feel so keenly my inability to do this noble woman justice that I am tempted to throw aside my pen, for so many of my readers know, better than I can tell, what a life of self-abnegation, sacrifice, and devotion she lived while following the lines of self-imposed duty to the youth of the new State of Iowa. She was so well equipped in every particular, and so imbued with love of her work, and so absorbed in the interest of the young people committed to her care, that her immediate success was assured.

Having her home to manage, three little children to fill her

thoughts, and her busy school life, it is hard to see how she accomplished all that we know she brought about in her dual life as home-maker and College mother. No one not possessed of extraordinary talent for planning and strong executive ability could have met the demands of both exacting vocations. She had what the New England people call "faculty," and did not seem to be obliged to observe the formulæ that women of less ability were obliged to follow.

Sacrificing her natural inclinations to her enthusiastic love for the youth under her care, and their interests, and having an abiding faith in the College and its future, she smothered the cry within her for more light and greater advancement, and kept bravely on. Learned beyond the common in many scientific subjects, her researches would have been invaluable had she been where her wonderful mental forces could have been brought to notice.

If one has not been in a "world" whose fields are rich with the allurements of science, art, and philosophy, he knows nothing of the temptations they possess to one used to close contact with superior minds and cultivated tastes. The garnered stores of the matured and harvested grain attract and win from the rolling plains where culture and development have only begun. It takes courage and strength to turn the back upon advantages which we are probably given only one life to enjoy.

Mrs. Stoddard accepted this life of seeming duty and deprivation. God blessed her for so doing. I cannot say selfishly that I am glad she took up the work at "Central," but inasmuch as it pleased her so to do, I can never be thankful enough that it was my good fortune to come under her judicious guidance and strengthening influence.

Practical and conscientious in all the sterner virtues, Mrs. Stoddard has a lighter vein which is charming. No one can see the point of a joke quicker, or parry a thrust more adroitly than she. Verily she "hath a pretty wit," without the sting of undue sarcasm or the bite of ill nature. During my last

years of school life it was very interesting to watch the effect of her Friday afternoon lectures upon the younger girls. She believed in object-lessons, and would impress her remarks upon her listeners with clever pantomime worthy of a "star." She encouraged questions, and sometimes those put to her almost upset her gravity. She could always control her face, but could not keep her eyes in complete scholastic subjection. Long after one would think she had forgotten the provoking cause, those windows of the soul would dance and sparkle with suppressed merriment. She was a light of inspiration to her "girls," and was able to fill the most timid with confidence and ambition. Her rebukes, if administered at all, must always have been in private, for her heart was too tender to wound or mortify a student by public reproof. When her patience was sorely tried she smiled through it all, and seemed unruffled. Her influence was elevating in the highest degree. Pure in thought herself, she would tolerate no unholy sentiments in those under her charge. She was uncompromising in her dislike of vulgarity and idle talk. Stately and dignified, yet always approachable, no one ever dreamed of being unduly familiar with her. Her conversation among her pupils was lofty in tone, free from mannerisms and the slovenliness of slang. Her entire life was a lesson in itself, her cheerful unselfishness a sermon.

Mrs. Stoddard's love of books amounts to almost a passion. The only times I have ever seen her utterly oblivious to her surroundings, the presence of friends, her meals, or the time of day or night, have been when she had captured a fine piece of literature—a book which held the ripest thoughts of a great thinker, or a journal which brought the news from all the corners of the earth. Everything is "grist which comes to her mill." One of her uncles said, in a fit of impatience, when unable to claim her attention, "Give an Allen a book, and you can steal her birthright before her very eyes;" and I believe you could. When she was a little girl, "Drusilla's candle" used to go upstairs at night very long; when it came

down in the morning it was very short. A watchful mother was not slow in rectifying this untimely diligence.

Mrs. Stoddard could not associate with any one without inspiring her with a love of knowledge for its own sake, a desire to know the great secrets of nature's laboratory, and an ambition to become a scholar and cultured in one or many directions. She studied the trend of her pupils' abilities, and spurred them on to advancement and excellence. Always ready with sympathy, her devotion to her girls was touching. In their youth and inexperience she was a genuine mother to them all.

"Times were hard" in those early days, and when the war came, with its high prices and scarcity of both luxuries and necessities, many people who had always known comfort were sorely troubled and pinched. It was hard for the farmers to keep their girls in school after they had sent their sowers and reapers into a larger and less peaceful field. There was no money with which to hire men, and there were few men to be hired. Many a rosy-cheeked schoolgirl was called home from college to help "put in the crop," and could not return the following autumn until after the harvest was gathered. Then she would teach, perhaps, a country school for a term, to obtain the money for books and clothing, should she be so fortunate as to be able to return to school after the holidays. Mrs. Stoddard used to "beg hard" for the girls, and tried to persuade their parents that they had better economize in other ways and leave their daughters undisturbed in their college work. Many a victory she won, and many a jug of milk and loaf of bread found its way from her own thriftily managed storeroom to the slim little larder of the girl who was trying to keep up with her classes and "board herself."

We always prize that which we must struggle to obtain. These heroic girls, who lived in cramped quarters and endured every discomfort, felt that they were enjoying the greatest possible blessing in being enabled to secure that which really outweighs almost everything else—a sound and liberal educa-

tion. Many times, when their provisions ran low in both pantry and cellar, it would suddenly occur to Mrs. Stoddard that this or that young woman needed a "change," and she would invite her for a visit which lasted until supplies came from home. She managed to have her pupils warmly clothed in the severe weather by adroitly asking one of the number who possessed a handsome wardrobe to wear a homespun gown. Soon it was the fashion to wear the pretty checked and striped "all wools" made on the farms; they were within reach of every one. That was a sensible and health-saving device. She advised, for wear in the deep snows and during the wet season, high leather boots, and had them made for her own little girls. There were so few sidewalks in that early day that this was a most comfortable departure, and enabled the girls to sit through their recitations with dry feet. She seemed to think of everything that would strengthen and develop her charges physically as well as mentally.

Nearly all the members of the faculty found homes with Mrs. Stoddard or Mrs. Scarff, the President's wife. Their warm hearts took in many homesick girls besides. They crowded their families into close quarters to make room for all these.

A college town is a most hospitable place to students, if it is small enough to regard the college as its principal interest. There no one is too conservative or exclusive to take a "boarder." The prominent families in the town guard carefully the young people who are sent among them, and see that they are provided with homes; and their own hearts are kept mellow by this intercourse, which is mutually helpful.

Mrs. Stoddard's supervision of her department was marvellous. It was personal and effective; never seeming to see anything, she saw everything. If she discovered a student who had slackened in her work, she looked for and soon found what was interesting the delinquent. She was wont to say: "You know nature abhors a vacuum; if study is not filling her mind,

something else is." She always proceeded upon that principle, and wisely and tactfully set the offender on the right way.

She improved every opportunity to "point a moral" and "adorn a tale." Her guests were always drawn out for the improvement and edification of the students in her home. An old gentleman, who was renowned throughout the village for his philosophy and homely wisdom, dined with her one day. She always found him a never-failing source of interest. At the close of the meal Mrs. Stoddard said to him: "Father Jenkins, you have the faculty of living in such a way that you make no enemies, and yet you are full of strong convictions and have your own opinions. I wish you would tell these young ladies how you manage it, and I would like to know myself." The old gentleman pushed his chair back from the table and said, with great seriousness: "Sister Stoddard, when I was young I larnt manners." That was the secret of it all. He respected other people, and compelled them to respect him. It taught him to live the life of gentleness and true good breeding, which made the dear, quaint little man so well beloved in the community.

With the beginning of each college year came a time which none of us could have gone through alone. Then Mrs. Stoddard was guide, philosopher, and friend. She was everywhere in a minute, but never seemed the least bit excited; though I think she must have been, as I well remember, in those first busy days, how her eyes shone. She was ready with her counsel and bit of advice for the agitated and lonesome "new" girl, supervised her course, welcomed her into her heart of hearts, and invited her to come to her with her confidences, were they laden with sorrow or joy. What a troop of people she took into her sheltering home, with its elastic hospitality! At these times every one went there that was not provided for elsewhere. It was a source of wonder how so many were housed in the low, rambling house, covered with vines and roses. Another thing hard to understand was the

financial side of all this. It dawned upon me gradually, and not until a late day, that Dr. Scarff, Dr. Stoddard, and Professor Currier were not luxuriating in wealth. So cheerful were they that I never dreamed that times were stringent and tuition fees elusive. It was an early impression of mine that college presidents and professors were so extraordinary that the wants of work-a-day people could not assail them. Never did I hear one of those devoted teachers say that "times were hard," or that they "could not afford" a coveted luxury, or that the college board was underpaying them, or that the students were slow in adjusting their fees, or make the slightest expression of discomfort or discontent. Now we know that they denied themselves a very great deal, and must by magic alone have managed to meet their expenses. They lived beautiful, pious lives, and told of Christianity and the love of God by their irreproachable examples. Dr. Scarff's sermons always pointed the "way," and his simple faith and firm belief have led many a rebellious spirit to "bend the knee" and "kiss the rod." He led into "green pastures" and "beside still waters," and counselled against sudden impulse and excitement.

Mrs. Stoddard had wonderful facility in managing her household affairs. She never seemed hurried, even when we knew she was at her wits' end for time. When arranging for a meal, she laid the campaign for the next, and kept her work in front of her, whence she could move it along. Everything she did was so well and deftly done that it was a model lesson. Truly there is a recompense in teaching the young, for the benefits go on for all time. As interesting and instructive as Mrs. Stoddard's precepts seemed to me when a girl, they are of infinitely more value to me now. I can appreciate more nearly the intellectual strength of this superb woman; can see what it cost her, day by day, to set such an example, and can realize how she must have hungered for the opportunities of the larger world in which she would have been such a shining ornament. Having an easy and graceful as well as forceful

pen, she could have earned, in another vocation, many times what her salary amounted to.

Mrs. Stoddard's personal appearance is most interesting. She is rather below than above medium stature, with full, round figure; has very dark-brown hair, and extremely large, dark-brown eyes, which, besides being truly magnificent, possess the power of seeing into the innermost and darkest corners of one's soul. When her eyes opened wide and solemnly, saddened over our peccadilloes, our hearts came near breaking; when they filled with the light of approbation, we were raised to the seventh heaven. With them she could have taught the entire college course, even though she were dumb. When Dr. Stoddard was a young man some one asked him if he "thought Drusilla Allen had a pretty mouth." "I don't know," he said; "I have never looked below her eyes." Fine color, too, was one of her charms; and she was so splendidly muscled in those teaching days that it was a treat to watch her strong, free movements. Her brow was, and is, her especial glory. Modelled like the dome of St. Peter's, it suggests the possibility of any intellectual achievement. The brain beneath is fine and vigorous, and well worthy its royal domicile.

The Stoddard home was rich in summer bloom. Dr. Stoddard made the lawn and garden his special care, and everything he produced was superior. He and Dr. Scarff vied with each other in horticultural exploits and experiments. When they succeeded in raising something fine the neighbors were "treated" to a basket of the delicacy. Once Dr. Scarff brought a pretty bunch of fruit, of a new variety, to my father, Dr. Howell, saying, as he handed it to him, "Stoddard tried to raise this fruit and failed." There was as much glee expressed by this remark as if he were a ten-year-old boy, and had beaten one of his *confrères* in a foot-race. Then, again, the tables were turned, when Dr. Stoddard would come in for the larger share of the glory. Occasionally my father would have better luck than either of them, and would exhibit the fruits of his skill with pardonable pride.

There is a sort of freemasonry among those who wrest from the earth the best she can produce. Turning over the soil brings them down to first principles; the mystery of reproduction is performed before their eyes. And they are fond of discussing the strange developments of grafting, crossing, and hybridizing choice and unusual species. There is a fascination in "mellowing" the soil, and there is no pursuit which pays so well, in bringing health and strength, and in destroying the morbid germs which infest and prey upon those who live lives of ease and inactivity. Living close to nature is a sovereign remedy for most of the ills to which we have fallen heir, and those who are wisest of our race have learned this truth. No peach ever tasted as sweet as the one which grew upon the tree that came from the stone we planted, and the little twig we grafted, and no rose ever exhaled such fragrance as the "American Beauty" whose mother-bush we carried home in an old tomato can and planted with care in our choicest border.

Mrs. Stoddard did not find much time to devote to flowers, but she loved them, and no travelling friends can give her greater pleasure than to send her specimens of the flora of the lands in which they are jaunting. She presses and mounts them with scientific skill, and can tell you all about the genera to which they belong.

The alumni will remember well the lesson of industry which Mrs. Stoddard was herself. I believe she never spent an idle moment. Her energy was a rebuke to all who sat with folded hands when there was something to be done. With all her interests and cares she had but little time for the siesta or the hour of recreation. She planned and worked so skilfully that nothing in which she was engaged seemed like drudgery. Her sewing was always ready for the needle, and in just the right place. So much can be accomplished by having a little piece of work always at hand. When a neighbor's call extends over two or three hours, one can thus visit with an easy conscience. There is something cosy and comfortable about a jolly little

work-basket filled with little aprons, a bit of fancy work, bobbins of silk, "strawberry emery," fat pin-cushions, bright wools, glistening scissors, and all the shining implements a busy woman loves to use and keep in order. A woman thus equipped is never "rushed to death" when preparing for any special occasion. Her gloves are in order, the pinafores have the regulation number of buttons, the home-made ball is ready for the bat, and the "centre-piece," with its wild roses and maidenhair fern, is awaiting the coming of a visitor to make its first appearance. Of course it is easier to preach than to practise, to present theories than to abide by them. It is "less difficult to teach twenty the proper way, than to be one of the twenty to follow our own precepts." We can seldom, if ever, come up to our own ideals; but no effort is lost, and we can follow in the footsteps of those who have attained a higher degree of excellence than ourselves, even though we never quite overtake them.

It is to be deplored that Mrs. Stoddard's fine health was impaired by the rigors of the uncompromising Iowa climate, and the additional fact that the college recitations were held for years in totally unsuitable rooms. The enterprise was new, and the funds were exhausted before the interior of the college building was finished. The classes were held in rooms not much warmer than out-of-doors; the heating arrangements were insufficient, and the accommodations poor in every way. There were no campus walks, and no snow-ploughs. Small wonder that colds and coughs prevailed, and that not a few of the pupils succumbed to them. Mrs. Stoddard contracted catarrhal trouble, which resulted in her deafness, the seeds of it having been sown by her malarial illnesses in India. For years she bore her malady uncomplainingly, but was obliged finally to withdraw from active work in the college. This calamity, for it was a cruel loss, came in 1876. But, although her official connection with the college was severed, nothing could remove her from the councils of the board and faculty. She is, and ever should be, the adviser, *facile princeps*, of

the college officials. And she is still *en rapport* with the students.

I cannot remember ever going to her house without meeting a student of the past or present day, and usually I encounter half a dozen; so many, in fact, that I complain that I can "never get a word in edgeways." "So many girls seem to need your advice," I complain. Mrs. Stoddard smiles and says: "Yes, they are just as mistaken as you were when you were a girl, and thought no one knew anything but Mrs. Stoddard."

While Mrs. Stoddard is not more than five feet two inches tall, she is possessed of so much dignity that she seemed, in those college days, taller than any one I knew. No one in Pella seemed so imposing as she. She took advantage of every inch of her height, and no one ever caught her sitting carelessly or otherwise than perfectly upright in her chair. As I recall her pose, I involuntarily straighten, throw out my chest and fill my lungs. And you, fellow-students, are probably doing the same, and pondering on those wonderful lessons in hygiene she used to deliver to us.

In the management of her children Mrs. Stoddard had a happy way that kept their little brains interested. Professor Currier came in one morning before breakfast was ready. Ira Joy Stoddard was impatient. His mother told him that if he was in a hurry, he and "King Alfred" must turn the cakes while she "did something else." "Who is he?" the boy asked. "Oh, Professor Currier will tell you!" And so she always turned the homeliest thing to account.

All of her teachings were illustrated in ways which fastened them on the mind. She took her children to Sabbath-school and to church on Sunday, and then back home for a lesson in the Old Testament. After dinner she took them for a walk "to see what God had made."

Mrs. Stoddard is a strong believer in the tremendous influence of heredity, as was her mother, who was a marvellous judge and reader of character. One of Mrs. Stoddard's sisters

became interested in a young man named Coster, who seemed to be much the best of his family, and was trying to find excuses for him. Mother Allen shook her head and said: "It is of no use; he may seem well enough now, but wait till he is of age, and thee will see a Coster." A stream rises no higher than its source. Dr. Holmes says: "In order to be able to heal, it is necessary to know one's grandfather." "Blood will tell," and so will "disposition." If this doctrine were taught and believed more generally, fewer children would have to battle against the plagues of temper and distemper which descend to them.

When Mrs. Stoddard first began to study geography there were only twenty-four States in the Union. Nothing of moment has occurred on this globe since that time which has escaped her attention. Her atlas lies by the side of whatever book she is reading, and she studies it assiduously. I asked her once what was her first great loss. She said, without a moment's hesitation, "My geography." When she was a very little girl she had a fine, illustrated atlas, which was her pride and delight. One night she left it at the schoolhouse. As her father was driving the children to school in a sleigh the next morning, he suddenly drew up his horse and said: "Children, thy schoolhouse is burned." Poor little Drusilla wept long and bitterly over the book which was then ashes. She wept again when she spoke of it a year ago. The father, ever loving and tender, comforted her by saying: "Never mind, my daughter, thy geography is gone, but thee shall have another."

Mrs. Stoddard's love of flowers is touching; the smallest wild-flower is a joy to her. She tells many pretty incidents of long tramps in the woods in search of blossoms, roots, and herbs during her girl life in New York. Several years ago she went to visit her old home in the springtime, so that she could go out and look for the early buds, and see if they looked as they did before she went to India. For forty years she had not been at the scene of her youth in the springtime. As she found herself in the old haunts, where she had gathered the

sweet crinkly root and May-flowers, her feelings so overwhelmed her that she fell on her knees and wept for joy. There were the familiar friends, the mosses, tiny shoots, fresh leaves, and all; and the air was heavy with the same fragrance that was exhaled in these wooded dells so many years ago. Mrs. Stoddard said, in telling of this: "My dear child, people do not appreciate what they are passing by, the beautiful things in the woods, the brooks, and the lanes." In a letter recently received she says: "I am anxious for the days to come when I can go out to meet the spring." She retains her love for nature and its beauties, and is constantly studying its secrets and enjoying its phases.

Walter Scott is a great favorite with her, "for he is one of nature's truest and closest students. In his descriptive writing he never failed to place the proper flowers in their proper clime." A friend once said to him, when he was taking a great deal of pains to learn the habits and haunts of a particular flower to which he wished to refer: "No matter what you say about it, no one will know the difference." Scott replied: "I cannot afford to tamper with nature. She makes no mistakes, and never repeats herself. If we are true to her, we will never want for fine and interesting pictures."

Insect life is particularly entertaining to Mrs. Stoddard. "They are like the poor," she says; "we have them always with us, and I like to know something of their habits, and what we may expect of them."

It is no unusual sight to see Mrs. Stoddard, now in the seventies, board an early morning train for a day's reading in the superb library in the Capitol at Des Moines. A new flower, bird, butterfly, war rumor, mine development, or anything concerning which she wishes expert information, starts her off on one of these days of research. She rides an hour and a quarter, knitting all the way, and comes home on a late evening train tired but happy. She is an omnivorous reader; she finds some good in almost everything. The last time I saw her she had just finished reading nine volumes of Francis Park-

man, and was longing to secure "The Oregon Trail," that she might be the possessor of all he had written. While visiting her daughter at Rahway, New Jersey, the fine City Library there was her great delight. She loves a novel of the right sort, and can become as deeply absorbed in fiction as in fact. The affliction of deafness is largely ameliorated by this love of reading and her ability to find absorption and entertainment in the book world.

Having made a collection of the portraits of kings, queens, principal ministers, councillors, and court favorites from the time of Henry the Eighth to the close of the reign of Queen Anne, Mrs. Stoddard has been engaged in writing a short sketch of each of these celebrities, giving their personal characteristics, and commenting on their vices and virtues as they appear to her mind. There are nearly one hundred of these sketches, and she has read extensively in order to give a faithful exposition of each character. She has taken great pleasure in the work, and it would be of general interest should she decide to publish it.

Mrs. Stoddard's love for reading developed very early. She had her share of the family knitting to do, and she wanted to do more than her share of the reading. So she learned to do both at once, and soon became so expert that she could knit faster when she had a book before her than when she had not. As a child she was strong and active, and she never knew illness until the fevers of India laid her low. She never thought herself pretty, and one day lamented before her mother that she was not so handsome as her elder sister. Her mother rebuked her by saying: "If thee will only behave as well as thee looks, thee will do well enough." She was always fond of company, and with her high spirits and animation she was a bright acquisition to the social circles in her neighborhood. Never at a loss for a witty reply or a quick retort, she had the charm of unique individuality, and was always saying the thing least expected.

Mrs. Stoddard, with all her cares, always seemed light-



GROUP TWENTY-THREE.

hearted and buoyant. She endured her griefs and "crosses" bravely, for there is no doubt she had plenty of them; but she was not the sort who bear "more than one kind of trouble at a time." Edward Everett Hale says: "Many people bear three kinds at once—all they have ever had, all they have now, and all they expect to have."

It has been my privilege to be with Mrs. Stoddard frequently within the last few years, and she has given me the data required for this sketch, and told me of other sources of information concerning her girlhood. The piquancy of her answers to my many questions will be lost if I try to put them in my own words, so I give them as an "interview."

"Please tell me, Mrs. Stoddard, of the joys of your childhood. Did you love dolls, and domestic duties, and——"

"Indeed I did not," she interrupted. "I loved nothing which kept me indoors. Dolls, patchwork, and housekeeping had no charms for me. I was happiest when I could be off for the woods and fields, to gather flowers or nuts, or with my brother to the brook to fish for speckled trout. I have heard people speak pityingly of children reared in the dulness of the country, but it was an interesting life always to me. Each season brought its excitements and peculiar pleasures. When the snow melted, the red wintergreen berries were ready for picking. Their wild, spicy flavor I can never forget. With the opening of spring we found the hepaticus, trailing arbutus, violets of many kinds, trilliums (white, painted, and purple), and an unbroken succession of flowers and vines, until the golden-rod and purple asters flaunted the last flag of flora in the autumn winds. Then we gathered chestnuts and butternuts for the long winter evenings, though we thought only of the pleasures of "nutting" at the time.

"Winter with its snow and ice brought manifold joys in the coasting and sleigh-riding. The face of nature then had its own peculiar charm. I can see now the little cascades in the brook, with their lattice curtains and caves of ice, among which the falling waters tinkled so musically.

"My pet books? Though there were more books and newspapers in my father's house than in any other for many miles around, they were limited, so I read them all, even 'Barclay's Portraiture of Quakerism' and 'Clarkson's History of the Slave-trade,' though I was very young; but I liked better 'Ossian's Poems' and Cowper's 'Task.' But later, as Whittier's poems appeared, at first in his own anti-slavery papers, they were my great favorites; and when I got hold of Scott's 'Lady of the Lake' and other poems, it was a red-letter day in my life. I was always very fond of poetry and romance, but I was prudently checked from going too far in following this taste.

"What were my favorite studies? I was fond always of any natural science, geography, and history. My special interest in the last began when I was nine years old. A man who was building a house for my father loaned me a history of England which was illustrated. It was a work of one volume, not very large, but to me it was of the greatest importance, and certain passages of the book were indelibly impressed on my mind. Elfrida giving the stirrup-cup to her stepson, while she watches the man she had hired to stab him in the back, I can see to this day."

"When did you become a Baptist?"

"While I was at school in Troy. My conversion was not a sudden emotion with me, but very gradual."

"Were you a romping or quiet girl?"

"Romping, so far as my opportunities allowed. I always wanted to be outdoors. I could not have been more than seven or eight years old when I was taught to blow the conch-shell, and was daily sent to the top of the hill to call the men from the fields to dinner. I became such an expert in this art, that in favorable states of the atmosphere my blast could be heard miles away. Always when I was at home I blew the conch-shell, and when I had been away for a time people in the vicinity first knew of my return by my long-sounding call."

"How many children were there in your family?"

"My mother had eight children. Seven of them lived to marry and rear families of their own. My sister younger than I died in her second year. They used to say I was the baby twice, and 'that was what spoiled me.' This was to account for my wanting my own way. When I set out to carry a measure I usually did it. It was a great trial to my parents to have me go to India the first time. Great pains had been taken with my education, and they lamented that I had been preparing myself 'for a life of usefulness, and was now throwing myself away.' This every one who knew the family well understood, for the Quakers were opposed to missions. When we were getting ready to return in 1866 a friend said to my mother: 'You are now willing to have your daughter go to India?' The little mother quietly answered: 'I am not; but thee knows when Drusilla makes up her mind to anything, there is no use talking.'"

"When did you first meet Dr. Stoddard?"

"About nine years before we were married. I knew his family, but had little acquaintance with him until five or six years after meeting him. I first saw him on an Erie canal-boat, as I was going to my school in Troy, and he with some of his classmates was returning to Colgate, ~~now~~ ^{formerly} Hamilton College. I was not married in 'Quaker meeting,' but in my father's house, by a Baptist minister."

"How did you happen to marry Dr. Stoddard?"

(Here I wish you could have seen the twinkle in her eye.)

"Well, he asked me to marry him, and—I thought I would.

"Our children were all born in India."

"Who made your clothing in India?"

"For ages, India has been a country where the finest cloths and shawls and the most beautiful embroideries in the world are made. There are many whose trade is sewing. Give one of these experts a garment to copy, with the material for a new one, and you will have an exact reproduction. They

imitate so closely that they will even tear and darn the new gown if the old one has been so unfortunate as to need mending, unless they are watched.

"No, the English do not wear native dress. From time beyond the memory of man, the same style of dress and ornaments has been in vogue with these people. The Moham-medans dress a little differently from the Hindus. Different nations differ in their garb in many respects, but there is a similarity prevailing among the races in all India. Within the last half-century many of the younger men who are college-bred and versed in English manners have adopted the English dress.

"Where we lived in India there were no libraries, clubs, or museums, outside of the large cities where there were many English people. In Calcutta and Bombay they had all these advantages."

"How did you keep pace with the march of events?"

"We didn't keep pace. We couldn't hear even the music. For a long time after we first went to Assam, no newspapers were sent out overland, that is, *via* the Mediterranean and the camel route from Alexandria to Suez, where another steamer was waiting to continue the journey to Calcutta; while a thousand camels carried the steamer's freight, there were carriages of some kind to carry the passengers across the dry land between the two steamers. Now the steamers go through the Suez Canal and stop at Bombay or go on to Calcutta. The railway runs across India and part of the way into Assam. This makes a vast difference in time and expense in sending mail. From Upper Assam to Des Moines is now only a journey of six weeks; and five cents will pay for the carriage of a letter not overweight, whereas it formerly cost thirty or forty cents and was several months on the way. Our friend, the English magistrate, received fine bundles of books and papers by each steamer, which he shared generously with us; and he always came to see us to talk over the last batch of news."

"Any sociability?"

“ Perhaps there is no place in the world where Europeans are more sociable than in the small stations in India where there are a dozen and often fewer white people. After business hours, the officers ride and drive and make calls on each other. They dine in the evening, and often together. However few they may be at table, they observe the strictest etiquette. A clergyman is “ in society ” ; with the same education and attainments, a “ trader ” would not be admitted to this charmed official circle. The English set was most kind to us, and frequently invited us to fine dinners, which courtesy we were never expected to return. Native officials frequently called upon us, but of course would not eat of our food. Missionaries learn the language of the country as soon as possible. Hundreds and thousands of the natives learn English.”

“ What was your usual menu ? ”

“ For breakfast, rice and dhal, a boiled egg, tea, dry toast, and fried bananas, oftener than anything else. Dinner, rice, soup of peas (that is, dhal), a roast fowl, and another fowl made into curry. Tea, bread and butter—when butter could be obtained—crackers, arrowroot, or sago. Sometimes we had mutton, ducks, geese, fish, fruits, oranges, guavas, mangoes, etc., in their season. Those who have large wealth can have a larger and better variety, with all kinds of canned and preserved eatables. Beef we could never get in Assam. I kept a Mohammedan cook, and an assistant to wait upon him. When we went to visit other missionaries the cook always went along to help with the work. When one is invited out to dine in India, the cook or table waiter always goes to wait on his master or mistress at table. I have been to dinners where a servant stood behind every chair.”

“ Did you ever feel lonely in this strange land ? ”

“ No, I was too busy, too constantly occupied in trying to do the work of two or three women.”

“ How did your three little children thrive in India ? ”

“ They were all born during our first stay there, and became in a measure acclimated. They suffered more or less with the

ailments peculiar to that climate. I had the care of the food and clothing of a large school of boys. When they were ill I treated them. Part of the time I taught the boys English. The girls' department was in a separate building, where I had them cook their own food, learn to spin, weave, sew, and do some fancy work. I had a native pundit teach them three hours in the forenoon. They worked in the afternoon, sewing for themselves and the boys. The missionaries made a good market for "piece" goods. As fast as the natives became evangelized, they grew dissatisfied with the customary strip of cloth and their generally unclothed appearance. In those days there were no ladies' societies sending out single women to assist the missionaries. I needed two helpers. After a few years I found a very excellent and faithful woman, an Eurasian (half native), who took charge of the girls, and lived in the house with them. This gave me more time to talk with the village people, who constantly came to our house, and to visit them in their own homes. A great advance has been made in the condition of the women of that country since Victoria's reign over the Indies. Fifty years ago, very few women were taught to read. Now ability to read among them is quite general. There are fine schools which they may attend, also seminaries and medical colleges. A woman is president of the Methodist College there."

"Was Dr. Stoddard a Quaker?"

"Oh, no! His father was a Baptist preacher, and he was brought up very strictly by the tenets of that faith, and held a very poor opinion of Quakers until I taught him better."

"Upon what method do you base your school teaching?"

"No one can be a successful teacher unless able to arrest the attention of his pupils, and to hold it until their interest and curiosity can be aroused. They must be taught to investigate individually. Show a boy a berry patch and give him a basket, and you are sure to have some results. Keep the pupils inquiring. Do not work yourself to death explaining, but put them in the way of finding out for themselves. Arouse

their pride, and above all, do not swamp them with overwork. I never had any trouble in making students out of my 'young people.' After I had them well started they never seemed to want to let go. Some of the natives in our school in India made fine students."

"Was your home safe and pleasant?"

"Yes, after we moved to the Bluffs. But there were snakes everywhere; the grass was kept short about the house to keep the cobras from coming too close. There is no cure for the cobra bite. We never hung our gowns near the wall for fear a snake might conceal itself in their folds. Our boots and slippers were rapped sharply before we put them on, for there was no knowing what creature had taken refuge in them."

"Was your family horse an elephant?"

"We frequently used elephants, but had a pony and carriage. My son Ira Joy and myself came near ending our days in a jungle on account of one elephant ride. Usually the animals are very tractable and safe, but on this occasion our steed was most perverse. It was in May, after the heavy rains had begun to fall, when we seldom travelled except by boat. Mr. Stoddard was anxious to visit a school, to carry them new books, and was also going to several Garo villages. Our magistrate had loaned us his three elephants, all of which we did not need, but they always went together. We made our start one rainy morning. Two of the elephants were loaded with our boxes of books, slates, beds, cooking utensils, dishes, stools, cane-chairs, camp-beds, camp-tables, food, medicine, and the thousand 'must haves' and 'may wants' for a three weeks' camping trip. The rain delayed our starting, but finally the last elephant had lifted his driver, or mahout, on his neck, with his trunk, and off we started. Ira Joy and I were mounted on the leading elephant, those with the baggage were following. On the outskirts of the station the mahouts of the two laden elephants stopped to take up their own bundles and cooking utensils. Mr. Stoddard galloped ahead of us on his horse, for a horse and an elephant are always afraid of each other.

"We had travelled a mile or two, and had reached a narrow road bordered with a thick growth of bushes and small trees. The foliage was so dense that one could not see three feet into its depths. My son had just said to me, "Here is where Bolaram was killed by the tiger last week," when our elephant turned sharply to the right, making her way into the jungle. I threw my umbrella back to the path, that both my hands might be free to hold to the railing in front of the seat. The mahout had no control of the elephant, so I turned to tell my son how to take hold of a tree and swing off, but he was already gone, having been thrown to the ground as the elephant rolled from side to side in his rapid gait. I began to watch for a tree large enough to hold me. As soon as I was able, I clutched one with both hands, and the elephant passed on from under me. The tree bent with my weight, and let me down on the bushes we had crushed in our progress. I started back along the path made by the elephant, and soon found my son quite unhurt, although he had narrowly missed being crushed by the lumbering hind foot of the elephant as she hurried over him. We made our way back to the road, where we were soon joined by Mr. Stoddard, who, on looking back, had missed us. The baggage elephants having come up in the meantime, their mahouts dismounted and unloaded them and started after the runaway. We could hear the cries and shouts of the driver from the jungle, and hurried the other mahouts off to his relief. He was unhurt, and they went on to hunt the missing elephant. When found she was driven back to her feeding place at the home of the magistrate. The next morning saw us again started on our journey, but we rode one of the other elephants this time, and made the trip in safety. Oh, I can assure you life in India is not wanting in spice."

"In what kind of a house did you live?"

"From recent reports I have reason to believe that we lived in the very best house in the country. It was a bungalow, built after Mr. Stoddard's own plan by himself and the natives

who carried out his ideas. We lived in a little house while the new one was building, a little three-story affair, under a great pekul-tree, which shaded the door. I must tell you of our new house, for I am proud of the work and of the architect and builder. Mr. Stoddard had never even assisted in putting up a house, but he had seen one similar to that which he proposed building. He took a troop of coolies and an elephant several days' journey into the jungle, selected trees, had them felled and dragged to the river, upon whose breast they were floated down to our nearest landing, and thence hauled to our building site. The floor of the bungalow is usually on the ground, but we did not fancy living so near to mother earth. The "Stoddard Bungalow," as it is called, was built in this wise: The thirty large trees from the forest were the posts. They were set eight feet in the ground. Eight feet above ground, upon large beams, mortised to the posts, was the *board floor*, which was a new feature in this country. Eight feet above the floor were the tops of the eighteen large outside posts, and sixteen feet from the floor were the tops of the twelve inside posts. Upon these thirty large timbers was the frame of the four-sided thatch roof. The idea was altogether new in that part of the world, and numerous were the predictions of our bungalow's downfall. 'The winds would blow it over,' and the 'earthquakes would overthrow it.' The house was fifty by seventy feet, including a large veranda, which ran about all sides. The large hall, which we used for drawing-room, dining-room, and chapel, accommodated our little school at evening worship. Fifty or more at a time would sit on the mat that covered the floor, with their backs against the wall, holding their Testaments and hymn-books, reading and singing as soon as they learned how. Then the sahib (Mr. Stoddard) talked to them and answered questions. The mem sahib (myself) did not sing, but there were other things I could do. We had two bedrooms on each side of the hall, and bathrooms in three of them; so we could entertain our guests comfortably. How I wish I could have

had you for a visitor there! I could have given you a nice meal, cooked by a Mohammedan who would have died (presumably) before he would have eaten any of it himself.* The Mussulmans make good cooks and table servants; they begin on the lowest rung of the ladder and make their calling a life business.

"Our drinking water we kept in a shady place outside of the house, in an earthen jar, holding about half a barrel, which the 'paniwaller' filled from the river. I hear they have wells in Assam now, but I never saw one there. A little powdered alum is sprinkled in the jar, which is supposed to clarify the water. Our goblets were not crystal, but earthenware, porous like a flower-pot, with a saucer to catch the moisture from the sides. I can never tell you fully how I longed for a draught from a fine old well I know of, which would have been glad to give me a cool, fresh drink."

"Did your new house stand the earthquakes?"

"We have just had a letter (July, 1897) from a friend in Nowgong, who describes the fearful earthquake which destroyed so much property on the 12th of June. I quote from her letter. She says: 'Your two grand old bungalows (we had built a second one) stood the test like mighty giants, while almost every building in every station we have heard from is flat on the ground. Our beautiful court-house is a wreck; in fact, but one government building escaped. The native Christians were much alarmed, but they came to us at once, and we held a little prayer-meeting in the open space between the two old bungalows. We all stayed in the chapel the first night. I have no idea how many shocks we have had. This is the sixth day, and we have had none since morning. I thought you would like to know about the two Nowgong bungalows which Dr. Stoddard built forty-five years ago. Those great posts and beams are the admiration of all

* Dr. Andrews, ex-President of Brown University, states that a Mohammedan will not eat pork. Perhaps he never had a cook who liked ham well enough to steal and eat it, saying it was not pork after it had been smoked.—Ed.



Standard Bungalow, Kowloon

Assam. Fine houses of brick, stone, and wood lie on the ground, while they stand majestically.' ”

“ How did your children amuse themselves ? ”

“ They were busy little people, and thought they must do just as we did. They played ‘ come to see ’ and ‘ school,’ ‘ meeting,’ went on frequent ‘ boating ’ excursions; and all the while never dared leave the veranda for fear of snakes. One of the favorite plays was the ‘ jungle trip.’ When they went ‘ boating ’ they had for passengers dolls and blocks. Their boat was a long mat, on which they piled sticks, etc., to represent dishes, cooking utensils, bedding, books, and tracts. Then they would start up the river with the sahibs’ canes for oars. When they were afloat, they would sing their favorite chorus, ‘ Ram bole, hari bole, hari bole, hai! hai!’ with sundry warnings to look out for ‘ alligators ’ and ‘ snags.’ They always talked in Assamese when they played. When they had garden parties, the veranda would be stuck full of flowers which had to be brought to them from the garden.”

“ Was the scenery interesting where you lived ? ”

“ Very. From our house on the bluffs of Gwalpara we could see the Brahmaputra on three sides of us, and, beyond, the Himalayas, which seemed to support the heavens above them. The foliage is so fine and the plant life so rich that I was constantly entertained. It was a grief to me to leave it all. Our work had begun to bear such fine fruit. I had grown acclimated, but Mr. Stoddard broke down with fever, and it was no use to try to combat it, for he could not be cured while we stayed in that climate. We were no worse off than Alexander, who with his entire army was conquered by malaria, and sailed away down the Indus, vanquished and disheartened. So we went from our chosen land in 1857, but we resolved to try it again as soon as we were able. When we returned to India in 1866 we felt strong and glad. It was such a delight to take up the old work, and a great pleasure to speak the language. The natives complimented me by saying, ‘ The mem sahib’s words flow from her tongue like oil,

but the sahib has forgotten a little.' I stayed three years this time, and was obliged to return by the failure of my health. Our daughters we had left in school in Michigan when we went to India the second time; Ira Joy was with us. In 1869 the children and I returned to Pella. But Mr. Stoddard remained four years longer, until his health broke down entirely.

"I never heard classes after my return, but resumed my position as principal of the Ladies' Department."

"Are you timid at sea?"

"Not at all. I am not a good sailor, but a good sleeper. I leave the navigation of the ship to the captain, and the rest to the Lord."

"Where did you learn to deliver lectures and make speeches?"

"Not at Mrs. Willard's school," Mrs. Stoddard laughingly replied. "If Mrs. Emma had seen one of her girls stand upon a rostrum to deliver a lecture, I don't know but what her jet-black curls would have turned gray, although they were pinned on. When she started girls on the line of higher education, she did not foresee that women would be sure to want to tell what they knew."

"When do you regard women as in their prime?"

"A woman, unless she has been perfectly free from care, with more than a usual amount of time to herself, does not reach her best estate until after she passes her fiftieth year. Her mind has a decided trend by that time, her thoughts are mature, her judgment clear, and her realization of the value of knowledge is complete. She should be able to do her best mental work between fifty and seventy-five years of age. My mother died at the age of eighty-four. She was bright and clear, intellectually, to the last. The day she died she finished reading Seneca's 'Morals.' She lived with books until she passed away. We 'must advance or fall behind; nothing stands still;' and nothing is to be so much dreaded as a barren old age."

"Tell me about the little Garo baby you bought."

"The second time we were in India we lived at Gwalpara, from where the Garos were reached, and where we had many of that tribe about us all the time, though their homes were a day's march inland. I did buy a little Garo baby, because she took to me as if I had bewitched her. But she died in six months of an ailment which was in her system when I took her."

"How did you find the girls for your school when you were among the caste people in Nowgong?"

"They were mostly orphans, and not easily obtained, as girls were much sought after for servants, and for dancing-girls in the heathen temples. I knew of one temple which was said to have five hundred of them. I look back with satisfaction upon one victory I gained. One day word was brought in that a poor child had come to me and wanted to stay. I went out and found a most woebegone and famished creature, with one scanty, dirty rag for raiment. From what she said, and from what she looked, I learned that she had fled from a cruel master. The school-girls joyfully obeyed when I told them to bathe and dress her in clean clothes, comb her hair with a fine comb, and give her something to eat.

"A few days after, a note was brought from the English magistrate, saying that the bearer claimed a girl whom I had taken in, and if the man's statement was correct that I would be obliged to give her up. I stepped out on the veranda and found a little weazened, wiry, wicked-looking man, who stated his case. The girl's father had died owing him a sum of money. The child's services must pay the debt. I knew this was an old Hindu law, and I think it still stands. I tried to excite this man's pity for the orphan whose father had been devoured by a tiger, but failed. He finally said: 'If you don't send her back I will take the case into court. You will have to employ a lawyer, and it will cost you a lot of rupees.' I said to myself: 'What will I do? It will break my heart to give up the child to such a fate.' Then I changed my tactics. I stepped to the edge of the porch, so that the people passing

could hear me—and they all came running, as I had expected—and I continued talking to him: ‘I will never give her up unless I am obliged to. Bring your case into court, and I will meet you there with the child. I want no lawyer; I can talk myself. I will stand her up before the magistrate and villagers, and show how she has thrived on your treatment. I will have my sweeper carry her ragged robe on a stick, and show how comfortably you dressed her.’ Soon all the crowd were jeering at him, and I effected by ridicule what I could not have done by scolding. He left the premises, and I heard no more of him. The girl became a Christian wife and mother, and when I came away, and she held her baby up for me to kiss, I knew I was leaving a grateful heart behind me.”

“Tell me of the little waif Lillie.”

“Little Lillie I met out near the Methodist Church in Pella, one freezing day, carried in her mother’s arms. She looked ill, and I stopped them, saying: ‘The baby looks cold. You had better come over to my house and warm the little thing.’ A storm came on, and they stayed with me several days. The mother then begged me to keep her, for she could not work and care for her properly. She was seventeen months old, and had never walked. The more I saw of her the more I wanted her, and when Mr. Stoddard discouraged my taking upon myself so much added care, I said, ‘You know if I was in Assam I would not turn away such a pitiful little child. Am I any the less a missionary because I am here?’ My hand seemed to find this to do, so I took the baby into my heart and home. She became a happy and healthy child, and no one of my own ever loved me better or came nearer thinking me perfect. She died of diphtheria when she was six years old. She was a beautiful child, and was lovely in manners and disposition.”

“Can you tell me anything about the dark days of the college in ~~(1862)~~ ⁽¹⁸⁶²⁾?”

“Ah, my dear, I hope I may never again see so sad a time! We had become so involved, and every source from which we

had expected relief had so failed us, and the faith of some people, who should have been more courageous, had grown so weak, that it was decided by a committee that the College must suspend operations and declare itself a thing of the past, with no hope of a future."

"How did this accord with your feelings?"

"I thought it was monstrous, and did not even try to be reconciled. So much of my life had gone into those four walls that it seemed almost like death to me to hear the dirge of dissolution chanted over that for which we had worked so hard and long."

"Did you offer any protest?"

"Hardly that, but I think no one was in doubt as to my sentiments, for I could not conceal them. When I heard the decision of the 'Council,' I took Louise Morgan with me and went to see the president. I asked him if he 'considered the life of the school at an end.' 'Most certainly,' he said. 'Central University has finished its work.' We entered into no discussion upon the subject, but I asked him for the keys of the college building that I might visit it once more. I entered the hall alone, and locked the door behind me so no one might be a witness of my grief. I mounted the stairs to the third floor, and stayed long in the room where for so many years I had taught my classes. Then I moved from room to room. They all looked so comfortable and cozy, compared with their appearance in the early years, when the teachers themselves bought blackboards and charts to facilitate the work which was expected of them. I was like one dazed by a stunning blow. I had come to the greatest trial of my life and lacked the grace to bear it. I could neither pray nor weep. Finally I went to the chapel and sat in my old place on the platform. In imagination I saw the seats filled with youthful forms, full of life and energy. They were all there, all my boys and girls, but sadness shadowed each face. I could endure this only a little while. The cup seemed to be growing more bitter. Then I went to the library, not much

of a place, to be sure, but I would have been glad, years before, to have had so many books for reference. I slowly took a few now from the shelves and put them on a chair. I did not know just what I wanted to do. My heart was so sore that it was a comfort to touch these dumb friends. As I laid them down my eyes fell on the 'Tablet,' our memorial to 'Central's' soldier boys. There were the names of Albert Hobbs, John and Joseph Ruckman, the Ritners, and all of those brave fellows who fell in battle. Their presence filled the room. Many of them had been very near to me. I have often said, 'No one but their mothers and sweethearts loved them more than I.' They seemed to be almost speaking to me. Tears rushed to my eyes, and I cried aloud, 'Oh, my dear boys! If you had lived you would have fought the battles of your Alma Mater as faithfully as you fought those of your country.' Then it came to me that 'Old Central' had more living than dead children, and that in them she would find help and strength. Then I felt like praying, not for strength to bear this trial, but for wisdom and guidance for the friends of the College, and confusion to all its enemies. I rose from my knees and went out full of hope and faith in the future life and usefulness of the College. As you know, it did not die, and I do not believe that it will as long as there is need of its ministrations."

A most happy event occurred on the 23d of August, 1897, in the little college town of Pella, Iowa. Dr. and Mrs. Stoddard celebrated their "golden wedding." Fifty years ago, in 1847, they spoke the vows which bound them together for all time. Each intervening year bears witness to their wedded happiness. More than is usual have they been together, for their life-work has been identical, their aims and ambitions the same. Together they builded their fortunes and solved life's problems. This has been an ideal marriage, a lesson and a rebuke to those who lightly enter the sacred precincts of matrimony, and as lightly regard their vows and the holiness of the marriage relation. Fifty years of happiness, half a cen-

tury of pure devotion, five decades of united loving work at home and abroad for the Master. Not one hour of that time have they failed in loyalty or swerved from their lofty purpose. Dedicating themselves in the fervor of their youth to a life of sacrifice, philanthropy, and devotion to humanity, they have held steadily on, until now fifty golden years, studded with good deeds, burnished with the sunshine of cheerfulness, made rich with gems of purity and piety, stand to their account with the great Justifier, the Infinite Power, in whose mighty hand rests all our reckonings. I stand in awe before lives like these. Dr. Stoddard has been a constant inspiration to Mrs. Stoddard in the work of teaching and looking after the hundreds of young people outside of their own home. No one less patient would have given up so much of the companionship which was so dear to him. We have much for which to thank him. He robbed himself that we might benefit by his sacrifice. The alumni association, recognizing the great work which Dr. Stoddard has done for the College, had a fine portrait painted of him, which was unveiled upon the golden-wedding occasion. The elaborateness of this celebration was a surprise, and most happily managed by friends and neighbors. The house was decorated, as "a few friends might call," and made beautiful with yellow flowers of all kinds. Golden-rod, asters, and roses graced chimney-breast and bookcases. In the middle of the afternoon the "friends" began to arrive, and until late in the evening the house and grounds were thronged. At half-past seven o'clock the crowning event took place, under a bower decorated with flowers and bunting. The bride and groom of half a century ago were once more the principals in an interesting scene. Dr. Arthur Chaffee, the president of the College, stepped before the happy pair, and with tender and fitting words recalled to their minds that other wedding-day of so many years ago, and concluded by handing Mr. Stoddard a broad gold ring, engraved with the years "1847-1897, from the Alumni." Dr. Stoddard slipped the ring upon the finger of his bride, who

stood modestly beside him holding a bouquet of fifty yellow roses. It was an unique and charming occasion. Immediately after the ceremony the portrait of Dr. Stoddard was unveiled. This was a surprise to the happy couple. It was painted by a clever artist, who made his sketches surreptitiously without arousing suspicion. This portrait will hang in the college chapel as a companion piece to Mrs. Stoddard's, which has hung there for several years.

Many interesting incidents occurred during this festal evening. Mrs. Ryan (Ella Stoddard) produced her father's wedding-coat, which had weathered all climes, and had done duty on many occasions. A joyous spirit prevailed. Captain Cox's band played enlivening music. Choice viands prepared by the deft hands of those same good neighbors who made the whole affair such a success were "discussed." The lively quip and jest passed round, and "all went merry as a marriage-bell." Dr. and Mrs. Stoddard hold the love and respect of this fine old Holland community, with its sprinkling of Americans, to an exalted degree; they have earned richly this distinction. May many more wedding anniversaries be theirs to celebrate. May their last years be their best and happiest, and the ones of their greatest triumph and rejoicing. They stand in the full light of the setting sun, their sky is serene, their ministrations having almost circled the globe, from free America to the golden sands of India. Their work has been well done, and the results of their labors will endure for all time.

Thus in peace and dignity has our dear Mrs. Stoddard, our guide, our loving friend, our inspiration, and our mentor, come to her seventy-eighth year. The river of life is dotted with the barks she has set sailing on its broad bosom, and the glow of their lights illumines many a dark turn in the channel. Time cannot obliterate the record of her useful life, and her benign influence will be felt forever, for she has put her conscience into every piece of her handiwork. Here we leave her, our truest and best of friends, with an unbroken family circle surrounding her, in the mellow richness of her maturity.

Dropping upon her kind lips the kiss of love, we foretell for her undying remembrance, and a lasting fame as a true "sculptress of minds and souls."

LETTERS FROM OLD FRIENDS

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"

DES MOINES, IOWA.

MRS. ANNA H. CLARKSON.

My dear Friend and Pupil: Your kind letter is before me, and I proceed at once to give some incidents, as I recall them, in regard to Mrs. Stoddard.

She came to Pella in the early summer of 1858. Dr. Gunn had proposed her name as principal of the Ladies' Department of the school, to which position she was elected, beginning her work in September of that year. This was a happy hit for the young college, and a most judicious selection. A woman of profound scholarship and wide reading, of such ripe experience in teaching, and of such tact and common sense in the management of young ladies, was a rare gem at that early date in the Iowa educational work.

Mrs. Stoddard was also of such commanding presence that she had no occasion to reprove a student; a look would wilt the most daring into graceful submission.

From the coming of Mrs. Stoddard in 1858 to 1861 the College had its largest patronage, aggregating more than three hundred students each year.

The first class, of three young men, was graduated in 1860. In 1861 and 1862 the school was completely decimated. One hundred and twenty of our young men enlisted in the army. Every young man, of sufficient age to bear arms, went to the front except two—one had lost an arm and the other had a withered hand. Professor Currier enlisted with the boys, and President Gunn left the school and took charge of a Baptist church in Mount Pleasant, Iowa. This left Mrs. Stoddard and myself alone in the college work. Our pupils were a number of young ladies and a few lads, too young for army life.

During the years from 1861 to 1865 Mrs. Stoddard and myself held school alone. These were trying times; few women would or could have endured the privations, sacrifices and hardships that Mrs. Stoddard underwent for the sake of "Old Central." Not the least of these was the fact that her schoolroom was half finished, with a single pine floor, two coats of plastering on the walls, with unfinished rooms above and below, and the woodwork only primed. The exposure to cold during these Iowa winters, was probably one of the causes of her catarrhal affections and subse-

quent deafness during all these years. It is also in place here to state that the compensation for these services was small beyond all computation; many terms of school during the war period the cash tuitions were scarcely equal to the running expenses of the school.

Perhaps during all these years half of the students were unable to pay their tuitions before the close of the term, but no student was ever turned away because of inability to pay at the beginning. Some could not pay until the father or brother sent them money from the army. Others must earn the money by teaching school, some time in the future. At the close of each term of study Mrs. Stoddard and I would divide the unpaid tuition between us, and wait until the stipulated time for payment. It is very pleasant to remember that of all thus trusted to the student's honor to pay but little was lost.

Now do any ask why a woman of such gifts and acquired abilities should be thus exposed and sacrificed to the perils of climate, with but little reward for her valuable services? The answer is found in the fact that Mrs. Stoddard is one of the few women who do not expect the reward of her labors in this world all in dollars and cents, but in the little rills of influence that she may start flowing, widening and deepening as they go on forever.

In 1866 Mrs. Stoddard felt it her duty to return with her husband to India, and accordingly severed her connections with the College. It was a sorrowful day for the school, and though no one could forbid her going, we felt that the College had lost a dear and most devoted friend. After an absence of four years (I may be mistaken in dates), she again returned to this country, and after a time took her position in the school-room and classroom for several years more of effective service in the College. She remained until her infirmity seemed to compel her resignation.

E. H. SCARFF,

Ex-President of I. C. U.

FORT SCOTT, KANSAS.

I am very glad to know that you are compiling a book which will give the prominent incidents connected with the life of Mrs. Stoddard. I am sure you will find material for a most interesting and instructive work. I have always regarded her as one of the most remarkable characters with whom it has been my good fortune to be associated in my life-work. So much of simplicity, practical good sense, and true devotion to God and humanity are not often found centring in one person.

ELIHU GUNN,

First President of I. C. U.

PELLA, IOWA.

In examining the motives which determine people's action, one will be surprised to find how few are actuated by anything higher than self-interest, and who can prevail upon themselves to surrender a modicum of personal enjoyment for the purpose of promoting the happiness of their fellow mortals.

While the love of self accomplishes much that is great in this world, all that is good in it is brought about by the love of one's neighbors, and as much as that which is good surpasses in excellence that which is great, so much the limited class of those who are capable of self-sacrifice must be considered as superior to the numerous number of ego-tists.

One of those of whom it may be said that they left the world better by having lived in it is Mrs. D. C. A. Stoddard. Although she may be unknown to fame, she is appreciated, in the quiet circle in which she has moved, for her many acts of disinterested benevolence.

In association with her worthy husband, Rev. I. J. Stoddard, she gave the best years of her life to the cause of the Divine Master, and walking in His footsteps, she tried to rescue from darkness and eternal death, perishing humanity under the scorching sun of East India.

When she returned to her native land, broken in health but not in spirit, she continued the good work at home, and gave not only all of her energy, but also largely of her worldly means, for the establishment of a school which was to become one of the beacons on the way to salvation. Indeed it may be said without exaggeration, that the "Central University of Iowa," if it had been deprived of the moral and substantial support of Mrs. Stoddard, could hardly have weathered the storms which it was destined to encounter.

Not only as a patron, but also as a teacher, for many years Mrs. Stoddard gave her support to the institution which she assisted in founding and sustaining. Numerous representations of the gentler sex, now loving mothers of happy families or guides of the rising generation, owe to her example and precepts the principles which lead to peace and happiness, and hold in grateful remembrance the associations with one whom they revere as a monitor and friend.

The writer, who has known Mrs. Stoddard while she was connected with the "Central University of Iowa" and for years after she had retired from active participation in the labors in the institution, takes pleasure in bringing to her this tribute of genuine appreciation.

JOHN NOLLEN.

IOWA CITY, IOWA.

MY DEAR MRS. CLARKSON :

I am glad you have undertaken to put in permanent form, some memorial of the life and services of Mrs. D. C. A. Stoddard, and most cheerfully contribute my little block.

Mrs. Stoddard came to the College directly from the mission-field, and took up and carried on her work there in the true missionary spirit.

The labor was abundant and hard, her rooms uncomfortable and poorly furnished, the appliances for teaching meagre, and her pay dependent on tuition and very scanty.

It is no exaggeration to say that she was remarkably successful in her instruction, both in the narrower and in the wider sense. She had the faculty of making the observant points clear and the dryest details full of interest. She was skillful in making her pupils think for themselves, and in helping them to see the matter in its fullest meaning and in its widest revelations.

She never felt that the classroom bounded her duty and her privileges as a teacher. She carried her pupils on her heart, and sought to reach them in every possible way and to influence them for good at every point of contact. She would train them in conduct and manners, in things small as well as great. Of course, she was admired and esteemed and loved by those she served, who will feel her influence as long as they live.

From the first, her heart was set upon the College, and her sacrifices for it, and those of her devoted husband, were large and constant during all its darkest days. She never tired of talking about it, of planning for it and praying for it. During the war her letters to me were full of it, and in the years since she has ceased to be a member of its faculty, by reason of disability gained in its service, she has manifested an unflagging interest in its welfare.

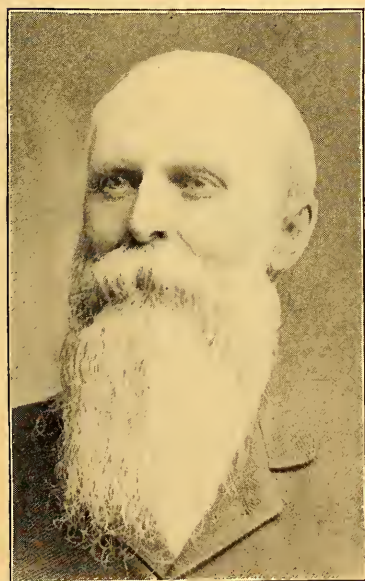
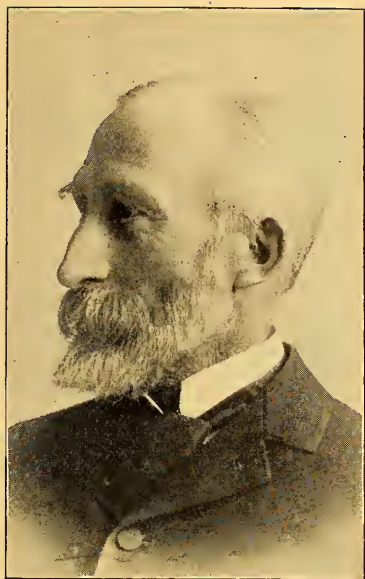
In my mind, the strongest reason for the conviction that the College will live and flourish, is the unselfish sacrifice and love and faith of a few such friends as Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard. May their days be long on the earth.

AMOS N. CURRIER.

PELLA, IOWA.

I can never do justice to the subject before me. No one could ever be satisfied with anything they could say in honor of Mrs. Stoddard.

For over forty years I have known her well. My children were educated under her influence and our home life has been enriched by her society. I have always admired her as an instructor, a woman, and a friend. She is without a peer, in my knowledge, as a leader of the young,



GROUP ONE.

and the good she has been able to do in this community and in the far East can never be computed. A good wife, a good mother, a Christian and philanthropist, her character is so perfectly rounded and finely sustained that it commands the respect and admiration of all who know her.

May she long be spared to the friends she has gathered about her, and may all her days be days of peace !

JOHN G. HOWELL.

CHAPTER II

DR. IRA JOY STODDARD

Without a sketch of the life of Dr. Stoddard this little book would be very incomplete. The head and front of his family, the strong religious and guiding force in his domestic circle, a light of consistency and Christianity, he lives to-day beloved by every man, woman, and child in the community in which for so many years he has made his home. Going as an invalid to the dry interior in the State of Iowa, it was several years before he gathered strength enough to attend regularly to business. As his health improved he became active in the work of the Church and the College. We used to say, "Dr. Stoddard really acts as if he felt lonesome without his heathen mission," he was so restless and anxious for something to do. We were able to furnish him with a little employment, for many of us needed making over into more certain and reliable Christian characters; but he seemed to long for the great work to which he had given himself in Assam.

Dr. Stoddard's life has been full of interesting labor, and the old friends and students will be glad to have something definite in the way of dates and details concerning it.

He was born in Eden, Erie County, New York, in 1820. Being one of a family of nine children, having five brothers and three sisters, he early learned that unselfishness and sweetness of character for which he has always been noted. His father and mother were reared in Vermont, and moved to New York, four hundred miles away, travelling on horseback, and settled near the city of Buffalo in 1819. They were Baptists, and their children were well grounded in that faith. Ira Childs Stoddard, the father, was a minister of the Gospel, and preached for fifty-

seven years, being eighty-four when he delivered his last sermon. He lived two years after that time, then passed away to his reward. The mother, Charlotte Joy Stoddard, lived to be ninety-one years of age, and died in 1886. She was a gifted woman, strong in the Christian faith; a model mother and home-keeper, loved and revered by all.

Dr. Stoddard lived on a farm until he was about nineteen, attending the country school in the neighborhood with his brothers and sisters. His father was a philanthropist, and held a free evening school at his home, for the benefit of the young people who wanted to advance farther than the district school carried them. Young Ira Joy was sent from home at nineteen to fit for college; and went through his college course at Colgate University, Hamilton, New York, graduating in 1845. In 1847 he was graduated at the Theological Seminary of the same college; and was ordained a minister of the Gospel in September of that year. In the same year, after marrying Drusilla Allen, he sailed from Boston for Calcutta, under the appointment of the American Baptist Missionary Union. He was sent to the Nowgong Orphan Institute, at Nowgong, Assam, India. This school was filled with Hindu and Mohammedan boys and girls, numbering, after the Stoddards had been there a little while, about seventy. Here they trained and educated these young people in Christian ways and faith to become teachers, assistants, and missionaries. This was a particularly interesting field; not one man in a thousand could read, and not a single woman in Assam knew her letters until taught them by the missionaries.

Ten years Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard held to their work, teaching and preaching, caring for the sick and needy among their charges, both spiritually and temporally. The deadly climate told upon them, and so debilitated them with its noxious vapors and malaria, that they were obliged to return to America. When they arrived physicians pronounced New York an unsuitable place for their convalescence, and advised them to go to Iowa. I have often wondered how our little col-

lege would have lived if Dr. and Mrs. Stoddard in their weakness had not been sent there to be its strength. Sometimes in our hours of utter helplessness we are of the most benefit to the world, and our missions not infrequently begin when we feel that our days have been spent. A seemingly bad turn may often serve a good purpose. That it was a misfortune to the Assamese to lose such friends, their sorrowing wails and tears over their loss and the interruption of their work testified. That it was a great blessing to the college in the little hamlet on the prairies can be doubted by no one who has seen the fruits of their labors there.

The climate of Iowa restored Dr. and Mrs. Stoddard to health. The doctor began to drive over the prairies in his light buggy, stopping here and there to tell the story of the Cross, to recount his experiences in India, and to sow the seed of missionary interest. Doing good everywhere at all times, he won for himself a place in the hearts and affections of the people among whom he visited. In 1861 he attempted to serve his country in the field, and to do his part in bringing the Civil War to an end. Having enlisted at Knoxville, Iowa, he was rejected by the surgeon's examination, as his health had been too much impaired by his years of ill health in Assam. Failing in this, he next took up the work of helping to clear the college indebtedness. This indebtedness was swept away in 1865; the campus was fenced, walks were laid out and trees planted on it; we then felt on the high road to prosperity. Every Baptist brother shook his neighbor's hand and smiled, and the light in his face said plainly, "How happy we are, and how our school will flourish and grow!" With such a combination as was effected by Dr. Scarff, Mrs. Stoddard, and Professor Currier, with Dr. Stoddard in the financial field, success seemed assured. This was even better than President Garfield's idea of a college. He said: "If I should sit on one end of a log, and Mark Hopkins on the other, I would call that a good college." So with this presiding force, we felt that we had indeed something of which to be proud and con-

fident. Alas, for the hopes and plans of the future! Dr. and Mrs. Stoddard, feeling that the College was now well on its feet, and their own health in a measure regained, once more turned their faces toward the rising sun, and left in 1866 for India. The grief felt by the little community was touching, and it was a hard dispensation. They were sent this time to the Garos, a wild and utterly savage tribe in southwest Assam. They were the first missionaries to go to this people. The tribe proper lived in the hills, and were not subject to British rule. At the base of the hills were many tribes of less savage Garos, on English territory, where the missionaries might go in safety, but they were not able to go into Garoland proper. During the first five years over five hundred of the savages were converted and baptized; many churches were formed, and many chapels and school-houses were built by the people who had so lately been in the deepest moral darkness. Since Dr. and Mrs. Stoddard undertook the work among the Garos, thirty-three years ago, over five thousand have been converted to the Christian faith, and houses of worship and education are dotted all over the hills. The independent territory, where no missionary was then allowed to go, is now so safe that ladies, alone, can travel through it with perfect security, tenting out, preaching, and teaching anywhere with comfort, and without the slightest fear of harm. The Christian ray lit up the gloom, and now it is full of light and the civilization of the Gospel. Since the missionaries have the freedom of the hills, they can endure the climate better, as in the mountains there is less fever and malaria. Dr. and Mrs. Stoddard were obliged to live at the foot of the hills, and were again driven from their post by the deadly fever, which almost completed the work it had begun years before when they were first exposed to the vicissitudes of the climate.

Having returned to Iowa, and breathed again its pure air, and basked in its anti-malarial sunshine, they again regained their health. But so wedded were they to their mission in the foreign field that in 1881 they tried once more, and for the

third time, to return to India, and came as far as New York in that attempt. Here the Examining Board decided against them, saying their strength, impaired as it was by the ravages of the Asiatic fever, would not hold out for another term of service. Disappointed and heavy with grief, they were obliged to turn back, and for all time give up what seemed to them the most glorious of all works—the teaching of the benighted and the conveying of the Healing Word into the remotest land. They returned to Iowa, where they have made their home; and there they will probably end their days.

When people are filled with the missionary spirit and have entered into that life and fitted themselves for the labor, by learning the languages and customs of a country, the time never comes when they are ready to leave a field of so much usefulness and interest.

For a long time Dr. and Mrs. Stoddard could not speak without tears of this cruel disappointment, and even yet they grieve that they cannot be doing good in the way in which they feel they could accomplish the most. Dr. Stoddard is so active and energetic that it is impossible for him to exist without occupation. He has given nearly all of his time, and a great deal of his property, to the College. There is now being erected a Memorial Hall, including a chapel, gymnasium, etc., upon a superb site adjoining his homestead, and presented by Dr. and Mrs. Stoddard to the College for this purpose. He preaches and talks on missions whenever the opportunity offers, and keeps in touch with all of the interests of the community. A strong Republican, he is intensely interested in politics. Now seventy-nine years old, but looking nearer sixty, he is, although not in rugged health, full of life and animation, and by heart and soul allied to all good works. A factotum among the students and citizens, he is a loved friend to all who have the privilege of his acquaintance. Dr. Stoddard is, in high degree, intellectual, a fitting mate for a woman so richly endowed as his distinguished wife. Constantly keeping abreast of the times, he finds the greatest

enjoyment in well-informed society, and with his ripe mind he is an addition to any coterie. Free from confining occupation, Dr. and Mrs. Stoddard make long visits to the homes of their children, who are blessed in having parents into whose lives so much interesting history is woven. Central University owes Dr. Stoddard a debt which it can never pay. The love of all connected with it will always follow him, and their benisons rest on him forever.

CHAPTER III

DR. EMMANUEL H. SCARFF, SECOND PRESIDENT OF THE
UNIVERSITY

Dr. Scarff, one of the truest men I ever knew, with a character shining with Christian graces, went to teach in the college in Pella in 1854. Previous to that time he had held the pastorate in the Baptist Church at Delphi, Indiana. Being afflicted with a type of malaria, he found it necessary to seek a climate better suited to his needs. He opened correspondence with Rev. Edward O. Towne, of Pella, who presented his name to the College Board as a suitable man for principal of the new school, which was soon to open. He was elected to this position, and started for the little town, which had been the refuge of so many invalids, and has, with its simple ways of living and dry air, put so many sufferers on the road to health and recovery. Reaching there September 15th, he was prepared to open school immediately, as it had been announced that it would begin its sessions the following week. What was his astonishment to find that no rooms had been engaged, and that the school furniture was still growing on the rich bottom lands of the Des Moines River. The outlook was forbidding and blank enough. There was not at that time a foot of completed railroad in Iowa. In those days they could not telegraph to Chicago for supplies and have them delivered the following day. Passengers rolled into Iowa in the old four-horse stage, or in private conveyances, and freight came in wagons hauled by mules from the Mississippi River. By the time goods which had been ordered arrived, the merchants had almost forgotten for what they had sent. So there was no hope of supplying school-room fittings from Eastern markets.

The man who had the courage to go West in those early days had enough resourceful energy to pull through almost any tight place. Dr. Scarff and the Board at once went to work; rooms were secured, trees were cut down and drawn to the mills, carpenters began to fashion seats and desks; and in just four weeks everything was completed, and Dr. Scarff opened the school with about forty scholars.

The rooms were neat and well furnished, and were used for the school exercises and Sabbath-day services. They were at the west end of Washington Street. The largest room was eighteen by thirty-four feet, and was used for the general class work; the two smaller rooms for recitations. The school was held there for two years. The first teachers with Dr. Scarff were Caleb Caldwell, a graduate of Ohio College, and Miss Julia Tolman, a graduate of the institution at Monticello, Illinois.

In the autumn of 1856 they moved to the east end of the third floor of the college building. No other part of the building was finished, if finished it could be called, except the Chapel. At this time Dr. Scarff was Principal of the College and pastor of the Baptist church. In 1857 he resigned his place as Principal that he might devote more time to the church and to the restoration of his health, which was still uncertain. Just at that time Professor Currier, who was visiting with his uncle in Iowa, was engaged to take the vacant place. At the general Board meeting he was given the chair of Latin. At the same meeting Rev. Joseph K. Hornish settled upon the College an endowment of ten thousand dollars, with the provision that Rev. Elihu H. Gunn be first called to the Presidency of the College. Inopportunately the great financial panic of 1857 swept over the country. It was impossible to realize anything on this promised capital. So the first President of the College soon found himself without a salary.

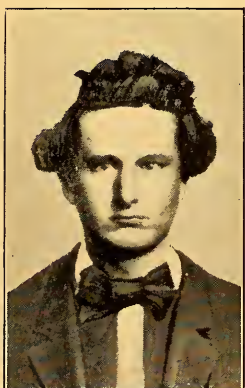
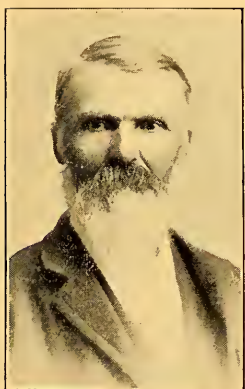
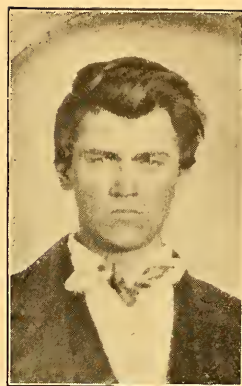
The splendid old bell, which is responsible for many ruined naps, was raised to the tower at this same meeting, with appro-

priate ceremonies. At that time it was far and away the best bell in central Iowa, and even now not many have surpassed it, although it has been sounding its chimes for forty-two years. In 1858 Dr. Scarff resigned his pastorate (Rev. Dr. Gunn taking charge of the church), while he resumed the duties of the school-room in 1859.

Mrs. Stoddard was then at the head of the Ladies' Department.

The new School now began to experience very hard times. There being no railroads in the State, farm products had to be hauled to the Mississippi River, and goods and groceries brought back in return. The "wildcat" money was a delusion and a snare to the unwary farmers and merchants who held a little of it in their wallets. Before the next daybreak its whole value might consist in its inflammable qualities for lighting a pipe. The best pork was worth in Pella one dollar and a quarter a hundred; wheat was twenty-five cents, and corn was ten cents a bushel; the best butter five cents a pound, and eggs two cents a dozen. These were cash values; barter and trade bargains were a little better. Schools sustained by tuition fees alone, of course had to suffer in this state of affairs; but in this time of trial, the brave little College held its own, and gathered in new pupils each term.

When all the young men which the College could muster went into the army, the new institution almost went to pieces. The older girls were kept at home to help on the farms, and take the places made vacant by their fathers and brothers. Professor Currier enlisted during the vacation of 1861, leaving Dr. Scarff and Mrs. Stoddard alone in charge of the School. There were still a number of young ladies taking the regular course, and a few boys in the Preparatory Department. In Dr. Scarff's words in the *Central Ray* of May, 1892: "The teaching force was reduced to Mrs. Stoddard and the writer. Instead of classes representing all grades, there were a few boys in elementary Latin. Had not these been supplemented by such young ladies as the Wellses, the Sumners, the Paytons, the



GROUP TWO.

Squires, the Barkers, and the Howells, our hearts must have fainted at the prospect."

Upon the resignation of Dr. Gunn, who resigned the church pastorate also, Dr. Scarff again became acting president of the College and pastor of the church. The income from both sources was less than four hundred dollars a year, and that was not all cash. Fortunately Dr. Scarff was able, in a measure, to supplement that amount by private resources, but it depleted his exchequer most woefully. In telling of these things Dr. Scarff's manner is so cheerful that one would think that all of this time he had been drawing more money from the College treasury than he could manage to dispose of. In spite of this stringency which affected them all, neither he nor Mrs. Stoddard nor Professor Currier seem to regret having made these sacrifices, and declare that they were blest in so doing, and that they would make them again if necessary.

When the war closed, the school filled up encouragingly. Many young men came back to finish their interrupted courses, and many new pupils were entered. The brighter prospects in the country carried hope and courage to every one; and hard as times were, a large percentage of the youth of the State embraced the opportunity offered for education. In 1866 Dr. Scarff and Professor Currier, who had returned to his work in the School, were left alone by the resignation of Mrs. Stoddard, who once more felt it her duty to engage in the mission work in India. In 1867 Professor Currier accepted a position as professor of Greek and Latin in the Iowa State University. The Board was not able to fill the places of these two efficient teachers, so by their loss the School suffered severely. Dr. Scarff remained at the head of affairs, and several new teachers were engaged. The double labor as president and pastor proved too heavy for one so slender in strength as Dr. Scarff, and he failed in health gradually. The coming of Dr. Dunn, who was installed as president in 1872, relieved him of much of his work, but it was too late for him to regain his former vigor. He remained in the School until 1878, when, failing in

speech, he was obliged to resign. This carried sorrow to all, both student and patron. If it had been possible for him to continue his work in comfort, his resignation would not have been accepted. He yet fills an emeritus position in the faculty. In the loved and revered teacher's own words, "I have no regrets for having attempted the labor of two men; the work seemed to be laid to my hands, and what could I do but try to encompass it?"

Thus passed away from active life one of the most devoted and efficient friends of the College, who assisted in organizing the school, and in gaining for it a place of record and an influence which gave it a position of creditable rank among the educational institutions of the State. His devotion brought good results, as the hundreds of men and women trained under his tutelage in those twenty-four years of service will testify. Dr. Scarff's calm, dignified exercise of power, never forcing, but always leading and guiding, left a most exalted and lasting influence. He has always seemed to me the exemplification of everything that is fine and high-minded. In character a Puritan, in manner a gentleman, in friendship as true as truth itself, he has ever been a model of perfect manhood. Handsomer by far than most men, with a mien imposing yet gentle, he left an impression on his friends and pupils that could have been left by no ordinary man.

Now patiently and sweetly biding his time, held in the arms of a friendly invalid chair, he still sheds a radiance of Christian patience and fortitude. His letters are cheerful and utterly devoid of complaint. It has been long years since he has walked or his lips have framed a word, but he is constantly preaching a sermon of the greatest eloquence and power. To the writer his friendship has always been a cherished and prized belonging. Having been associated with him closely not only in the class-room, but in personal friendship, and he having officiated at the crowning event of her life, joining her hands in wedlock with those of her heart's ideal, it is not strange that about him should linger a sentiment more

than usually tender and lasting. It is his good fortune to be surrounded by a loving family who consider it a sweet privilege to minister to his every need. He is now seventy-seven years old. Upheld in his work through all these years of college labor by his excellent wife, he is now the sun about which her daily course revolves. Mrs. Scarff has been to this noble man more than it is often the privilege of a wife to be. I look with wonder on her ability in sustaining her admirable cheerfulness and elasticity. From the very first she has been everything a helpmeet should be: active, energetic, full of resource, skilful in management, quick in sympathy, and cordial in friendship. She was the life and moving spirit in the church and home. Conducting her own household affairs with ease, she was always ready to help in any good cause. My first remembrance of her was during the war. The soldier and his interests were uppermost in the minds of this little community. There were few houses that had not a representative in the field. Mother Bousquet, one of the sweetest women that ever lived, who had almost emptied her quiver of sons in the interest of her adopted country, was the president of the Pella branch of the Sanitary Commission. My own dear mother Howell was treasurer, and Mrs. Scarff secretary. These devoted women planned in every way to alleviate the suffering among the soldiers. They were ably aided in their work by Mother Boekenoogan, Mrs. Vierson, Mrs. Banner Bowen, the several Mrs. Keables, both of the Mrs. Cory, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Liter, Mrs. Towne, Mother Jenkins, Barbara Stuart, Mrs. Elliott, Mrs. Henry Shull, Sallie Clark, Mrs. Stallard, Mother Sperry, Mother Aikins, Mrs. Weiser, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Downing, Mrs. Parrish, Mrs. Whipple, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Clutter, Mrs. Hamilton, and every loyal lad and lassie who attended the University. The "lint-scrappings" and "Havelock" sewings were held in turn at the homes of the "sisters." I might say they alternated with the prayer meetings; for this was a religious association of workers who believed in the efficacy of prayer, and who met once a week to pour out their petitions

for the safe return of the boys in "service," and the ultimate preservation of the Union.

How well do I remember, when the times were dark and blood flowed like water, these dear sisters calling their little band together, kneeling and offering silent prayer with hearts so full that no one present could utter a sound! I have seen them shake hands and go to their homes with tears streaming down their cheeks, without a word of farewell.

Usually the "lint-pickings" were happy affairs among the young people. They meant a rendezvous about a cheerful fireside, with apples, doughnuts, taffy, and popcorn after the work was done, and no little philandering among the men and the maidens. Occasionally a soldier would come home "on leave." The way that hero was lionized was enough to turn his head. The girls almost fought for the pleasure of being escorted by him, though it was a silent battle, and one in which no girl would be willing to own that she bore a part. This is my first chance to tell tales out of school, and I am willing to acknowledge having been one of these combatants. All this is a deviation for which I trust I may be excused. It does no harm to awaken slumbering memories, and to rekindle the sentiments which have been the most tender of our lives. The fault of our time is not dreaminess and retrospection, but a cold, hard realism which buries the gentler impulses and softer memories out of sight and mind. May Dr. and Mrs. Scarff, who have called out these sentiments, find in their days of quiet and retirement a recompense for all their years of devotion and sacrifice, resting in the full knowledge that they are appreciated, loved, and cherished in the hearts of the community where so many years of their lives have been passed.

CHAPTER IV

DR. AMOS N. CURRIER

A man who has left such a lasting impression on a community as has Dr. Amos N. Currier upon the college town of Pella, must have some "live forever" qualities about him which it is not given many people in this world to possess. I have often tried to find just what was the "strong tie that binds" in this particular instance, and I have come to the conclusion that it was absolute integrity of purpose and faithfulness to friendships which have attached him so tenderly to the people who have known and tried these qualities for over forty years. He and the old bell in the College tower commenced their work at Central University at the same time, and the strokes of both have always rung true.

There was never a man in college life who did, or was capable of doing, more actual, perceptible good. His was just the sort of an intellectuality which was needed among the young men of this particular School. Keen, alert, full of instinct and perception, he gave them an idea of the importance of training the mind to do its best work, that few men are capable of giving. I have never seen any one more alive to the question in hand than this skilful instructor, who could fill with ambition and interest the slowest and dullest pupil who came under his jurisdiction. Never tiring, never ill, never himself lacking in interest, his class-room was a study of primary and reflex mental action, which it is stirring even now to remember. He brought into his work the thoroughgoing ways of New England, which ordered that no weeds be allowed to grow on good soil, and every capacity be trained to its utmost limit. There is no place like "Yankee Land" to learn all

kinds of thrift, intellectual as well as domestic. Where the mountain farm is harrowed clear of every stone or bramble, where a fertile acre of land has to be rescued from under an acre of granite, the mind must learn to work skilfully; and careful husbandry is a necessity. A Congressional wit has said that the soil of New England was so poor that there was danger of their not being able to have a resurrection day without fertilization. That should be arranged in some way, however, for if some of those dear old Puritans are not called upon to respond at the final call, the staunchest, most uncompromising Christians of the world will not be represented. The topography of a section leaves a strong mark upon the character. It does not take long to tell whether a man comes from the calculating, trained, and scientific corner of our nation, or from the broader, more expansive, and more generous plains of the great interior.

Professor Currier was born in Canaan, New Hampshire, October 13, 1832. His education was thorough; his attainments are scholarly. He was trained at Kimball Union Academy, and entered Dartmouth College, from which he was graduated in July, 1856. In January, 1857, he went to La Motte, Iowa (near Dubuque), to visit his uncle, the Rev. Joshua Currier. While there he met the Rev. Obed Sperry, who was the agent of the Pella College at that time, and was by him engaged to take the place made vacant by Dr. Scarff's resignation. He agreed to pay him twenty dollars a month and furnish his board. Professor Currier taught continuously at Central University until June, 1861, when he enlisted in the "service," where he served his country faithfully until 1865. He was taken prisoner and carried to Cahaba, Alabama, and afterward to Macon, Georgia. While there he was fortunate enough to meet a friend who gave him a copy of Virgil. The story goes that while he and Robert Ryan were in captivity together, the studies begun in Central University were carried on with vigor in this undesirable school-room.

At the close of the war Professor Currier returned to the

College, taking up his work as if nothing had interrupted it. He came home to find the college \$12,000 in debt. Here I will let Dr. Scarff tell how they cleared it from this encumbrance. "We were completely swamped. Stoddard, Currier, and myself, after much consultation, formed a plan to raise the indebtedness, provided the members of the Board would let us take the matter in our own hands. They consented. At the Board meeting in 1866 we had the pleasure of showing that the College debt was entirely wiped out. Dr. Stoddard was our agent, and canvassed the State, travelling five thousand miles in his buggy. Professor Currier was our secretary and treasurer. He was active in his planning and incessant in his labor. I taught in the school-room and took care of the church. We had our hands full of work. Without a 'Currier' we should have failed. He was our right-hand man."

Thus it is seen that the good management and executive ability of Professor Currier were as useful to the School as was his incomparable instruction. Those were critical times for the new enterprise struggling for a place and a name, and more critical still for the three devoted teachers who were the strength of the College. I cannot at this range see how they managed to make both ends meet, for expenses have a way of going on whether there is anything to defray them or not. Deducting the gifts he made to the College while in Pella, in the way of improvements, payment of debts, etc., Professor Currier received less than two thousand dollars for six years' service. He frequently says: "I regard that period as one of the most useful and happy in my career. I was young and strong, and full of enthusiasm, and I was brought into contact with some of the most excellent people of the earth, in the school-room and out of it. The friendships thus formed have always been cherished as among the best of my life."

It takes a true philanthropist "to work for nothing and board himself." That was the kind of a man and friend Professor Currier proved himself to be.

The fine abilities of our Latin teacher attracted the atten-

tion of the officers of the State University at Iowa City; and he accepted the position which they tendered him as professor of Greek and Latin there in 1867. This chair he has filled with honor and great ability for thirty-two years. He does not work "for nothing" now, or "board himself," but has a lovely, intellectual wife who takes much care off his hands, and two children, a son and a daughter, who are being put through the drill of "roots and conjugations" at the State University.

Professor Currier had some intense friendships in the old days. The thought of one of them fills my eyes with tears as I recall the warmth and strength of it. A little fair-haired lad, with laughing blue eyes, and a merry tune always whistling over his lips, crept into his heart one day and made his home there, staying through "thick and thin," through peace and strife, battle and bloodshed, and on to the end. There was something beautiful about this friendship. What the man was to the boy many of you know; how he guided, instructed, and loved him, and how his devotion was repaid with almost worship, the entire Pella community can tell. I have looked so many times at the data before me for this little sketch and essayed to begin the work; but my pencil seemed to know who should have written it, the one who could have done justice to this patient, self-contained man, and would have told, in loving rhythm, of his goodness and pureness of heart. Thus publicly in this class-meeting of old friends, I want to thank Professor Currier for his unwavering friendship to my brother, Sylvester Howell, and for his generous devotion to his fatherless family. I could scarcely say enough in gratitude to him; a full heart is not soon emptied.

My brother Sylvester was not the only youth who formed a deep attachment for Professor Currier. Were I to open these pages to all who would wish to speak, no two lids could hold the testimony.

It must be a great happiness to a man who can see the "slope" behind and before him, having reached the top of

the hill, to feel that half of the journey has not been made in vain; that he has earned the friendships which will follow him to the valley below; and all the way through; that his book of life is full and rich, with a record of usefulness and philanthropy.

Upon the decease of Dr. Schaffer, the President of the Iowa State University, in 1898, Dr. Currier became, and still is, acting-President of that university. Des Moines College has conferred the degree of LL.D. on Professor Currier. The honor is deserved, and long may he live to sustain its dignity.

RAHWAY, NEW JERSEY.

MRS. ANNA H. CLARKSON.

Dear Schoolmate and Friend of "Auld Lang Syne": I will try and accede to your request. It is a pleasure to do so. Like Longfellow's humbler poet,

"Who through long days of labor and nights devoid of ease,
I still feel in my soul the music of wonderful melodies,"

when the golden key of memory unlocks the house of my youth. My first remembrance of Professor Currier is in connection with his model of cube root. I thought it a symbol of a mysterious study, and the man or woman who could teach such a study had wisdom like the astrologers of old.

Next I see, in the northwest room in the third story of the College, Professor Currier sitting at his table, surrounded by thirty or more scholars, all deeply interested in "Stoddard's Mental Arithmetic."

Every one recited at least once a day, but no one knew when his or her turn would come.

I was the baby in the class, as I was only ten. The drill and the attention paid to the lesson throughout the three-quarters of an hour was the corner-stone of all the arithmetic I afterward learned. I have always been able to carry small problems in my head and work them out without aid of pencil and paper. The credit I always give to that perfect drill in mental arithmetic under Professor Currier. It must have been the same in all the branches he taught. He was able to keep the undivided attention of the whole class, and each one was trained to tell all he or she knew of the lesson.

Professor Currier lived with us. We children often called him to meals, and my little sister and brother liked nothing better than to go to his room in the College for him. I can see them now, as they hopped and skipped

by his side, laughing and talking and swinging his hand. His talks at the table, with our father and mother, on religion, history, and politics, interested me more than anything else ; they were very solemn and exciting discussions in the year 1861.

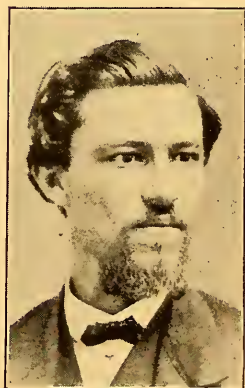
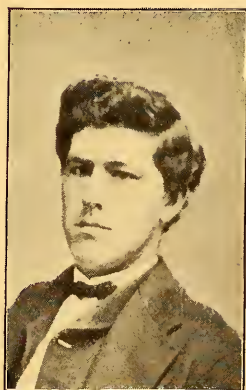
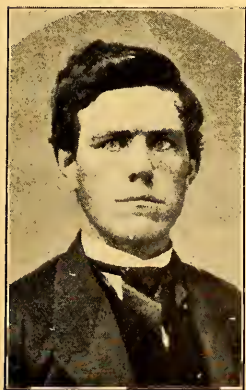
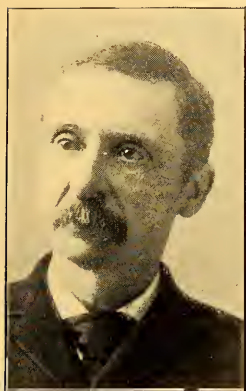
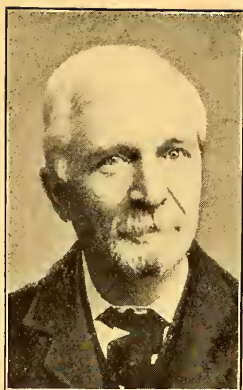
Professor Currier went to the war then and did not return to teach until the fall of 1865. His letters to us children from the "field" were full of the deepest interest. He was our kind friend and faithful guardian, the years our parents were in India.

I think the great influence he exerted over the young men in College was greatly due to the oversight and friendly interest shown toward them outside of the college walls.

"Old friend, kind friend, lightly down
Drop Time's snowflakes on thy crown,
Never be thy shadow less,
Never fail thy cheerfulness.
Well, whatever lot be mine,
Long and happy days be thine
Ere thy full and honored age
Dates of time its latest page."

Affectionately,

BERTHA STODDARD WHITNEY.



GROUP THREE.

CHAPTER V

PROFESSOR CORY

Central University, so rich in friends, can never lay claim to a more ardent supporter than Carlton C. Cory. For several years he was connected with the School as teacher of mathematics. During that time he was the light and life of the faculty. His was a temperament so buoyant and exuberant that it drove all gloom before it. His rare and ready wit enlivened every hour, and his great capacity for work made him a useful member of the corps of teachers.

In the time he was with the School he demonstrated his peculiar fitness for teaching and interesting the young. After his work in the College he was, for fifteen years, the Superintendent of the Public Schools of Pella, and thus he became endeared to the entire community to a remarkable degree.

A great lover of music and an accomplished vocalist, Professor Cory filled the schools with melody, and developed the love for this most desirable art. Out of school hours he was nearly always to be found with a coterie of friends practising church music, glees, and cantatas, and arranging amateur concerts. Mrs. Cory was as fond of music as was the professor, and had a rich contralto voice which harmonized beautifully with his pure tenor.

In 1886 Professor Cory was tendered the superintendency of the State Industrial School for Girls at Mitchellville, Iowa. He accepted this position, and held it until his health failed in January, 1897. With great honor he conducted the affairs of this institution, and it was a serious loss when he was obliged to resign. His death took place in Chicago a few weeks later, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. William O. Forker.

Professor Cory was born in 1829 in Holland, Vermont, and went West to live in the "fifties." For over thirty years he was a loved and respected citizen of Pella. His delightful personality and culture made him a welcome addition to any group; his fine conversational powers and fund of anecdotes would have been passports to any portal. As a friend he was true and unwavering, cordial, helpful, and ready to advise. His home life was beautiful and exemplary. We are all better for having known this brilliant man and good citizen. He taught a lesson of philosophy with every hour of his life. Burdens were lightened by his flow of spirits and unconquerable good humor. The hard places were made smooth, for he refused to be daunted by their difficulties. We remember with affection his many kind words and friendly offices, his charming personality and wonderful sweetness of character.

Passing away in his sixty-ninth year, there remains every evidence that his life had been enriched by the blessed truths of the Christian religion, and that he was buoyed up, in the final hour, by a faith and trust in its promises.

Loving and loved, the cheerful friend, the faithful husband and father, the devoted son and kind neighbor, has passed into the life beyond, mourned by all who knew him.

CHAPTER VI

PROFESSOR J. B. COTTON

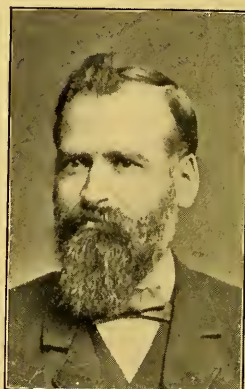
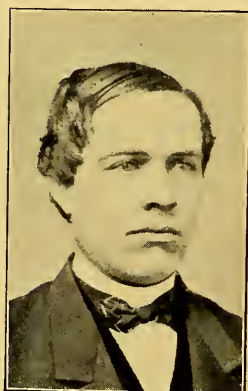
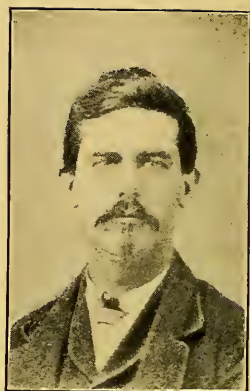
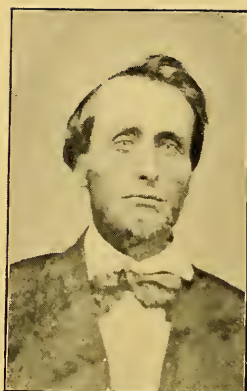
Professor Cotton was the principal of the Musical Department of Iowa Central University from 1865 until 1883. His musical education was thorough and liberal, having been obtained in the Boston Academy, under the instruction of Dr. Lowell Mason and his able corps of instructors. Possessing a strong musical taste, he devoted many years of his life to both study and practice.

It was a great era for the Pella School when Professor Cotton took charge of its Department of Music, and started the young people up and down the scale in the pursuit of true melody. Pella has always been a music-loving community, but no one person has ever done so much toward elevating the standard of musical taste as Professor Cotton. His manner of teaching was most effective, and it was not many months after he took charge of the Department of Music before he had a fine glee class organized which was a pride to the College. The very best selections were rehearsed; no cheap or clap-trap music was permitted. Many public entertainments were given, and the "College Glee Club" became quite a noted organization. Professor Cotton was also the chorister for the First Baptist Church, and as the choir was composed almost entirely of college students, the improvement in church music was very noticeable. Miss Anna Cotton, now Mrs. Thing, of Brookline, Massachusetts, when a very young girl became her father's accompanist, and led the classes through the glees, cantatas, and chorus work with rare skill and patience. It was beautiful to see the sympathy between the fine, strong father and the fair, delicate girl as they went over and over difficult passages

to make sure of correct rendition. The influence of Professor Cotton was the very best and purest. Courteous and well-bred, he at all times taught a lesson in gentleness and refinement which was invaluable to the youth with whom he came in contact. His years in Central University were useful ones. The students who attended College while he was a member of the faculty will always remember him with deep affection and gratitude.

Professor Cotton was born in Wentworth, New Hampshire, December 2, 1826. His life was spent in New England until he went to Iowa. He now resides in Frankfort, South Dakota, where he removed several years ago.





GROUP FOUR.

CHAPTER VII

PROFESSOR HOWELL

Saul Sylvester Howell held for a short time the professorship of natural science in Central University. His education was obtained in the College in Pella, and in the Iowa State University in Iowa City. In his senior year in College the Civil War closed his course, and he served his country in the field until illness caused his resignation. He was one of the first to enlist after war was declared. In company with many of his classmates he joined the Third Iowa Regiment, Company B, enlisting as a private; he was promoted to the office of sergeant, and later to a lieutenancy. His captain was killed in battle, and at the same time the young lieutenant was stricken with fever, and applied for a discharge, which was granted him.

After his return to Iowa, he completed his college course by taking a degree at Iowa City. He was married to Miss Rhoda E. Craven soon afterward, and took a professorship in the college at Albion, Iowa. Later he became connected with the College in Pella, where he remained two years. The University at Iowa City invited him into its ranks as assistant professor in Greek and Latin. This position he held for several years, until his health, which had been so shattered in army days, completely failed. He removed with his family to California, where he died in 1879, leaving a wife and five children.

Professor Howell was born in Springfield, Ohio, in 1841, and went to Iowa with his father after the death of his mother in 1855. The new home was made in Pella on account of the educational advantages, and the young boy

grew to manhood in this picturesque and unique little city.

The readers of this book will not require that much of his history be given, for it is well known to those who are interested. With his lovable and gentle disposition, his light heart and great musical talent, he was a most desirable companion. A devout and active Christian, he believed that the sweet faith should fill life with joy and sunshine. His conscience was his guiding star, and his associations were of the best; his intellect was keen and strong, and he found the greatest delight in study and research. Many of the young men in College with Professor Howell are now filling places of honor in their several communities. As boys they were splendid, loyal fellows, and dropped all other interests to take part in the War of the Rebellion. Professor Andrew F. Craven, who now occupies the Chair of Economics in Columbian University, Washington, D. C., was one of Professor Howell's classmates. Hon. Warren Olney, a distinguished member of the San Francisco bar; the Judges David Ryan, Robert Ryan, John Harvey, Hon. E. F. Sperry, Lieut.-Col. J. A. P. Hampson, Hon. Jesse Curtis, Hon. A. F. Sperry, Capt. Albert Hobbs, the splendid Ruckman boys, the fine, staunch Bousquet brothers, Hon. E. R. Cassatt, Hon. Henry G. Curtis, Hon. John Stubenrach, Henry and Judson Ritner, and dozens of men of interest, were in school at the same time. The college attendance was large in those days before the war, and numbered over three hundred and fifty students, nearly all adults. It was the most interesting period in the existence of the School, and the students to-day point with pride to the record for scholarship and loyalty which was made in that early time.

Professor Howell was the first of the college students to attain to a professorship in Central University. He loved the school dearly, and was always true to its interests. His method of teaching, which was more than usually successful, was obtained from his instructors there. To Dr. Scarff, Mrs.

Stoddard, and Dr. Currier he felt that he owed more than he could ever repay, and they possessed his deepest affection and gratitude.

Professor Howell was the son of Dr. John G. Howell, who still resides in Pella.

CHAPTER VIII

IOWA CENTRAL UNIVERSITY AND HER FRIENDS

"How far that little candle throws its beam! So shines a good deed in a naughty world."

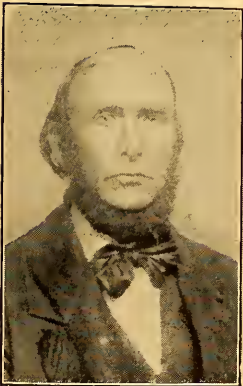
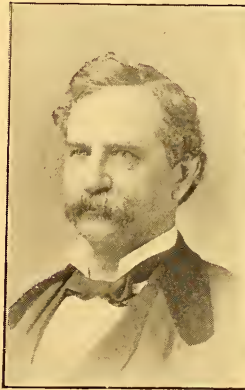
A stranger passing by the college grounds, would see a modest brick building with four sides, as plain as plain can be, without turrets or spires or other embellishments. It is three stories high, to be sure, and has a cupola, a flight of broad stone steps in front, and three or four steps in the rear.

The campus is as luxuriant and green as a meadow, and is shaded by fine, thrifty trees, scattered over its eight broad acres. A pleasant, inviting spot, holding out a welcome, cordial and sincere.

When the writer strolls up the broad street in front of the old school grounds, she sees neither brick nor stone, but a building floating in air, all dewy with the softening mists of thirty years, gilded with memories, jewelled with thoughts, and sparkling with the light which glowed when everything was rosy and life was full of dreams.

Every window seems to hold a group of faces, some smiling and some bathed in tears; every emotion is there portrayed, and every shade of feeling. We are drawn into the dreamy picture, and well-remembered voices float out to meet us. Tones fall on our ear which decades ago ceased to vibrate. A merry laugh, a soft sigh, the voice of prayer, and sweet singing fill the air.

We pass into the broad hall, forgetting to murmur as the nail in the unfinished doorway catches our draperies, and on into the old chapel. That was the parade-ground on all our



GROUP TWENTY.

"field days," and there are now all the boys and girls of long ago. They are just as they were of yore, full of fun or anxiety, as the case may have been, turning the pages for the morning anthem, conning the "first-hour" lesson, and laying plans for the day. Everything is quiet for the roll-call. A strong, firm voice begins, and in monotonous, regular cadence chants the long list: "Bousquet 1st," "Bousquet 2d," "Curtis," "Craven," "Deweese," "Hobbs," "Howell," and on through the "Keables," "Morgans," "Ritners," "Ryans," "Ruckmans," and "Sperrys." The responses "Here," "Present," "Aye," according to fancy, roll out in full, round tones. Then comes the girls' roll. Every one seems to be there. How can the old room hold so many! Dr. Scarff, in his low, sweet voice, reads the "Law" or the "Gospel," and petitions for a blessing on the youth before him. He gives the "order of the day," and the students slowly and decorously file into the aisle and through the chapel door. How skilfully the little "minute" meetings, between certain "twos" from the opposite sides of the chapel, are managed; a whispered word, a touch of the hand, an interchange of notes, and all disperse to their several class-rooms.

As we move through the door, thirty long, sounding strokes peal from the big bell. As the last whispering echo dies the mist lifts, the vision fades away, and we stand alone.

Tears? Yes, for this has been a dream. We can never be young again, can never feel the hot blood tumbling through our veins like mountain streams, or rejoice in the fairy castles built in youth's blythe time. The *real* is upon us, the glamour and witchery of our dreaming days have departed forever. The rush of impulse which filled our lives with mistakes, and sometimes pleasures, has given place to sober thought and careful calculation. The sun which now lights our path is steadier, just as cheering, and not so fitful as the "light of other days." Now we can tell poetry from prose, and have learned that the even tone of the one is as fascinating as the languorous rhythm of the other. Now we see that the old

College is built of bricks and mortar, stone and timber, just as it appears to the passerby. To the students of long ago, it will always seem wreathed in vines of sentiment, with a halo about the old bell-tower. We have loved it through all its trials and tribulations, and we can hardly be expected to write in detail, and with practical accuracy, of a place around which cluster so many little romances and tender memories. With us, the past is ever present; even the personnel of the faculty seems the same. Dr. Scarff is still straight and vigorous, and his agile limbs set a pace that any college athlete might envy. Not one of the "old girls" would dare to whisper or mutter even now in the neighborhood of Mrs. Stoddard, lest she whirl suddenly, and turn upon her the battery of her ever-watchful and all-seeing eyes. Dr. Currier is yet to us the blonde young man who seemed to know "everything by intuition." Professor Cotton is "King Ahasuerus," with his mighty basso-profundo voice. And the lovely Miss Cleveland will always be "Esther" the beautiful queen. While time lasts they will always seem the same, and we are glad that, to us, they will never change.

A little history of the School, for those to whom its early years are mere tradition, it is advisable to give, without too close detail.

Before Iowa was a State, in her territorial days, the Baptists within her borders began to feel the necessity of establishing a school which would give their young people the advantages lost to them by the emigration of their forebears into a country so new and devoid of educational opportunities. Travel in those days was a serious problem, so the youth had to be educated at home, if at all. Although the subject was constantly agitated, it was not until 1851 that any definite action was taken.

The Iowa Baptist State Convention was held in September of that year, at Burlington. After thorough discussion, the following resolution was adopted:

"Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed whose

duty it shall be to make investigations, solicit proposals, etc., with reference to the immediate establishment of a denominational University in this State; and that this committee be authorized to call an educational convention at such time and place as they may deem expedient, when the whole subject may be considered in detail."

The Convention was called to meet in Iowa City, April 13, 1852. At this meeting the delegates selected Burlington as the place for the College, but as this decision was reached at the close of a long night session, in which there was considerable controversy, there was an effort made the following morning to rescind the action of the Convention, and to reconsider the whole matter. The friends of Burlington opposed this movement, as they claimed the affair was settled for all time.

At the Convention the following year at Marion, the question was taken up again. The majority of delegates favored new action in the matter. Resolutions were passed to that effect, and a call was sent to all the churches, requesting a full attendance at a special meeting to be held in Oskaloosa, November 10, 1852, for the consideration of the establishment of a Baptist College nearer the centre of the State. This Convention was held, but reached no definite conclusion, and adjourned to meet in Pella in June of the following year. At this adjourned meeting the resolution was adopted which located the College in that pleasant little city, where it still exists. This caused much adverse comment, with the result that the Burlington institution interest was sustained by its adherents, and the College at Pella also began to take form. It was unfortunate that in the beginning there should have been this division, and that any action should have been taken until the Baptists knew their minds thoroughly.

At this time the Pella School had by far the greater number of friends, but as there was not unanimity among the Baptists there was a struggle from the first.

In taking the name of "University" it was thought that, in the near future, departments of Medicine and Law could be

added to the Collegiate and Divinity departments, already established. Up to this date this has not been accomplished.

The work of building was begun immediately. Rev. Henry P. Scholte, who stood for the Holland element in the community, Rev. I. C. Curtis, Rev. Edward O. Towne, Rev. E. Bookenoogan, and Dr. Putnam, constituted the Executive Committee. There were no funds, so progress was slow and hampered; but a little money was raised and the work began.

In 1854 the foundation of the College building was put in, and the plans definitely settled upon for a three-story brick structure with stone basement. It was thought best to begin the work of the Academic Department at once without waiting for the new building. Dr. Scarff was summoned to take charge of the School. His assistants were Professor Caleb Caldwell, Professor C. C. Cory, and Miss Julia Tolman. The School was held in a two-story brick building on Washington Street, in West Pella. In 1856 it was moved into the new building, which was far enough along to admit of occupancy.

Professor Currier was added to the force of teachers in 1857. The School for two years prepared its classes for higher work, and in 1858 the Collegiate Department was opened. At the June Board meeting, Dr. Elihu Gunn, of Keokuk, was elected President of the College; Mrs. Stoddard was made Principal of the Ladies' Department. The endowments of the School suffered severely from the panic of 1857; none of the moneys subscribed could be collected. Many larger and more flourishing institutions were obliged to close on account of the hard times, but this little School went right on and grew steadily. Its first class was ready for graduation in the spring of 1861. War was declared between the North and South in April of that year. The College at that time had over three hundred students, and was growing in popularity rapidly. Its progress received a serious check, for the young men, almost *en masse*, enlisted. When the autumn term opened there was not a youth of proper age for collegiate work among its students. Without



GROUP FIVE.

an income from endowments, with the classes almost depopulated, it would have been small wonder if the School had not opened its doors in September of 1862. It had not begun its career with the idea of being suspended on account of obstacles; so the doors swung wide, the plucky teaching corps, minus Professor Currier, who had enlisted, and Miss Mitchell, who had gone to the war as a nurse, took up its regular duties, and never missed a day's work during the war.

No school in America has such a record for loyalty and patriotism as Iowa Central University; for she gave not only a larger proportion of her young men to the service than did any other school in the United States, but she gave *all that she possessed*. In her pride and loyalty she poured out her best blood, even to the last drop.

This is a fact which should interest the public-spirited; for a college which instills such patriotism and devotion to country into the hearts of its pupils should never want for the wherewithal to build halls and dormitories, or the means for generously endowing its chairs and departments.

In 1864 the College was twelve thousand dollars in debt. Further work would have been impossible had not the friends of its lifetime once more come to the rescue. Hon. Joseph K. Hornish, who gave the School its first endowment of ten thousand dollars, subscribed three thousand dollars. Dominie Scholte, always the affectionate and helpful friend of the School, gave real estate; and other friends helped as best they could. Dr. Stoddard put time, strength, and money into the work, and travelled near and far in the interest of the School. Dr. Scarff taught, preached, and prayed; Dr. Currier lay awake nights and planned. And the three held business meetings and kept the College going. All this sacrifice and zeal brought good results. In two years the debt was paid, and there was great rejoicing among the friends of the School.

The grounds up to this time had been devoid of shade or shrub, but in the spring of '66 the campus was laid out and planted with fine young trees. To-day they wave their

branches high in air, and adorn the grounds as but few are adorned in that rolling prairie country.

In 1870 ten thousand dollars were raised to start an endowment fund. Rev. Moses Bixby was a good friend at this time, and gave valuable aid in collecting this sum.

In 1871 Dr. Louis A. Dunn, of Fairfax, Vermont, was elected President of the College. During his administration of nine years, many students were added and the condition of affairs steadily improved. Failing in health, Dr. Dunn was obliged to retire in 1881, and the presidency was tendered to Dr. G. W. Gardner, of Massachusetts. In this year Dr. and Mrs. Stoddard decided to return to India to take up the work they had left so regretfully a few years before. This brought grief to their friends, for both these dear people held places which could not be refilled. Dr. Gardner was in delicate health and only able to give three years to the College work. Professor R. H. Tripp was made acting president, and filled, for one year, the place made vacant by Dr. Gardner's retirement.

In 1885, Rev. Daniel Reed, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, was invited to fill the vacant place. His reputation as a scholar and an executive encouraged the Board to hope for great work under his administration. He was indeed fruitful in plans, but, alas for Central! they went "a-gley," and before it was realized its existence was trembling in the balance. But for the prompt rally of old and tried friends, among whom were some of the Alumni, a requiem would soon have been chanted over all that remained of this dearly loved and useful institution. All hearts turned at once to Dr. Dunn, and he was recalled to the position he had reluctantly given up in 1881. His judicious management restored confidence, the College speedily regained its footing, and went on with its work rejoicing.

During this last period of Dr. Dunn's connection with the School, the Biblical Department was established. He strongly felt the need of a cultured clergy for the country towns and hamlets which did not have the means to employ pastors who

were educated in expensive seminaries in large cities. This was a noble work, and the State has felt the benefit of his wise plan. Dr. Dunn held his position until his death, on Thanksgiving Day, 1888. Rev. S. J. Axtell succeeded him, and in 1890 resigned to accept a professorship in Kalamazoo College.

Dr. John Stuart, then Pastor of the Pella Baptist Church, and Professor of Mental Science and Sacred Literature in the College, was called to fill the vacancy made by Professor Axtell's resignation. For five years Dr. Stuart was most energetic in his labors for the School. The increase in activity and interest was soon apparent. During the first year the number of students became so large that Cotton Hall was built to accommodate them. Dr. Stuart literally wore himself out with his incessant work, and was obliged to resign in 1895.

Dr. Arthur B. Chaffee took possession of the president's chair January 1, 1896. In the three years he has been in charge he has won his way in the University as well as among the Baptists of the State.

At the present writing the interest in the College is very active. There is an organized movement among the Baptists of the State to consolidate their various educational institutions. Conventions and meetings have been held to bring this about, but so far no harmonious or satisfactory results have been reached.

The Pella School has never been enlisted thoroughly in the scheme of "unification," and the students of the past and present are unalterably opposed to it. For some wise purpose this College was founded in this particular spot. The tender germ which reached out toward life nearly fifty years ago is now full of inspiration and strength; it is a power for good. This little College has a soul, a distinct and unique personality. Its peculiar work would be utterly lost were it to be made a part of some great plan. It is better alone, for it has its own mission and its own system of work. Its entire usefulness lies in the fact that it is especially fitted to meet the necessities of

its patrons. It has grown up out of the needs of the people, and no surer proof is given us that it *should* live, and *will* live, and in just the place where it has been tended and watered, than its existence at the present day. The storms which it has weathered, the foes it has worsted, have been many and bitter, but it seems to be absolutely harm-proof. There is no doubt in our mind but that it will be living, and doing good in its modest way, long after more pretentious institutions have passed from memory.

Not for a moment would we decry the merits of other schools. If they can exist, it is proof they are needed. If they die, it is because they lack vitality, and have not the divine afflatus.

Our College, from the very first, has had a corps of teachers who have put their life into its upbuilding. Devotion and self-sacrifice have gone into its every bone and sinew. It was founded in Christian sincerity, and has been sustained by love. It can neither *die*, *migrate*, nor be *transplanted*. It rests on hallowed ground, which has mellowed under heaven's sunlight for just one purpose. The brick and stone were laid by Christian zeal, and cemented by faith and hope. Men worked on those walls who wanted a school home for their boys and girls. Part of their earnings they donated to the enterprise. It was built by friends and neighbors, who beamed with happiness when the chapel was seated, so a "praise meeting" could be held to give thanks for this beloved possession. Do all these things go for nothing? Could the *spirit* of such a school be moved? It would be lost and away from home in other surroundings, and aggrieved, would wander back to its old resting-place.

No. We refuse to be wooed. Come to us if you will and welcome, but we know our strength. We have thriven on little or nothing, our vitals are warmed with loyal fire, and our hearts are wedded to the quiet little village, where the College is the Town, and the Town is the College.

We do not believe, that in the whole world, there is a city

or a hamlet where a school can be sustained so cheaply as at Pella. Instead of the students being overcharged in the village shops, they are always given a reduction, and each citizen does what he can to enable them to live cheaply and well. The religious influence is pure and vigorous. It is impossible to be associated with the College without entering into church life and church work. The baptism of the students is very frequent, and with one accord they attend public worship once, and usually twice, a day.

It is only in a town of small size that the Church stands sponsor for all social entertainment. It is impossible to visit within its borders without feeling the direct influence and benefit of its pure and unadulterated Christianity. The fine old tunes are still sung at the prayer meetings—"Antioch," "Boylston," "Martyn," "Greenville," "Dennis," "Coronation," and many others. I think they have about given up "Devizes" and "Meribah," but there are still enough of the stately old psalm tunes to lend dignity to the service. The students are encouraged to take part in the meetings, and the aged and the young worship together. The religious zeal among the students is most remarkable. The Young Peoples' meetings are conducted with fervor and dignity. Each winter many are added to the church, and devoted Christian men and women go out from the College halls, well fitted for their part of solving life's great problem, and advancing the cause of Christianity.

One exceedingly happy feature of the Pella School, is its power to instill into its pupils an ambition which carries them on and on in the search for knowlege. If circumstances permit, the graduates of the College proceed at once to a school of larger scope and greater teaching force, in order to fit themselves thoroughly for a position of importance in school work or in the world at large.

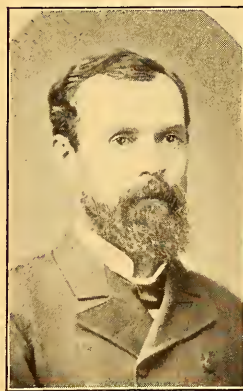
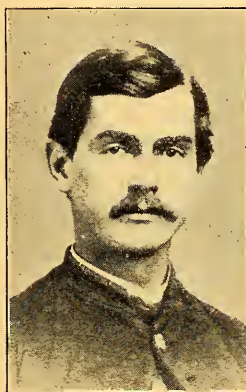
Chicago University has had many of our students; others go farther east, and some have gone abroad for study. Central's students are welcomed in every school. Their work has

been so thorough and their rank so defined, that in many places they are admitted without examination, upon presentation of their College credentials. Throughout the State they are in demand as teachers, and command very desirable positions. Nothing tells like sincere school work; and that is the only kind which is sanctioned in our institution. The students work for their "marks," and can receive certificates and diplomas only when the work has been thorough and conscientious.

The happy, inspiring tone of the School is in great contrast to the lackadaisical, *blasé* air one encounters so frequently nowadays. Everything is done with a cheerfulness and vigor, and with minds so free from the trammel of other interests, that it is a delight to visit the class-rooms.

The work of Central speaks for itself. Its graduates, who are now filling important places in life, are evidence of judicious supervision and careful tutelage. The location of the School and the unique, simple surroundings have had much to do with the notably good results attained. It has seemed to be in just the right place, and in the proper element. A school so placed, which has shown so much power and vitality, should never be moved or merged into another interest. It has earned a right to live independently, to retain its own personality; and if left to itself, it will give a good account of its stewardship. It may now point with pride to its soldiers, editors, physicians, lawyers, lecturers, merchants, ministers of the Gospel, missionaries, philanthropists, bankers, business men, teachers, writers, and home makers. With its capacity for good increased, there is no computing the great work which is still before it.

It is the hope of the Alumni to help largely in further endowing the College. They are working earnestly to raise a fund to present to it upon the celebration of its semi-centennial anniversary, in 1903. This we call our "Jubilee" fund; and we trust the subscriptions to it will be large and numerous. More buildings and apparatus are needed; and several



GROUP SIX.

Chairs should be endowed. It is no new thing to the *old* friends to sacrifice and save for the School, and it is a great encouragement that the younger element seems filled with the same spirit. A few thousand dollars in the hands of our economical and thrifty institution would carry it over its troubles, and deliver it from the nightmare of Unification, Annexation, and Annihilation, which periodically disturbs its peace and repose. Let us be alive to this state of affairs, fight removal, and the "lowering of the grade" of the School, maintain our rights to exist as we are chartered, and sustain our Alma Mater in the way in which she deserves to be sustained.

The location of the School is a most healthful one; the town is free from epidemics; every citizen owns his plot of ground, and has his cow, chickens, and garden. The life is simple and honest; there is nothing to distract from the main purpose, or draw from the duties of the School. Consequently the average for scholarship is high. There is no slipshod work done in the class-room, and no passing of pupils on account of "family" or through favoritism.

In all the years of the life of the College she has had many strong, capable, and loving friends. If they had been possessed of as much of the goods of this world as they were of zeal and devotion, the College campus would now be covered with fine buildings, laboratories, society halls, and all that goes to make a superb college property. It is impossible to write or think of the School without having these dear friends and sponsors appear to the mind's eye as distinctly as if they were, in these latter days, strolling about the College grounds. Some of them lived a little too early for the writer's time, but they are as well known and honored by her as if they had been the closest friends; for out of their abundance, or their poverty, they founded and maintained the institution which is entitled to her sincere love and gratitude.

No one of the first College Board was there as a figurehead, but all were so earnestly enlisted in the interests of the College that they devoted themselves to its cause unselfishly. It was

a very strong Board. Dominie Scholte had led his flock into "the place of refuge," and in himself was a truly wonderful man. High spirited, erudite, and polished, he was a gentleman always. Then there was Rev. Obed Sperry, a most forceful character, who in the early days acted as financial agent, and made friends for the School throughout the State. The Keables brothers, Hon. Calvin Craven, A. H. Vierson, E. D. Morgan, the Deacons M. W. Rudd, Banner Bowen, Hon. H. W. Littler, Capt. E. G. Barker, Major H. G. Curtis, H. A. Ritner, John Nollen, Esq., Rev. William Elliott, H. K. Kean, and Dr. Howell were among the best-known men who served as trustees at different times. Mr. A. E. D. Bousquet was a most active friend in the early days. Hon. T. E. Balch was chancellor and agent after the "sixties," and was of great value in these capacities. Dr. E. C. Spinney also gave the College valuable aid. Rev. J. M. Wood completed the collection of the fifty-thousand-dollar endowment, and moneys amounting to ten thousand dollars which had been raised by subscription. Hon. Joseph K. Hornish was a faithful and helpful friend to the last.

Of the large number of trustees who came and went, there was not one who was a stranger in the community. The Board meetings were looked forward to with the greatest interest by the citizens. The members were given the "keys of the city," so to speak, and were always generously entertained. The annual exercises of the College brought scores of visitors, and no one ever thought of staying at a hotel. Every house in town was thrown open to them; the "spare" bed was more than comfortably filled. Students who were crowded with examination work, essays, concerts, cantatas, farewell exercises, etc., rarely spent a night of that last week of school in their own beds, but just camped around anywhere and searched for their clothing, books, and papers in unusual places. It was like a season of Methodist "Conference" or Baptist "Association;" the very chickens sniffed agitation in the air, but rarely lived long enough to determine the cause of

their excitement. It was a joyous time. The weather was usually fine, and every one was happy over the interesting events of the week. When they were concluded, and the last visiting "brother" and "sister" had departed, the little town subsided, and carried into the societies and "sewing circles" enough harmless gossip to last until the big bell summoned the students into the College halls in September. Small wonder that the School prospered in those olden days. Every citizen took a special interest in every pupil and teacher, and felt that they were, in a measure, responsible for their well-being. Much of this generous, unselfish feeling was due to the Mother in the home. Had she not been so full of kindly solicitude for the homesick student, such a delightful state of affairs could never have existed. It was she who cheerfully baked and brewed, supplied and managed, that these "away from home" boys and girls might be made to feel welcome and contented. To these tender mothers who gathered them under their shelter is due the love and thanks of the College pupils and the patrons of the School.

The good women of Pella are known far and near for their philanthropy and kindness. The host of young people who gather for the work of the college year know that they can depend on them for advice, friendship, and hospitality. The "College Mothers" of the war time and succeeding years have largely passed away, and their places have been taken by others just as earnest and devoted. Many who were pupils in the early days, are now helping to guide and guard the youthful and inexperienced students whom each year brings among them, thus, in a measure, repaying the debt they owe to the kind, self-sacrificing women who, in by-gone years, were so devoted to the interests of the College.

The citizens of the town are deeply interested in all the improvements about the campus, and cheerfully aid in raising funds for any new work. They believe in the physical, as well as the mental, development of the rising generation, and have been active in securing the fine new building which is being

erected under the auspices of the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations. The library, lecture halls, club-rooms, chapel, and a gymnasium will be given room in this building.

The occupancy of the new gymnasium will give a fresh impetus to athletics. Out-of-door sports have received a great deal of attention, and some excellent records have been made; but the work has been hampered by the lack of suitable buildings and appurtenances.

Many of the graduates of the School have brought honor upon their Alma Mater, and so few have brought discredit that the number, so far as known, is too small to mention.

College life in this little town does not mean four ill-spent and wasted years, with bad habits, bad principles, and profligate ways established beyond redemption. This is so notably a Christian school that almost without exception, its attendants are devout men and women. It goes almost without saying that they are all allied to one or the other of the Christian denominations. The teachers are pious people. In my knowledge, no others have ever been employed. The tone of the School has been established by the Faculty, always composed of instructors who put their whole souls into their work, and have regarded themselves as responsible for the spiritual, as well as the intellectual, growth of the youth under their care. They have been men and women of fine fibre, and for the most part liberally educated and college-bred. Miss Tolman, Mr. Caldwell, Miss Johnson, Miss Cotton, Rev. F. E. Britton, Ira De Long, Miss Tons, Miss Morse, Mr. Neyensch, Mrs. Tripp, Professor Adkins, Ada Gardner, S. F. Prouty, Fannie Barker Cutler, Martha Rudd, Lois Martin, Lillian Vierson, John Nollen, Henry Nollen, Professor Loughridge, Miss Manning, Miss Kate Keables, Julia Bousquet, Dr. Burr, Professor Cook, Miss McCully, Professor Munson, Professor Baraca, Miss Firth, Professor Hall, Professor Lear, and Professor Lewis have been valued and useful instructors in various departments, in the history of the College. We have

sent forth a large number of Divinity students who have become notable preachers of the Gospel, and missionaries who have found their field in the uttermost parts of the earth.

Professor Loughridge left his work in the College to enter the mission field, going among the Telugues in Hanamacunda, India, in 1875. He remained there for several years, but is now professor in the State Normal School at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Miss Manning taught five years in the University. In 1874 she went as missionary to Burmah, India, and taught in the Rangoon College. This charming woman was one of the most lovely characters ever connected with the College. Her life was purity and piety personified. Her literary attainments were unusual. When she left the College, she was followed by loving thoughts and wishes for her welfare. Her life was a sacrifice. After a few years in India, she fell a victim to the trying climate, and was obliged to return to America. After a short time she passed away, in her old home and birthplace, Warwick, Massachusetts. Miss Manning was founder of the Alethian Society, which is now one of the institutions of the School.

Miss Ellen E. Mitchell, who taught in "Central" before the War, has for many years been a practising physician in India. She served as a volunteer nurse in the Civil War, resigning her professorship in the College for that purpose.

Miss Amy Harris, of the class of '84, was also a missionary to Burmah for several years, but lost her health in attending to the exacting duties incident to her work.

A large number of the Alumni have studied for the professions, the greater part choosing the Law. We have several jurists who have attained eminence, and three or four who are occupying places on the Bench in their several commonwealths. The press of the country has been reinforced largely from our ranks. We have added some skilled practitioners to the medical profession. Our College is represented in almost every line of business. We have sent out preachers and professors, whose efficiency attests to the sincerity of their training. The

work of the School has been in the interest of higher education. Our beloved Dr. Scarff says, "If the College should die now, the work which it has done will live forever."

When youth begins to realize the power of knowledge, and to long for its aid and charm, it is sure to search for light in every direction. The college near at hand meets the needs and nourishes the growing ambition, gives courage and increases self-respect. Wilkes, the politician, once said, "I am the plainest man in all Christendom, but I will undertake not to be behindhand a quarter of an hour in a race with an Adonis." His culture and arts gave him confidence; his trained intellect could dazzle and lead. He was sure of himself, and depended on mind, not feature. A brilliant mental equipment outshines any beauty purely physical; just as he who trains his conversational powers and uses a language in its purity can lead his hearers where he will. Nothing is so debasing as ignorance, or so hard to endure, when one realizes he is in its thrall.

The literary societies in Central are great civilizers and refiners. It is astonishing how soon a raw student will swing into the work, learn to stand evenly on both feet, to speak what he thinks, to hold his lips together when he is listening, and to understand parliamentary usages in this weekly drill. It fits him for the halls of Congress and for the forum, and starts him to thinking for himself on independent lines. When a man learns to think, he is never alone. When he can put his thoughts into words, for the profit and edification of others, he is a benefactor. The ignorant cannot realize the delight there is to be found in quiet study and research. The housemaid of the great Darwin constantly fretted and fussed about his solitary habits, saying in pitying tones, "If the dear man only had some one to talk to and visit with, he would be so much happier," little realizing that his life was so full that he dreaded contact with man, lest a moment of his precious time for research be wasted. A good student fritters away no time, and early learns its priceless value. An efficient teacher incul-

cates habits of mental order, and fills his pupil with the great ambition of gaining all that can be acquired in each school year. Such a habit, well formed, places either a man or a woman above mediocrity, and marks out for them a life of progress and intellectual growth. A student is "one who studies"; a brilliant, forceful man is one who *has* studied, and lost no opportunity to enrich and embellish his mind with every art and science within his reach.

The college where one has gained his education is entitled to the lasting love and gratitude of the student. He should rejoice in its prosperity, and mourn over its troubles, and be ready when the winds of adversity blow to steady the outposts and make fast the stanchions. A man is made of poor, ungrateful stuff who will allow his Alma Mater to suffer and struggle if it lies in his power to aid her, either by moneys, lands, or influence. A body of alumni is wanting in loyalty which does not band together to stand by the fostering mother, and by word and deed, as it may be able, to lift her from distress and the pitfall of her enemies. The noble array of men and women who, having been blessed with prosperity, have enriched and endowed the schools in which they were educated, forms one of the most admirable of the classes of philanthropy. Grateful for the good they have received, and realizing their nothingness without knowledge, they build and endow, that coming generations may profit by their generosity and beneficence. It is not a charity but a duty, and one which should be so fraught with pleasure that it would be a delight, and not like a "tax unto Cæsar." Our schools must be sustained, and thrice blessed is he who quickly and cheerfully aids and builds up the choice of his heart, without urging or solicitation.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell Sage, who have so recently come to the rescue of the famous Troy School, have the lasting gratitude of all who are interested in its well-being. Mrs. Sage, as Margaret Olivia Slocum, attended Mrs. Willard's Seminary many years ago. Her heart has always been true to its inter-

ests. When fortune blessed her, she gave of her abundance with loving generosity. Mr. Sage, for the sake of his loyal wife, has built and endowed, with lavish hand. A fine building stands on the Seminary grounds as a monument to his philanthropy. Under the guidance of Mrs. Sage, the Emma Willard Society has grown into a great power, and there is no danger that, in the near future, this noted school will be in want or in need of friends.

Mrs. Leland Stanford ranks high above all American women in promoting the cause of education. In carrying out the plans of her distinguished husband in establishing the Leland Stanford University, at Palo Alto, California, she has shown most wonderful executive ability and far-sightedness. The school was founded in memory of their only child, a lovely son, who, passing away in early youth, left their home bereaved and lonely. This school is co-educational and is doing a truly wonderful work. The devotion of Mrs. Stanford is unexampled. No sacrifice is too great for her to make; her whole life is bound up in this noble and elevating mission. She is known for her generosity to every worthy enterprise which she can encourage; and life is sweeter to a multitude of people for having "passed her way." Scores and scores of others have remembered substantially colleges that have become dear to them; and the safety of the country is thus more largely ensured. *There is no menace so dangerous as ignorance*; he who puts one child in the way of enlightenment is doing his part toward filling the future with culture and civilization.

The teaching of the little College in Pella has always been largely of an evangelical and missionary order. The good and true predominates in all its precepts. No pupil is denied admittance on account of poverty. Opportunity is given those whom fortune has not favored to avail themselves of all the school privileges. Young Divinity students are encouraged to take small "charges" as soon as they are qualified. The students of the College have within the past few years been

“supplying” many pulpits in the neighboring towns and country districts. They have built up small interests to prosperous organizations, raised money and erected comfortable churches and chapels, attending to their pastoral work and keeping up their studies in the most commendable manner at the same time. There, it is a rare thing for a Divinity student to have money enough to put himself through college, so the church and College help him, and put him in a way of earning his daily bread, frequently waiving the tuition fee.

A school which has such a nearness to, and personal interest in its pupils, can do vastly more good than one which keeps them at arm’s length. Where the student and instructor meet only in the class-room no deep and lasting friendships are likely to be formed. When the teacher has it in his power to establish close and helpful relations out of school, as is possible and usual in small communities, there is no calculating the good he may do.

Our little College, like Cornelia, counts “her boys” and “girls” as her jewels, and guards them with jealous, watchful care both day and night.

It is truly marvellous, under the existing conditions, how the officers of the School maintain their good cheer and hopefulness. Hampered by straitened circumstances and inadequate school furnishings and apparatus, they are compelled to carry on their work at great disadvantage. With a very few of the many thousands of dollars which are wasted and misapplied in the great scheme of educational work, the efficiency of this phenomenally useful School could be much increased. A few hundred dollars would finish the library building; a few hundred more would fill its shelves with needed books; and the gymnasium could be fitted for use at very little cost.* The lively interest of the young people in the work is shown by their desire to aid. The young men students have helped in shingling the roof and in laying the brick. The young women have

* A little later on a brief table containing the financial status of the College and her present needs is given.

raised money in their societies, as have also the young men, by giving entertainments, and pledging annual sums from their slender purses. It would fire the heart of any one not made of stone, to witness the zeal of these ardent young students, some of whom are almost in penury, and but few with a penny for waste or luxury.

Thus it is that the brave and plucky little School has made her history. For nearly half a century she has smilingly met every fate. Her heart is true as gold, her purpose noble and high-minded, her record one of purity, piety, and patriotism, her work, like that of her sister colleges, the most civilizing and refining of all in the world.





GROUP SEVEN.

CHAPTER IX

THE CHIME OF MELODY

In the year 1857 the College bell was swung into its loft in the cupola. It made its ascent amid the cheers of the entire community, and was hoisted into place by the willing hands of the citizens of the town, who lent their strength and might to the occasion, pulling and tugging at the long rope until the fine new songster perched on high, ready to peal forth its lay as duty required.

For full forty-two years has it swayed to and fro, in unison with the thoughts and feelings of the people whom it has so faithfully served. If it could speak and tell its story, it might a very interesting tale unfold; for nothing has taken place in the community in which it has not had a part. In addition to its school duties, it has never missed a prayer meeting or divine service of its own accord. Upon a few occasions its voice has been hushed, when some unholy spirits have cut the rope which linked it to the lower world; and once in the recent past, it was rifled of its eloquent tongue, and was silent and mournful until it was returned.

The duties of the bell have been manifold. For many years, at the ghastly hour of five A.M., it smote the air with a hurrying, startling call, which turned the rosy sleeper out on the rug for the morning study hour. It disturbs the sluggard, prods the inactive, scolds the lazy, and brings every one to time, within its jurisdiction. It has earned the gratitude of every student who has measured time by its methodical and ringing stroke. Merrily has it pealed a wedding chime, and slowly and sympathetically chanted and tolled for those who have passed away. It has cried out in despair when the days

of the College seemed numbered, and rocked back and forth with joy when orders came to "ring on."

What a fine old friend this splendid bell has been, never sulky or gloomy, and never out of tune! Rich with treasure taken from the mines of the earth, it sends out over the undulating fields its powerful tones of melody with unstinted generosity. High up in the sunlit air, it sings its song, and keeps guard over the youth within sound of its musical voice.

The old bell tolled and sobbed when our boys, in the long ago, marched away to battle; and rang out a hallelujah of thanksgiving for those who returned.

For over two score of years, in wind and weather, ever ready for service, has this good, true bell hung between the earth and the stars. It has come to have a personality, and is one of the institutions of the town. It is the *vade mecum* of the College itself; for who could imagine the old building without its proud and clarion-toned herald.

Here's to the College bell, whose every stroke brings up an eloquent memory! May its "tuneful strain" for many years carry its message to the loving friends who listen for its chiming cadence! May it only sing songs of wisdom, peace, and plenty! It is exalted in height, exalted in tone, and will ever be exalted in the hearts of all of the children of Central.

CHAPTER X

THE OPEN DOOR

"Pass in, and find a welcome."

On a little rise of ground in view of the College campus, in the prettiest part of Pella, stands a home with an open door. I may be pardoned for mentioning this portal, for I know more about the home to which it belongs, and the comings and goings between its lintels, than I do of any other in the world. Had I not known it so well, and learned the lesson of Christian benevolence so thoroughly taught within it, this little book would never have been written. For forty-four years my father, Dr. John Gilson Howell, has presided over the household to which it belongs, extending greeting and hospitality to all of the students of the University who have, in that time, come and gone in the search of knowledge. The house is neither grand nor pretentious, but both precept and practice therein are excellent. True Christian doctrine goes hand in hand with the fulfillment of its teachings. From the setting up of the family altar in the fifties until the present time, the students of Central have been welcome visitors in this home, and shared in its hospitality and comfort.

The College has been a leading interest in my father's life. He was one of its earliest trustees, and served many terms on the College Board. Now in latter years he still attends all of the public events of the School, and not infrequently joins in the chapel exercises. When in the active practice of his profession, he was always on the Examining Committee of the classes in physiology, and took great delight in putting questions to the students whom Mrs. Stoddard had taught and drilled so

thoroughly and intelligently. He has an especial interest in the Divinity students. One of the young men said to me, not long ago: "Your father's talks on the Bible and its doctrines are worth a term's work to a young fellow who is too timid to ask questions of his professor. His expounding of the Scriptures and the application of the lessons contained therein are the clearest and most convincing to which I have ever listened."

There is no doubt about Father Howell being the patriarch of the College friends, as far as years go. He is now in his ninety-second year, well and strong and in the full possession of all his faculties. There is only one living person who antedates him. That one is Dr. Scarff, who was the real founder of the School. Nearly all of its earliest friends have passed away, and a younger generation is filling the responsible places as advisers and supporters. Hon. Calvin Craven, of Washington, Iowa, was a trustee almost immediately after the founding of the College, and was one of its earliest patrons.

The young men and women of the days before the war were constant and welcome visitors in the Howell home. During the life of "Mother Howell," she was the loving friend and confidante of hosts of the girls, and her house was filled to overflowing with them. She always had a "sure and certain" cure for homesickness, and gathering the young people about her cheerful fireside, made them forget their troubles.

And so they passed in and out of the "open door," teachers, students, trustees, and visitors of the College, always finding new strength in that atmosphere so fraught with peace and contentment.

My father moved from Ohio to Iowa in 1855, and selected the quaint little city of Pella as his place of residence on account of the Baptist University being established there. Three of his children have received their education in this institution, and his son Sylvester was for a time Principal of the Preparatory Department of the College.

Many homes in Pella were just as cheerful and just as hospitable as my father's, and I hold in grateful remembrance the

dear friends who dwelt in them. But his home has stood for nearly fifty years; children and grandchildren have been reared under this roof; the brown heads of youth have silvered with age; suffering and sickness have visited it, and a dear one has been called away; but the spirit of the home is the same, and will be while the loving friend of the youth of the University sits in his old age, honored and revered, within the "open door."

CHAPTER XI

THE PRESIDENTS OF CENTRAL UNIVERSITY

FIRST PRESIDENT, DR. ELIHU GUNN

IN 1857 the College Board elected the first president of the University. The Collegiate Department was not inaugurated until that year.

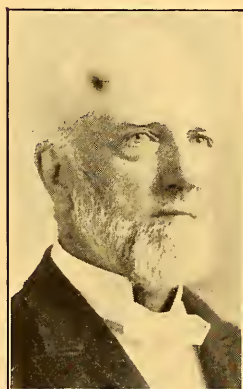
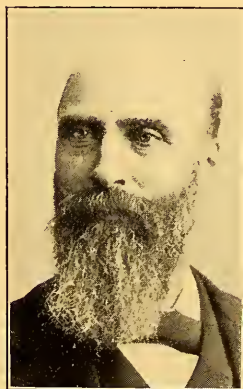
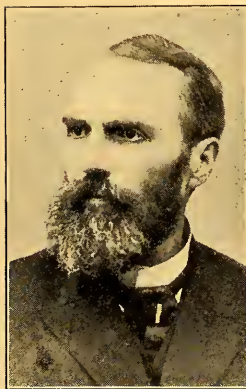
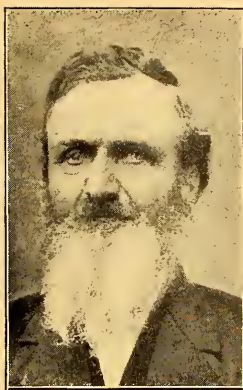
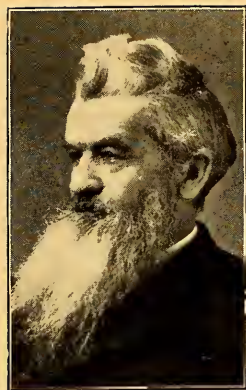
Hon. J. K. Hornish donated ten thousand dollars to endow the President's Chair, expressing the wish that the Rev. Elihu Gunn, A.M., D.D., be appointed to it.

Dr. Gunn entered upon his duties as president in September, 1857. In his four years of service he showed great executive ability, and built up the College to fine proportions. When he resigned there were over three hundred young men and women in attendance; and no educational institution in the State was growing more surely.

While the Civil War was in progress the hard times seriously affected the income of the College. The funds ran so low that there were no resources from which to pay the salaries of either the president or the faculty. Dr. Gunn gave up the work, and Dr. Scarff succeeded him, holding the position until his health failed in 1871.

He trained for college in the Franklin Academy, Shelbourne Falls, Massachusetts; and was graduated from Madison University, Hamilton, New York, in 1847; and two years later, took a degree in the Theological Seminary in the latter city.

Dr. Gunn was born in Montague, Massachusetts, January 3, 1818. In early manhood he removed to northern Ohio, and taught school that he might complete his college education. In later life he removed to Fort Scott, Kansas, where he



GROUP EIGHT.

passed away, rich in experience and Christian faith, on October 31, 1895. Many were the friends who mourned this noble gentleman, whose example was a model of excellence, whose every-day life told of his high-minded and lofty purpose, whose stay upon earth was marked by benevolence, Christian charity, and all the virtues which go to make one of God's noblest works.

SECOND PRESIDENT, DR. EMANUEL H. SCARFF, A.M., D.D.

(See sketch of Dr. Scarff.)

THIRD PRESIDENT, REV. LOUIS A. DUNN, A.M., D.D.

Dr. Dunn was called to the presidency of the School in 1871. Coming as he did in the zenith of his strength, there is no estimating the amount of good which he was able to perform. Full of intellectual power, and splendidly equipped physically, he entered into his work with zest and enthusiasm, and stirred the hearts and quickened the ambition of those with whom he was associated. He led the students like a true general, and taught them like the wise Fabius that he was. For ten years he devoted himself to his work, and was universally loved and admired. In 1881 his health failed and he tendered his resignation, greatly to the grief of all concerned.

In 1886 the School passed through a very troublous time, and Dr. Dunn, at the solicitation of the College authorities, returned to the presidential chair, and remained at the head of affairs until his death two years later.

Dr. Dunn was loved as few men are loved, and his name will always be spoken in reverence; and blessings will be breathed upon his memory by those who knew and loved him through all the useful and fruitful years in which he was connected with the College in Pella. In the community Dr. Dunn was held in the highest esteem. As he mingled with the citi-

zens, he won their hearts and commanded their respect. No one could associate with him without feeling his great mental power, and realizing the sweetness of his character. True as steel, patient and gentle, he was yet strong to bear and suffer. His life was fine and manly. Its close was peaceful and triumphant. Blessed was his work, and lasting will be his influence.

FOURTH PRESIDENT, REV. GEORGE W. GARDNER

Dr. Gardner followed Dr. Dunn in the presidency, upon the latter's resignation in 1881; but on account of ill health he held the position only a little over three years. He brought to the College a fine experience in teaching, and a mind used to the best methods. He was trained at Thedford, Vermont, for Dartmouth College, and was graduated from the latter in 1852. After teaching a number of years, he became the pastor of the First Baptist Church of Charlestown, Massachusetts.

Dr. Gardner was born at Pomfret, Vermont, October 8, 1828. He lived all his days in a literary atmosphere. His mind was cultured, and his presence most delightful. He showed great power in his school work in the Colby Academy, and in his last labor in Pella. Central felt his loss keenly when he was obliged to resign.

In his later years Dr. Gardner spent much of his time with his relatives, Mr. and Mrs. Spinney, in Des Moines, Iowa. He died in his old home in New London, Connecticut, on April 27, 1895. His was a successful life, full of interest and public spirit. Deeply religious, he found his greatest delight in expounding the Scriptures; and as a teacher of the truths contained in Holy Writ he has been rarely excelled. His friendships were generous, his heart was ever warm and quick for suffering humanity. He left a fine memory among the College people, where his labors were ended all too early; and his ministrations are remembered with gratitude and affection.

FIFTH PRESIDENT, ROBERT HALL TRIPP, A.M.

For one short year Professor Robert Tripp held the position of acting president of Central University. He was pressed into the service after Dr. Gardner resigned, under the most trying circumstances. The "dark days" were shedding their gloom over the brave little College, and no one proved a better or truer friend than this faithful professor, who had been for five years a valued teacher in the School. Nobly he stood by its interests, and fought a good fight for its life. To him is due the gratitude of the Alumni and friends for his firm faith and positive stand. His work will not be forgotten; and his career will be followed always with affectionate interest by those whom he served so well.

SIXTH PRESIDENT, REV. DANIEL REED, LL.D.

Dr. Reed came to the presidency with the strongest credentials, and fitted in every way to further the growth and well-being of the College. In the minds of many his policy was a mistaken one; so his career at Central was short-lived. When he took a bold stand against the time-honored traditions of the College, and attempted to engraft upon it new and foreign policies, he was directly opposed to public opinion and the settled views of those who have the interests of the University close to their hearts. The life of the institution was held in the balance; and for a time it had little hope of a further existence. The friends of the College rallied, among them some strong members of the Alumni, and the day was saved. It is not well to blame, or to judge harshly. Dr. Reed was conscientious in his views, and thought he was acting for the best. No one not fully acquainted with the peculiar work of the Pella College can realize why it is so dear to its friends, or why it is best not to disturb the tenor of its way. Experience has taught a number of people with good intentions that Central's is not a transferable identity, that it is

tenacious of life, and has friends who will die trying to keep warm the vital spark that certainly was lighted by no human means or agency. Let us bury the past, forgive any seeming shortcomings, and do our own duty to the fullest.

Dr. Reed was a most interesting gentleman, finely equipped as an instructor, and possessed of many social and religious graces. During the last few years of his life he lived in California, where he held the pastorate of one of the Baptist churches in the city of Los Angeles. He died May 27, 1898, in Emporia, Kansas, at the home of his daughter.

SEVENTH PRESIDENT, REV. S. J. AXTELL

Rev. S. J. Axtell became President of the University upon the death of Dr. Dunn, who had been recalled in the troublous days succeeding the occupancy of Dr. Reed.

From 1888 to 1890 he held the reins of government, but being called to fill the chair of Greek in the University of Kalamazoo, Michigan, he closed his connection with the Pella School. When Dr. Dunn fell by the way, Mr. Axtell held the Chair of Latin in the College, and was almost immediately elected to fill the place so sadly vacated.

President Axtell was graduated from Brown University in 1864. His attainments are scholarly, and his mind is of a fine order. He holds the friendship of the community where he taught and ministered for two years, and naught but good wishes follows him.

EIGHTH PRESIDENT, REV. JOHN STUART, B.D., PH.D.

Dr. Stuart is probably the most erudite scholar who has, at any time, filled the executive chair of Central University. This assertion will hardly cause adverse comment; for his entire life has been given to study and research, and his advantages have been of the finest. He received his preparatory training in the Collegiate Institute at Guelph, Ontario, and at

Woodstock College, Ontario. He was an "honor" man in Greek and Latin when he entered Toronto University. In the succeeding years he passed in special honor work in Oriental languages, and graduated as prizeman in Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac.

Dr. Stuart entered upon the theological course of the Toronto Baptist College, at the same time beginning a post-graduate course in philosophy. In 1883 he took the degree of A.M.

In 1889 Dr. Stuart came to Pella to take the pastorate of the Baptist church and a Chair in the College. In 1890 he was made acting president. When the Board met in June, 1891, he was elected President of the University. For five years he filled the chair, and accomplished a great deal of good, solid work that had been much needed. No day was long enough for him to carry out his plans. He worked faithfully, rapidly, and with a nervous force that was remarkable. He was efficient and aggressive, in and out of the class-room, and in the executive chair. Under his eye the College buildings were repaired and Cotton Hall was added to. The walls for the gymnasium and library were laid, and the building begun; and subscriptions were booked for the completion of the work. Such active service told on the strength of Dr. Stuart, and at the close of his fifth year he was obliged to resign on account of broken health. Much gratitude is due him for the fine service he rendered the College. It rejoices his friends to know that Dr. Stuart has recovered his health fully, and is actively engaged in the hardly less onerous duties of a practising physician (having completed a course in medicine after leaving the College work). He is at present residing in Indiana. He frequently visits the old friends in Pella, where he is so much at home and is always made welcome.

Dr. Stuart was born in the north of Ireland, of Scotch parents. His lineage is noble, as his family is in the direct line of the Scotch Stuarts. His aims and purposes are high, and his ambition in the field of knowledge is unbounded. His

days of student life will never end, for his interest is keen, and his energy and zeal are insatiable.

NINTH PRESIDENT, REV. ARTHUR BILLINGS CHAFFEE,
A.M., D.D.

Dr. Arthur Chaffee, the incumbent, was called to the presidential chair in August, 1895, and took charge of the executive department January 1, 1896. He had demonstrated his ability in school work and organization, and the College interests took on new life when he assumed control. In the four years of his administration over Central, he has devoted himself to its interests with untiring zeal, and through his pleasing personality and candid, sincere manner he has made many friends for the College.

Dr. Chaffee is a man of great strength of character and large intelligence; endowed with an original creative mind, he has constantly enriched it by study and application. His opportunities for education have been large, and he has made the most of them. The first twelve years of his life were spent in Philadelphia, where he was born June 19, 1852. His family is of English origin, and has been in this country since the seventeenth century.

In 1866 Dr. Chaffee's father removed to Saratoga Springs, New York. Young Arthur was sent to school at Williston Seminary, in East Hampton, Massachusetts. He fitted for college at Saratoga Springs, and entered the University of Rochester in 1872, but left there in his junior year for Princeton University, New Jersey, where he completed his collegiate course in 1876. His theological education was obtained at the Rochester Seminary, from which institution he was graduated in 1879.

Upon closing his college career, Dr. Chaffee went West and became a professor of Latin language and literature at Franklin (Indiana) College. Later he was professor of chemistry and physics in the same institution. In 1888 he took the midsum-

mer course in chemistry at Harvard University. In 1889 he became the pastor of the First Baptist Church of Seymour, Indiana. In the latter part of 1890 he was called to the pastorate of the Baptist Church of South Bend, Indiana, where he remained until the close of 1895. During the summer of that year he was a student of sociology and political economy at the University of Chicago. In the autumn he came to the Central University of Iowa, as its president. In this position he seems so in harmony with his work, and has been so successful, that one feels inclined to say that presidents, as well as poets, "are born, not made."

Dr. Chaffee is extremely happy in his attitude toward the young people under his care. He has found the "open sesame" to their hearts, and has entered into their social life with zest and interest. He was a member of the Delta Psi and Cleosophic societies of Princeton; and encourages students in "society" work and the maintenance of their various organizations. His tastes are scientific, and he has, at various times, held membership in The Indiana Academy of Science and The American Association of Science.

Dr. Chaffee married into a distinguished family, his wife being Miss Laura Putnam, connected by descent with the famous Israel Putnam. A charming family graces his fireside; and four of his children are being educated at Pella.

Dr. Chaffee is in sympathy with the friends of the University, and in their efforts to maintain the College as it was founded. The feeling prevails that he may be trusted to guard its good name and preside judiciously over its interests. He has been long enough in the community now to realize that which a stranger cannot—that there is a loving bond between the College and the town which cannot be explained, and which, it is clear, should not be broken. The friends and patrons of the College hope for much from Dr. Chaffee's administration; and will give him their faithful support in his efforts to build up and advance Central's interests.

The tabulated account of the present status (1899) of the

University has been prepared for this book by Dr. Chaffee, and it shows what a small amount of money would meet its actual needs, and put it on a comfortable and self-supporting basis. The table is arranged so concisely and intelligently that a clear idea may be had of the financial condition. It also opens a way to donors, who may object to making bequests at random, whereby they may endow a chair, or aid any special department, and have the satisfaction of seeing their money expended in the direction, and for the specific purpose, which may have enlisted their sympathy and appealed to their judgment.

With this little sketch the College and its affairs are brought up to the present time. I wish that I could conclude this account by chronicling a flood-tide in its fortunes. But we must be patient and hopeful, and at the same time tenacious of our rights, and quick to resent any inroads upon our time-honored customs.

Like the Israelites of old, we are led by a "pillar of cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by night." Our faith and courage are strong, and we will not allow ourselves to be turned aside by false gods or spurious prophets, but we will hold fast to the one purpose of upbuilding, upholding, and uplifting the interests of our well-loved School, until a vision of prosperity dawns on our view, and we behold her merited Canaan.

CHAPTER XII

OUR BOYS OF THE SIXTIES

THERE is no pencil true enough to tell the story of "Our Boys," who, in the first flush of early manhood, gave themselves without reserve to the service of their "Mother Land," and threw to the winds all selfish thoughts of home, education, and future advancement. No paper white enough is woven whereon we may write of their privations and suffering, their starving and freezing, their agonies on the battle-field, and their languishing in hospitals.

The story of the Civil War, and many of its incidents, seems like a fairy tale to the youth of to-day; and you hear them sighing, when a little touched with *ennui*, for a war where they may slay and slaughter and cover themselves with glory. They think of the splendor of the contest, the glitter of arms, the boom of cannon, and the waving of banners. It is not strange that war seems so attractive to them, for they know nothing of the pillaging and plundering, the loss of life, the blighted homes, and the far-reaching consequences of such a national disaster. Indeed, it is a mercy that the pall of gloom has been lifted from our land. That is what all the good bothers and sisters prayed for so earnestly. It would be a pity to forever shadow the lives of the young with the flags draped in crape, and to sadden their hearts for all time with the solemn strains of the "Dead March" in "Saul." It is not that I wish to upbraid them for lightness of spirit, for that is their birthright, and the land is fair and peaceful to conduce to their happiness; but that they may for a moment catch a glimpse of the distress and woe which reigned in the sixties, and draw a breath of thankfulness that those days are past,

and offer a prayer of gratitude for the services which left them a country united, victorious, and floating a flag which protected in freedom every soul under its brave colors.

Vividly do those pictures of the first days of the war come back to me; and I seem to hear again the awestricken voices, the hum of discussion, and see the blanched and anxious faces of men and women who realized that it was a time of great and growing peril. Plainly I see the recruiting office with its gallant-looking men in charge, and the little squad of citizens always huddling in a dazed sort of way about its door, discussing the serious question, "To go, or not to go?" Every now and then a man with his convictions settled would walk up the steps and disappear, coming out in a little while with a firm, determined look which showed he would soon shoulder a weapon of warfare.

The early Ohio regiments were the first that interested me. I regarded all the stir as something delightful. I did not quite like the set, sad look I saw on many familiar faces, but thought that might be their way of showing interest. When an encampment was established in our County Fair Grounds, the millennium seemed to have come. Such soldiers! such music! such marching and drilling! the tents and camp-fires! and the "dear" little canteens! what a delight to drink from the queer, little flat things!—that is, it was a delight until a frolicsome son of Mars passed one around which smelled as if it had spent the night in a "moonshiner's" still, and tasted even worse than it smelled. Then there were the camp concerts and prayer meetings, the picnics and "sewing bees." But all the fun and glory vanished when marching orders came. Tears bathed the faces of citizens and soldiers; mothers fainted, and sweethearts wailed. Even then, though their hearts were almost broken, and they thought they had all they could bear, they knew little of real woe and distress; that was all before them. Ah! it was a sad, sad day when the first lad in my native town was brought home for burial. It was a time of general mourning. The casket containing all

that was left of the brave young fellow was carried to the court-house, wrapped in the Stars and Stripes, his sword keeping guard over his breast. The stores and shops were closed, and the streets were filled with sorrowing friends. The gloom of that sad time left an impression upon my memory which will never fade. I realized the "horrors of war." Then it was thought but few would be sacrificed, that the trouble would soon blow over, and that peace would be restored. But no such happy solution in the near future awaited us. Soon came the call for the "Hundred Day" men; and, later on, the conscription, the forming of colored regiments, the reënlistment of those who had gone for three years; until the nation's best blood was poured in streams on the altar of patriotism. The history of one loyal State is practically the history of all. The marching away of the troops in one town brought the same sort of heartache experienced when farewells were spoken in a hamlet a thousand miles away. East and West, among the rich and poor, the grief was the same.

Our own little College has a record for loyalty that cannot be surpassed, in that she gave all that she had. In 1861, when the School was at the height of its prosperity, the echo of the big guns down at Sumter rolled over the hills and valleys of this country, sweeping across Iowa's wide prairies, spreading the alarm, and filling every honest breast with indignant amazement. It did not seem possible that we were to be involved in war, though it was thought this insult to the government would soon be wiped out and avenged. But the affair speedily resolved itself into a settled calamity that nothing could avert. At the first tap of the drum, before the smoking rebel guns had time to cool, Iowa rose up and offered her services with prompt patriotism, and began fitting men for the field. The Big Bell in the College tower rang out a call for volunteers, loud and long. For hours it tolled, pealing forth in its clear, strong tones the cry of the nation in distress, of a race in bondage, of a "house divided against itself," of war

and bloodshed, of stress and disaster. Already deeply interested in national affairs, the students of the College felt the thrill of the all-pervading current; the first touch threw them into a state of intense excitement. When war was declared, the feeling was at white heat; political discussions with the arguments mostly on one side took the time which was usually given to books. It was impossible to be interested in anything that did not concern public matters; and the feeling of patriotism ran so high that regular study was out of the question.

There were nearly four hundred students in the School; among them one hundred and twenty-five young men. One by one they made up their minds that duty called them to the front; until all had gone but two who were not eligible for service; and this was in face of the fact that troops were being offered all over the country faster than they could be mustered in and equipped. Early in May the boys began to enlist. A room in the College building was set apart for them, and they commenced to drill and prepare for actual service. On the 21st of May the first enlistment of soldiers went to Knoxville (the county seat) to join their company. From there they were ordered to Keokuk for their first encampment. Their names are familiar to you all: Albert Hobbs, W. A. Stuart, Warren Olney, E. F. Sperry, J. F. Rhoades, Will Sumner, Eli Lindsay, Herman Bousquet, W. O. Parrish, John and Joseph Ruckman, Sylvester Howell, and Alonzo Keables—a gallant band of college boys, leaving home to take part in something more serious than anything which had yet come into their lives, each with the image of the loved ones at home engraven on his heart, and with a courage and bravery only born of youth and its intrepidity. The community was shaken from centre to circumference. With heavy hearts it gave of its strength and vigor. The flower of its youth was offered up on loyalty's altar, even as the Hebrew father laid his only son on the fagots of wood; but no lamb came as a welcome sacrifice to save them from the hard, trying fortunes before them.

With all this grief and distress, there was not wanting a pride in the boys who had not waited to be formally called upon to shoulder their muskets in their country's defence. Not even when the splendid Seventh Regiment of the New York militia turned out over eleven hundred men, more than it has on any gala day before or since, and, with a full band at its head, marched down Broadway to the Battery, on its way to Washington to protect that threatened city, did enthusiasm reach a higher pitch or feelings flow in fuller torrents. Every heart was a-quiver, every soul was filled with fire. Nothing else was talked of. The town-meetings were full of interest. No matter how a sermon began, it ended with the only theme which was engaging public interest or was then worth talking about. This was the first break in the College ranks. By the close of the school year in June, every young man who was of proper age had gone into some one of Uncle Sam's regiments of blue-coats, and had begun life in real earnest. Professor Currier, whose heart had been aching to follow the flag in its journey South, at the close of the spring term of school, enlisted, and joined the Eighth Iowa Infantry. Our boys were so early in the field that we find their names on the rosters of the First, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Seventh, Eighth, and Ninth Iowa Infantry regiments. Later on they joined the regiments formed wherever they happened to enlist. In the autumn of 1862 the Thirty-third Iowa Regiment was organized, and went into camp at Oskaloosa. The Central students in this regiment were: John McCleod, William McCulloch, Orville Dunnington, H. D. Aikins, J. C. Baker, Henry Bousquet, Cornelius Canine, Thomas Cox, W. H. Downing, John S. Morgan, E. H. Perkins, Julius M. A. Peters, William Rankin, Andrew Sperry, I. N. Ritner, Chas. Sharman, George W. Towne, T. J. Vinyard, D. C. Wilson, E. M. Woods, and N. O. Moore. This was the second encampment which I had seen in full swing; and it was just as gay as the first. Nothing about it indicated that there were any forebodings as to the future. The parades and exercises seemed to be for the entertainment

of the visitors, who went in flocks from all the surrounding counties. A great many expeditions were planned for a day's frolic at Camp Tuttle by the College boys and girls, and carried out. A rush of happy memories comes back to me, and will doubtless to many a student of Old Central, of the walks and drives, the luncheons and dinners served in the mess by the boys who had gone from Pella. It seemed an ideal life; and it was hard to realize that it was meant for anything more serious than a colossal picnic, or that there was any dire significance in the blue coat, the long roll, and the other sights and sounds that made the place so attractive. But it was not long until the regiment was ordered South, and many of the farewells then spoken were forever and aye.

Before me lies a copy of the war number of the *Central Ray*, published in 1887, and compiled with great skill and care by Cyrenus Cole, then a senior in the College, lately a valued member of the editorial staff of the *Iowa State Register*, and now part owner and editor of the *Cedar Rapids Times-Republican*. It is teeming with interest, and stirs the heart's blood as it tells of the days of carnage and warfare in the words of old students who had lived to tell their experiences.

First comes a letter from Dr. Scarff, setting forth the status of the School in 1861, and of its lonely existence while the "trump of war" took precedence over the College bell.

Then one from Professor Currier, telling something of the boys who went out early, and of their fate on the field and in prison; how the first squad of recruits which went begged him to go with them; and how, afterward, he wished he had done so (although he was only a few weeks behind them).

Next comes Emery Sperry's letter, with a sketch of camp life, and a confession of the homesickness of a boy who had left behind one of the loveliest of mothers. It is enough to break one's heart to read of the march to the front on that bloody first day at Shiloh; and to follow the description of the crushing of his leg by a ball; of the pain and suffering, and the



GROUP NINE.

feeling that it would soon be all over with him; of the chloroform, the surgeon's knife, the amputation, and the coming back to a waking agony. Those of us who know of the weeks and months of suffering after his return to the North can tell a story of his pluck and courage that cannot be told of every wounded man.

Then we have "Recollections of the Signal Service" from the racy pen of Herman Bousquet, and for a moment we forget the dismal part of war in the skilful little sketch he gives of the working of that corps. We see that every once in a while there came to a soldier's life times when the spirit would rise above all solemnity, and jokes meet with as much success as in times of less moment.

"A Student's Trip in Dixie Land," by Henry Curtis, is full of interest. Having been captured at Shiloh, and turned over to the mercies, or rather cruelties, of a rebel prison in company with Will Sumner, John McCleod, and Robert Ryan of the College boys, and hosts of other unfortunates, he tells of the life in bondage, of his escape, and of his being hunted by bloodhounds, and recaptured while he and Will Sumner were striking out for freedom and Yankee land.

"The Battle of Shiloh," by Warren Olney, gives us a picture of the field of battle, and of the array of hosts; tells of the mistakes of leadership, and gives some reflections on the lessons of the battle which present to us a vivid representation of the misfortunes of war, and the importance of knowing the mind of an enemy better than he knows it himself. Fighting in the ranks from start to finish, his keen eye took in all the points about which there has been so much debate, and his showing of the working of the troops, and their assignments, throws much light upon a subject which will ever be rich in interest. The battle of Shiloh cost our Alma Mater dearly. Albert Hobbs and young Vanderkolk were killed; Emery Sperry and W. A. Stuart severely wounded; several captured; and all in Company B of the Third Iowa Regiment bruised and battle-worn.

Then there is a little sketch of Homer Jewett and his work in the Secret Service. Having let his hair grow long, with his dark, handsome face he readily passed for a Southerner. Going through the war with credit, he entered upon the business of buying and shipping cotton. Suddenly letters from him ceased coming, and from that time to this the fate of the brave Homer Jewett has been one of the mysteries no one seems able to fathom. His aged mother is yet living, and will never cease to hope for tidings of him.

A patriotic little poem by Andrew Sperry recalls the "Volunteer Days." Sylvia Sperry, too, wrote some stirring verses during war times.

There is a short account of the capture of Charlie McCullough. He was color-bearer in the Eighth Iowa Infantry, and had his flag shot to tatters at Shiloh, the staff being cut through by a ball passing close to his head. Several of the "color-guard" were killed. With nearly all of his regiment, he was taken prisoner, and dragged out a terrible six months' existence under the man who should have had a thousand lives and every one of them ended with torture, that execrable tyrant and fiend, Wirz. Charlie lived through it all, and when he was released, his regiment was again organized, and a new stand of colors given to his charge.

Among the letters in this interesting collection is one from dear Barbara Stuart, whose beautiful brown eyes have closed to earthly scenes, and whose joyous, merry life has left such a world of delightful memories. She writes of her sojourn in camp with her husband, and renews her vows of faithfulness and fondness to the comrades with whom she was then associated.

There is a short letter, too, from J. A. P. Hampson, who was one of the first graduating class sent out from the College, completing his course with Herman Bousquet and Alonzo Keables in 1861, just in time to leave early for the "field." At the close of the war he entered the regular army and rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, which office he held at the time of his death in 1893. His wife was Miss Sallie

Spray, who is well remembered and affectionately spoken of in the circle of friends who knew her when she was one of the girls of Central.

When we read the letters, which follow, from nearly a dozen of the old war students, briefly telling some little incidents, or expressing their love for the College, we are filled with reflections which mirror the seriousness of those gruesome days when we feared the nightfall and the dreams which visited us of the terrors of war, and dreaded the breaking of day lest we hear of the "camps" having been surprised in the night by shot and shell. As we think of the splendid young men we sent out and recall the fate of twenty-four of the number, our hearts ache with the sorrow of it all, and we mourn over the sacrifice of lives which promised so much for the future. Each dear to some one, perhaps to many, his passing away meant the going out of the light of happiness of at least one fond friend. It meant, for the bereaved, a journey on and on without the sustaining love and companionship of one who had been the day-star of their existence. The son of the house, perhaps, the mother's pride, having come up from infancy's tender years, having bent at her knee with the lisp of the first prayer, having claimed her love and protection through boyhood's frolics and storms, and her confidence when his heart began to burn with young love, just verging on manhood's estate and its usefulness, he turned from peaceful pursuits when the nation's cry of distress rang out its wail. Buckling on his armor and "falling in," he was ready for any fate, and full of courage he marched away, and left Woe a watcher behind. I do not need to give a picture of the sorrow and distress, and of the fear of impending evil, which haunted every home. The woman at the hearth clears the dregs which the merry-makers leave; and she who waits suffers most. It is easier to sally forth and meet any fortune than to sit and watch in uncertainty and suspense. I have in mind the mother of as gallant a young officer as ever wore the "yellow" or buttoned a gauntlet, who rode away cheerfully to

meet his fate. The mother paled and paled, the sorrow at her heart sapped her life. Gradually sinking from the weight of continual apprehension, she slipped from loving hands and passed away, worn out with her solitary watch. The light of reason was dimmed, the bowl was shattered, and the gentle spirit entered into eternal rest.

Who can say that war is not cruel? It slays here and there with bayonet and grief alike, with sorrow as well as with munitions of war. Each one who reads can recall some home that was broken; some life whose entire course was changed by this circumstance of strife and bloodshed. The glory which a nation gains through its victories in war is so thickly welted with scars that its brilliancy is sadly dimmed. War is a brutal means for deciding differences, and is not in conformity with the progress of civilization. Science will eventually put a stop to all such barbarism by making the weapons of warfare so deadly that entire armies may be swept out of existence by the firing of a single battery. Great ships may even now be sunk from the distance of many miles. Such wholesale butchery would soon depopulate a nation, for nothing could stand against the operation of such forces.

This completes the review of the sketches in the War number of the *Central Ray*. I wish I could publish every word of them, but I refrain, for the day is not far distant when one of the old students will want to collect all this material for a book on the soldiers of Central University, and I would not want to forestall him in any way.

As nearly as I can learn, every man enlisted as a private, but many left the service with "chevrons" and "bars," "silver leaves" and "eagles." Almost every rank was represented by them.

During the absence of this important element of our School not a day's work was missed. The little College held right on sturdily, and with courage—sometimes there was hardly a corporal's guard—and the vacant seats in chapel looked lonesome and gloomy. Dr. Scarff and Mrs. Stoddard mar-

shalled the little band left behind and kept them at work and interested. The pride of the younger girls was stirred to be even with the class which went out in its junior year by the time the boys should be mustered out and return home. There was a great deal of good work done; but all the while the most absorbing subject was the war; and the letters and papers kept the interest alive.

What a joyous day it was when the higher classes filled up with big, bronzed, and bearded men! In the gladness of welcome, strife was forgotten. Weddings and gala occasions took the place of prayer meetings and speeches on the "situation." The little College blossomed like a field of wild roses. Now that we had some bassos and tenors, we gave concerts and sang cantatas, and masqueraded as kings and queens, princes and fairies. The revulsion of feeling became almost hysterical; everybody smiled; every man shook his neighbor's hand even if he met him a score of times a day. Good-looking girls and dashing young men began to wander about in "twos." The standing for scholarship was not quite so high as it had been, and a certain absent-mindedness developed, which was not strange under the circumstances. It did not take very long, however, for the School to settle down to regular work, after the first joyfulness had expended itself.

Mrs. Stoddard had her hands full with recruits for her department. The study of sciences and languages flourished under Dr. Scarff and Professor Currier. A number of new teachers were added to the faculty; and the College was once more prosperous and well patronized.

To those who missed the familiar voices and footsteps of the boys who were sleeping their last sleep, the days were sad and heavy. Something was missing that took the rosy hue from life and made the daily round a sorrowful duty. It took a long time to become accustomed to seeing others fill the places so recently made vacant. The old chapel and the rostrum seemed to miss them; and it was hard to believe that their ringing tones would no more fill the hall where they had held

the interest of their fellow-students in days gone by. Only those who were close in the affections of the bereaved ones can tell of the lonely anguish of those first cruel months. Some faces rarely smiled, and in some hearts the empty place was never filled.

In the College chapel there stands a tablet sacred to the memory of the boys who fell. It is a long list for so young a school, and every name is covered with honor. Those names chiselled in marble will endure after the loving hearts that have treasured their memory shall have returned to dust. We were blessed in having such men to give; thrice blessed are they who offered themselves in sacrifice and nobly lived the life of duty and patriotism. They are even now living in the most loving and vivid memory in the homes of the citizens who knew them as boys and men, who saw them put on the "blue," and grasped their hands in farewell.

The names of Hobbs, the Ruckman boys, and others are as familiar now as if their owners had only yesterday been drilling on the College campus. Our people have shown a wonderful loyalty to the "Boys of the Sixties;" and many generations will come and go before the lustre of their fame will become in the least dim. It is fitting that they should be remembered, for they, and such as they, saved a nation, and erased from her escutcheon the only blot which ever disfigured it. Peace to their dear remains, and a loving benediction upon their memory!



GROUP TEN

CHAPTER XIII

THE COUNTRY COLLEGE

MODESTLY but firmly the institution known as the "Country College" has made its way. It has not been without its friends or enemies, and it has had something of a struggle in reaching a place where it could command universal respect. Now it is so safely established, and has so clearly demonstrated its usefulness, and the necessity for its existence is so evident, that arguments against sustaining the smaller interests it represents seem unkind and selfish. The great wisdom of putting the opportunity for education within the reach of those anxious to obtain a share of the great harvest of learning, who would otherwise be shut out from its bounty, is no longer questioned. In our spacious land the small college springs up in answer to demand, and we have as a result many flourishing and prosperous places of learning. These schools are not usurpers of rights belonging to others, but they find a perfect work in the open field which lies between the high school and the large university which should have in its lecture-rooms only mature young men whose ability for self-government and understanding has been developed; men studying because they feel the need of intellectual equipment.

The college or university in the quiet town, free from the allurements of the city, presents a safe and happy solution of the problem of education for the larger number of students who desire college training, and furnishes that which is needed for young men who know nothing of life, and have so much to learn outside of book lore.

In the great colleges, presidents, professors, and tutors become so wrapped up in themselves, their special work and

hobbies, that it has grown to be almost a matter of pride with them that they know none of their pupils by sight or name; and they therefore have no idea of their aims, ambitions, or inclinations. It would be provincial to presume that the president of a great school should, or could, know all who are under his care. The impossibility of this shows clearly that a young man, entering the ranks, should by training be prepared to stand alone; to think and act for himself, and to have his course so planned that he can at once take up his work with appreciation, and without loss of time.

Direct tuition, close guardianship, and personal attention can never be given in these great, unwieldy institutions. Thus a boy who is not well-poised and possessed of some wisdom in the ways of the world, in addition to the acquirement of his college "fitting," will find himself in a maelstrom without compass or chart. The fine training schools of the East offer their advantages to those who can avail themselves of them; but alas! they are much like the great colleges, and offer little in the way of personal supervision and moral influence. They are, aside from this, an impossibility to the average man beyond the Mississippi who has a number of children to whom he wishes to give equal advantages. Here the country college finds its sphere. It is usually a denominational school, with a corps of ministers, deacons, and "lay members" to look after its interests. The moral tone is fine, the president and faculty keenly alive to their calling and attentive to their duties. Every pupil is known by every instructor; a personal friendship exists between them, and there is no possibility of a student going wrong without the fact being known, and usually in time to prevent a calamity.

There can be no doubt of the benefits obtained from the personal contact and class association of the teachers and pupils. The president of a small college is usually a man well equipped for his work, full of new ideas and educational plans, anxious to try new methods which he has been evolving, having at heart the best interests of the young people

under his care. He takes pride in his work, and works to please. College officials in the West hold their places only while they meet the needs of an institution. Frequently, however, a young president outgrows the ability of the school to hold his services, for small colleges usually have very meagre endowments, and cannot compete where increase in salary is offered. The corps of teachers is selected with great care in these modest, unpretending schools; no one is employed for friendship's sake, but for what he or she can do; there are no sub-teachers or tutors, who know but little more than the pupils themselves, and are only wise in the one thing they are teaching. A student is entitled to the benefits to be obtained from an instructor who is ripe and rounded in intellectual development, full of vigor, and capable of inspiring ambition. Absorbing, as we do unconsciously, from those with whom we come in contact, we gain or lose as our opportunities offer. When a young collegian puts himself in the hands of his master, he has a right to look forward to an association filled with profit, to the benefits to be obtained from close contact with men of erudition and strong mentality who can give him something which is necessary to his improvement, not to be found alone in text-books. It is of untold value to young students to be under the care of those who have mingled with men and women of culture, and who know the road to knowledge thoroughly.

In a conversation with Dr. Albert Shaw, the superb young editor of the *Review of Reviews*, he gave expert testimony of the value of the country college. Dr. Shaw is a litterateur, an authority on municipal government in this country and Europe, and a practical thinker. His words will carry weight and command attention. Graduated himself from Iowa College, Grinnell, Iowa, and later taking the degree of Ph.D. from Johns Hopkins University, his views are drawn from experience.

“The fact that the country college is manned, or at least reinforced each year by enthusiastic young men from large

Eastern schools, where they have fitted themselves with the idea of filling professorships, is a strong point in favor of the advantages there to be obtained. They come with the fervor of men who have been studying for this very thing for years, and are happy to be putting their theories into practice, and to feel themselves self-sustaining probably for the first time in their lives. When this first rush of enthusiasm has expended itself, they reap the reward of their efficient work, and are called to a higher and better-known school, where the work is lighter, the pay better, and which gives them the opportunity they have been longing for: to revise text-books, or to present something of their own. They soon fall into fossilized ways, and acquire the rustle of ripe grain, which is not so inspiring to youth as the verdure and bloom of the spring-time. In turn, the college thus bereft, imports a new professor from Harvard or Yale, and the work goes on."

The cheapness of living and the absence of the distractions which infest large university towns, he gives as other and good reasons why a boy in his callow years should be placed where he can gradually become accustomed to the independence of college life, and ripen somewhat in character before launching upon a sea where he must be his own pilot and helmsman. Dr. Shaw believes thoroughly in the genus boy, and gave his ideas on the subject in a sincere manner, which shows his keen interest in the rising generation of scholars.

I have been intensely interested and edified in reading the chapter on "Universities" in "The American Commonwealth," by James Bryce. Upon the whole, Mr. Bryce has treated us pretty well, and given us credit for having made a good deal of progress in a comparatively short time. He was a little fearful lest his opinions should be colored by the glow and warmth of his reception when he came among us; but he is such a clear-brained man and thinker that it does not seem possible that he could have been mystified or deceived upon any important points. He compliments us by drawing comparisons between our leading universities and those in England,

and between our lesser institutions and the Gymnasias in Germany and the Lycées in France. He plainly looks askance at our little colleges which are the salvation of our Western and Southern States, and would weed them out if he could. He thinks their multiplicity betokens a shiftlessness in sustaining larger and greater schools. A man who lives on a little water-bound island cannot, perhaps, be expected to realize the needs of a country whose possessions extend over such a vast expanse of territory, nearly all in one body. We cannot hope that he can ever appreciate entirely the magnificence of our distances, or know just why we need more seats of learning than we would if we were able to survey our entire premises in two or three days' travel. While our population is not struggling in poverty and squalor, we are as yet a young people, with no money to spare among the masses. Our distances are so great that it takes a large share of the amount required for a year's tuition in any one of our leading universities to travel from the centre to either seaboard of our continent. This means a great deal to the man of moderate circumstances who may have several sons whom he wishes to educate, and as many ambitious daughters. To send them all from the Mississippi to Harvard or Stanford would absorb nearly all of his yearly income for transportation alone. Even to send them from the border of a great State like Iowa to a college in its centre would cost more than his modest means could encompass. So he must depend upon institutions nearer home.

The mass of Americans have great intelligence; we are possessed of no pauper classes; nearly every parent has the ambition to educate his children. Every lad is determined to go as far in the pursuit of knowledge as his means will carry him; and every girl would like to excel her brother. There would be no way to foster these ambitions if the little country colleges were not dotted over the hills and prairies like daisies. They can hardly become too numerous, for the supply will be regulated by the demand. The wonderful work and the amount of good done by these busy institutions no one can

ever compute; but the growing intelligence in the communities which support these schools gives some idea of the advance being made. Whenever possible, the graduates of the small college go up, step by step, until they have run the course of the State universities and more comprehensive colleges of the Eastern States. Without the nourishing of the smaller ambitions in the home college, few pupils would have the courage to aspire to greater things. In everything there is growth, and in nothing more than in intellectual strength. We can hope for greater mental development if in each stage the work is sound, the advance steady, and the student fully awake to his interests. A pupil well prepared for college life is never a source of trouble, but of satisfaction to his instructors; and he is able to profit by all which comes to him in his college career. If preliminary work were more carefully considered, there would be a smaller per cent. of college shipwrecks, and the course would not seem so full of difficulties, and a creditable standing so hard to obtain. The country college is thorough and painstaking, and carefully fits its students for the larger school.

Our small colleges are recruited in a large measure from the agricultural ranks. The young farmer who aspires to higher education would find himself dazed, even were he well fitted as to his studies, if he should proceed at once from the quiet life, in which his opportunities have been limited, to the crowded halls of our great schools. With no knowledge of urban rules and amenities, and no previous college drill, he would be slow to catch the college spirit, and would lose much valuable time. The country college, with its corps of Eastern teachers, takes the boy from the farm having the fragrance of the clover still hanging about him, and gradually prepares him for more polite surroundings and exacting requirements. It is too much to ask of a young man to form the acquaintance of Homer and Horace, Xenophon and Euripides, and the big, wide, unknown world at one and the same time.

Every possibility, every position, is open to the man who

fits himself for its responsibilities, in our country. Our republican principles demand that generous opportunity shall be given for his equipment. Our great men are more than apt to come from the ranks, our leaders from the file. We have no limitations, no classes; and by our multiplication of the classical schools and colleges, we have brought within the reach of the most humble the means of educating himself liberally.

There is justice in the complaint that instructors, of the present day, the world over, have lost the power to create enthusiasm for study, to fill the minds of their pupils with a love of research, a zest in the pursuit of knowledge, and a delight in its acquisition. The human mind is naturally eager and alive to questions and issues; it wants to know of the progress of the world—how it has made its history; how it is formed; what is above it and what below it; it is feverish in its haste to acquire tongues; to learn of customs, localities, and objects of interest. It is all of this when left to itself; but there is something in the mummified systems of teaching which makes the acquiring of an education most frequently a “hard grind” from first to last. And this is more lamentably the fact in the greater schools in our own country than in the lesser. It is audacious, I presume, to suggest that Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and other leading educational institutions have gathered upon their hallowed grounds hundreds of bright young men whom they utterly fail to interest; who bid adieu to their Alma Mater either before or at the close of their college course with undisguised joy; and only relish their college days as a memory when they discourse of their “delights” at alumni dinners and foot-ball games. There is something wrong in a system which does not make work as attractive as play. There are a few young men with minds strongly marked, and individual, who work out their own course in a calm, judicial way, steer clear of anything which draws from the main object, have an inborn love of study, and apply themselves as a matter of conscience. Such young men will make their

own way, and would do so if there were not an institution of learning in the land. For the average youth who finds no charm in any four walls, detests heated rooms and closed doors, would rather be in the forks of an apple tree reading a light book than in the highest seat of learning, there seems to be no charming influence, no winning force, to make his course a delight and a necessity.

Those who have a knowledge of the needs of the young, and are closely associated with them, must be looked to for reform in this matter; it is a serious and unwelcome condition of the last thirty years. We want more young people studying because they realize the inefficiency of ignorance, and covet the riches obtainable only from the treasure stores of science, literature, and art. If interest is not kept alive, there will be no application in the case of many; without application, there can be no progress. The small college can better foster a young student's power than the large university; the work can be more individual, and it is in the ability of the less pretentious local college to trim and feed the small lamp, which would be utterly snuffed out and lost sight of in more crowded halls.

A large per cent. of our ruling minds in the business, political, and even the literary world have been trained in the modest college, in the quiet town; several distinguished men, who have occupied the Executive chair, have been graduates of small schools.

The country college has its use. Its thoroughness, cheapness, and fine moral tone commend it to our judgment; as a civilizer and promoter of general intelligence it is a necessity. It in no way conflicts with the large colleges, but fills their lecture-rooms, instead of depleting them. It leads straight into their splendid avenues of learning, and prepares its hosts for the feasts spread in their halls of wisdom.

Let us nourish, protect, and increase the usefulness of the country college, which invites the rich and the lowly, from hamlet and city, to profit by its existence.

DES MOINES, IOWA.

It is with pleasure, and from experience, that I say a few words about the advantages of "Country Colleges," for one of which Mrs. Stoddard has spent so many of the best years of her life.

To the question, "What is a college?" it seems fitting to say, it is, and ought to be, preëminently a leavening power. A country college is, briefly, one which draws to itself and assimilates the town, and not one which the town has attracted. In this relation the growth of overshadowing interests is not fostered, and most of the distracting and demoralizing influences of mammonism and vice are prevented.

College courses being generally the same, the advantages in any school will consist in the support given to the course and in the attendant college sport and life. A "diamond in the rough" is agreeably disappointed by finding, in the country college, a hearty brotherhood which soon dispels his childish fears of a college aristocracy, while in the city he may have been bewildered by the customs of college life, which are too puny to resist the encroachments of so-called "high society." If he is not warned in time, he is likely to take the shadow for the substance, and be drawn into the vortex of fast society. Thus it appears that the number of the fittest who survive is most encouragingly large in one of the smaller colleges. Here is woven a fabric which defies time. Here the master friendship strikes its roots deepest. To a certain limit, the smaller the class the more benefit the student receives from the recitation and from the professor, for, after all, inspiration by personal contact is the great educator.

Again, cheap provisions and fewer requirements for appearances make expenses low, thus enabling the Websters, Grants, and Garfields of the surrounding country to develop their talent and make good their claims to the greatness of noble service.

Too sadly true is it that many a bright student, who has graduated with honor, makes a miserable failure of life; often he has not had developed the powers of organization and management. Every college has its paper, with its various departments, its literary societies, its annuals, its oratorical, Christian, and athletic associations, for the success of all of which the student is responsible. In a small college, every student has some part in the management of these things, and the performance of it fits him for the weightier duties of life. That reciprocal interest and association between the college and the town are essential to the normal growth of the college, no one can deny. That this mutuality may reach its development when the college is the greatest interest in the town, no one can doubt. That this is true all must concede who are acquainted with the history of Oxford, Harvard, Washington, Lee, Dartmouth, Yale, University of Virginia, Hamilton (now Colby), Michigan State University,

and many other celebrated Colleges and Universities. In solitude we gain power, in the rush of life we use it, and there seems to be an eternal fitness in having the young mind grow in the quiet naturalness, where man must dwell if he would get close to nature's heart.

FRED E. MORGAN,

OSKALOOSA, IOWA.

One of the blessings of nature is that the sun shines on the valley the same as on the mountain-top ; not so directly, but as potently and enrichingly. One of the blessings of mental culture is that it grows, not alone on the highest boughs of the tree of knowledge, but with equal and sometimes greater bestowment of gifts on the unpretentious and inconspicuous branches beneath.

It is a cause for world-wide gratification and hope that the great institutions of learning on earth have no monopoly of the culture and training of the human mind. The greatest intellects that have existed drew their mental sustenance, not from the finished and elaborate highways of learning, but from quiet and reposeful nooks and byways, where the heart of nature interposes no artificial barrier to the wisdom-thirst of man.

To one educated in the valley, and who knows the deep and stimulating draught there offering, it is a pleasure and a duty to bear testimony to the splendid service of the smaller colleges and of the wholesome and fruitful character of the work done.

The college whose noble work this volume is to typify and perpetuate is one of these smaller institutions, but from it has flowed a broad stream of influential and ennobling character and life, that has gone into the citizenship of State and nation in a steady and revivifying current.

One of the vital factors in its work, has been the broad-brained, great-hearted, nobly poised woman whose life these pages illumine ; and to her duty she brought, as a willing sacrifice, the labors of her head and the devotion of her heart in such measure of "lives made better" as has secured for her eternal title to that "choir invisible, whose music is the gladness of the world."

PAULINE GIVEN SWALM.

IOWA COLLEGE,

GRINNELL, IOWA, *October 22, 1894.*

Though it was not my privilege to come under the personal influence of Mrs. Stoddard in the days when she was a sympathizing guide to all the students at Old Central, still I can comply honestly and gladly with your request for a word of testimony to the abiding value of her

work in and for the College. Even we students of a later generation always looked up to her with an affection not unmixed with reverence as the Mother of the College, a sort of personification of Alma Mater in herself, the best representative to us of that cheerful, self-sacrificing helpfulness without which the College could not have existed ; and her gentle and hopeful words, spoken at "Commencement" gatherings, or on other rare occasions, never left us unmoved.

It is quite the fashion nowadays for wealthy and thoroughly equipped institutions to sneer at the "Country College." Poor as it often is in endowment and facilities, and burdened often with a misfit name, it has been, and is still, an element of priceless value in the production of all that is best in American citizenship ; and I do not hesitate to affirm that it has contributed as much to form the "salt of the earth" in this country as any other institution, after the Christian home. Some people are just beginning to find out, to their astonishment, that a great many things essential to a college or a university cannot be bought, even with millions. There is no plutocratic, royal road to *character*, without which institutions as well as men are either worthless or pernicious ; that this is a thing which must be nurtured, developed, *grown*, through years of toil and loving service. And in this fact lies the immense importance of the Country College, founded under Christian auspices, nobly endowed with the faith and love and self-giving of many an earnest man and woman ; an endowment far more permanent and effective than riches, which may make themselves wings or equipments, which may be swept away by wind or fire.

There is another fact which gives added importance to the Country College. It is the fact that, out of the country are the issues of life to the nation. Statistics show, as might be argued on other grounds, that city conditions necessarily lead to deterioration ; that in the great centers of population, with the indraught of life from the outside, there is a constant and inevitable downdraught. It is therefore doubly essential that the sources of life in the country should be kept pure and wholesome ; and one of the mightiest agencies to this effect is the Country College, which impresses its character upon a host of young people, who, but for such institutions near at hand and offering their advantages to the slender purses, would fail both of education and of an impulse to the highest living and the noblest activity. Such has been the influence and the work of our Alma Mater at Pella ; and I am glad to join with hundreds of others in grateful recognition of the benefit I have received from her. Long may the College continue to be blest by the sympathy and the service of such friends as Mrs. Stoddard, who have made it what it is.

Very sincerely,

JOHN S. NOLLEN.

CHAPTER XIV

EQUALITY IN EDUCATION

"If thou art as wise as I and I as keen as thou, why not?"

FOR the women of our country we ask the same advantages in education enjoyed by ambitious and progressive men. Nothing less than the most liberal opportunities will meet their requirements; for they have awakened to the fact that woman's talents have long slumbered, and that they live in a day when much is expected of them.

For years a revolutionary movement as to the manner of educating women has been progressing. Now the matter seems to be pretty well settled, and is assuming a definite form. There are few at this writing so narrow-minded as to openly protest against college educations for the daughters of our families; but there are many who doubt sincerely the wisdom of it, and feel that women abandon the gentler graces when they aspire to higher education and devote much time to the training of their minds.

Tastes and opinions differ so widely as to what is most charming in woman that it is well worth while to consider the matter carefully; for nothing outweighs in importance the sustaining of sweet and harmonious relations between man and woman, and the duties of domesticity which fall to woman's share in life's problems. If it could be shown that liberal knowledge made poor housewives and uncongenial companions, the desire to see women cultivating their minds and keeping even with their brothers and husbands, would be set at rest forever.

That they may be more accomplished and skilful as home-



GROUP ELEVEN.

makers, more delightful as entertainers, and more intelligent as listeners, if for no other reasons, I crave for women a way broad and shining in the light of intellectual advance where they shall be made welcome as factors and equals. I have yet to see a woman of ability and fine education who is not, at all times and in all places, the center of intelligent interest, no matter how plain she may be or how niggardly nature has been to her in physical charms. She holds her friendships among the better and choicer class. A woman who has only beauty of form and feature, with her mental capacity undeveloped, her thought-world peopled only with echoes, fades out of sight when her roses pale; she has nothing to supplement youth and its buoyancy, has laid by for old age no store with which to enrich her years of maturity and failing physical beauty and strength.

Instead of lessening the chances of domestic happiness, an educated woman is more apt to fill the home with joy and peace than if she were in her old-time state of ignorance. She will have married because she chooses so to do, and not because of her inability to sustain herself; conscious of her own powers, she listened to the promptings of her heart, and selected a companion who either is or is not her equal, as nature perchance has endowed him. She does not feel herself forced into marriage, or regard it as a foregone conclusion from the hour of her birth, but as a voluntary offering of herself and her abilities to the man who has won her love. There can be no perfect comradeship or ideal union without equally disciplined and cultivated minds.

Early in this century, and all the way through the last, a woman who dared to signify a desire for mental improvement was looked upon as reaching beyond her right and defying all of nature's laws. By the authorities of those days she was rated in the intellectual scale far below man; and it was considered presumption for her to aspire to anything beyond looking beautiful, and pleasing her "lord and master." Even so gifted a woman as Mrs. Jameson, as shown in her "Character-

istics of Women," found an essential difference in the quality of woman's mind as compared with that of man, and says: "The intellect of woman bears the same relation to that of man's as her physical organization; it is inferior in power and different in kind." She does not recognize the theory that "there is no sex in mind."

Mary Wollstonecraft, deeper and intellectually richer than almost any writer of her day, deplored the mental condition of her sex, and acknowledged its inferiority, which she felt was the result of the influence surrounding it from time immemorial, and not of natural inherent quality of the mind. She hoped for all things in the future for her sisters, and considered their rights inalienable, and their uplifting only a matter of time and patience. Considering them unequal as far as their status at the time was concerned, she still set her purpose toward their development, and made for them the strongest plea that has ever been made, in her "Vindication of the Rights of Woman." She never ceased in her efforts to raise them to an equality with man, socially, politically, and intellectually. Were all the work which has been done for the elevation of woman concentrated in one mighty force, it could not equal the power which this strong, sagacious intellect put forth in her behalf over one hundred years ago. She had everything to battle against, the men of her time, and the weight of opinion as expressed in the writings of the day. Walpole called her a "hyena in petticoats;" and when she combated pet and time-honored theories, she was maligned on all hands. She wrote against such forces as Dr. Johnson, Dr. Gregory, Rousseau, Dr. Fordyce, and many others who had filled the world with literature, forming opinion, and setting woman forth in the light of a plaything, a thing to be fondled and admired for her beauty and sensitiveness. Dr. Johnson thought even portrait painting too much for the feminine mind; and that it was an immodest calling for her he felt convinced. Literature he also considered as undesirable; women were too delicate for such things, and had better be making themselves enchant-

ing with the arts of the toilet. Dr. Johnson was so wise on so many points that it is hard to believe that there was any chamber in his intellect so cramped as these sentiments would indicate. 'Dr. Fordyce, the divine, recommended "piety" as the most appropriate and proper "fad" for women; a cosmetic, as it were; it filled the face with radiant light and was exceedingly becoming. "Never," he says, "does a fine woman strike more deeply than when composed in pious recollections." This is a new use for piety. It surely exercises an influence on the soul that "shows serene upon the countenance," but it seems a little like profanation to accept of the blessed benedictions of religion merely as a beautifier. Dr. Gregory goes to the other extreme and says:

"Yet ne'er so sure our passions to create,
As when she touched the brink of all we hate."

This is a theory so monstrous that it does not admit of discussion. Rousseau argued that woman was put upon earth only to amuse man; that she had no right to have brains, and that it ill became her to aspire to intellectuality. In support of his theory he married a poor girl who was almost an imbecile, and could neither read nor write. An intellectual companion was not what he wanted. This is what you would expect of a man who gave each of his five children to the foundling hospital at their birth, saying they were not necessary to his happiness. One would not look for exalted opinions of womanhood to emanate from such a source; from a fountain of such supreme selfishness there could be no flow of pure and generous waters. Even the sublime Milton, whose life and happiness depended wholly upon the goodness and forbearance of his daughters, and their ability to serve him, said women were meant only for "softness and grace." In spite of such a discouraging trend of thought and influence, Mrs. Wollstonecraft was inspired with the idea of elevating and advancing the position of her sisters; and her matchless brain began to weave for them a fabric which was to exist for all time.

Thus we see the long road we have had to travel, and the prejudices against the intellectual, and I might say physical, development of women which were to be combated.

There is no one forty years of age who does not remember the type of girl that prevailed in genteel society when he was young. She was Milton's "softness and grace" exemplified; the flowing ringlet, the drooping eye, the mouth in smile serenely curved, the idle-looking hands, the waspish waist, and general "willow-waly" appearance, all sweetness, all goodness, but useless for the practical requirements of life. It was *en regle* in those days to have a cough—the paper-soled shoes of that time made that an easy matter.

Exercise, as we understand it now, was unknown to those delicate girls. It was not *à la mode* to romp and play games in the fresh air; it was rude to run, unladylike to whistle, hoydenish to shout, and vulgar even to be humorous. The playground was meant for boys; girls were expected to be "ladylike" at the expense of their health and strength which would be needed in the future.

What a surprise the hothouse plant of that long-ago time would experience if she were set down in the staunch, calfskin boots of one of the blooming athletic girls of Fifth Avenue to-day. Sentiment and fashion have changed. Now a girl who enjoys the best advantages can walk, ride a mettlesome horse, and is taught scientifically how to manage him; can row, play tennis, swim, shoot, ride a bicycle, fence, turn a handspring, vault a bar, and do almost anything that is taught in our gymnasia. All this gives her splendidly developed muscles, a fine circulation, a commanding figure and perfect poise.

It is a blessed time to be born. There never was such care given to the young, never so much sense shown in their rearing. The clothing is sensible; and the health guarded in every way. The modern girl in a splendid creature, does not faint at snakes and worms, and as a class is giving her brother a lively chase for his rights, and even his apparel. It is a mercy that health is fashionable; the race is growing stronger.

If living were more simple in adult life, there would be a hope that the generation born in 1900 would live to see the century through. I would not be understood as admiring a mannish, ill-bred young woman. There is no amount of good which could compensate for a loss of maidenly modesty and gentle manners. This is the point to be made: that healthful, rugged exercise brings out all that goes to make a finely developed woman, and that the mawkish sentimentality which forbids this is hampering, harmful, and calculated to dwarf the intellect as well as to shrivel the body. With an improvement in physique comes quickening intelligence, ambition to gain knowledge, and the desire for full rights in the matter of education.

This reform in hygiene began in the East among the wealthy classes, which were in danger of leaving sickly progeny to inherit and control large properties and estates. These classes began to look after their children more carefully, to develop them scientifically; and good results soon became manifest. The movement grew until it became a "craze" to be well and athletic, spreading all over the country.

In this age everything is advancing and becoming more humane and enlightened. The poor and afflicted of the earth are living in the sunshine of an improved condition. It is not long since the pitiful imbecile and the mild lunatic were caged in dark cells and left to moan out their lives alone in blackness. Now the helpless and unfortunate are cared for as human beings should be; and encouraged and nursed and helped along in their plaintive troubles. As civilization ripens and extends itself, the aged are not led into the woods to meet death alone, in whatever manner the grim presence may come to them. As the plane rises into a higher and stronger light, woman becomes of more economical importance and her sway reaches more and more beyond the sphere of physical influence. Her intellect outstrips her person in charm, and she exercises the divine right of feeling herself a part of the great system of progress, and a factor in the affairs of the world.

The time has come when woman may more often be illustrious in the calcium flash of history for some other reason than that she has fomented mischief enough to disrupt an empire, was an expert in the handling of poisons, or skilful in brewing plots and planning massacres. It is a wonder that the world has never until recently awakened to the fact that women were sooner or later to occupy their position in the world's affairs, and take rank with their brothers in the matters of moment and state. The fact that they have always been successful in strategy, diplomacy, and cunning should have shown that they were full of energy and wit that would some day find an outlet, and in a legitimate field contribute most brilliant service. Reference is not made here especially to politics, although we do not agree with "Medon" who hates "political women," and gives as his reason that they are "mischievous;" "run mad with politics, they become intriguers and meddlers," and thinks women interested in national affairs must needs be cut off the same roll of cloth as they who "knit while the heads fell." Mrs. Jameson says: "A man's patriotism always has a tinge of egotism, while with women it is a sentiment of the noblest kind mixed with her best affections." She continues: "The time is coming perhaps when the education of women will be considered with a view to their future destination as the mothers and nurses of legislators and statesmen." She did not dare to predict that in her own century, in a land flowing with the very milk and honey of civilization and progress, her sex would stand side by side with man in his exercise of rights given him under the laws of this Republic and its great Constitution. The astonishing rapidity with which the prayers of devoted friends of "equal rights" have been answered, their cups filled and running over, would rather amaze this far-seeing and "advanced" woman. In fact, the adoption of Universal Suffrage in several States has burst upon this people of ours with great force, and far from rocking on its base at the innovation, the Great Republic welcomes this element, so staunch, conscientious, and purifying, into its high councils.

This result has been attained through the magnanimity of man. While the feasibility of the experiment is yet to be demonstrated, we feel sure that woman will not abuse the power that has been given her, but will use it to the profit of all concerned, and prove her appreciation of the responsibilities of possession.

With the introduction of liberal and free education for women comes the question of how they can be educated. The problem of co-education is a vexing one. It is no wonder that schools and colleges dodge the issue as long as they are able. The advisability of teaching boys and girls in the same class-room is not yet thoroughly established. Harvard University has solved the question for itself by giving Radcliffe College, and her women students, protection and co-advantage, the men and women working together in the same class-room in only a few restricted number of cases. Chicago University, Stanford University, Ann Arbor, and nearly all the other State universities have solved it in another way, by admitting both sexes into the same class-room. Many of the smaller colleges, and in fact nearly all of the Western schools, have from their foundation been co-educational institutions.

Girls are complex beings, and can plan and carry out more distractions at their most innocent and impressionable age than a boy can comprehend. In the administration of co-educational systems there are many complications constantly arising, both in and out of the schoolroom, which call for great tact and wisdom on the part of the instructors for their proper adjustment. The responsibility of those in charge is certainly greater than in an institution where either young men or young women alone are pursuing their studies. When young men and women have reached the more serious stage of higher university or post-graduate study, these objections to a purely co-educational system will of course have disappeared largely; here women already have a considerable equality of opportunity with men—approaching complete equality, as seen in the present situation at Harvard University.

In the case of the country college this question is not so serious a matter. In the small communities, where the citizens protect and guide the young people, take them into their homes and supervise their hours of leisure, there is a certain degree of guardianship which prevents too much freedom and promiscuity. If the students themselves come from carefully conducted families, and have been taught that the beauty of youth is its purity, the hazard of the undertaking is lessened. I do not believe there is one gram or scruple of intentional mischief or premeditated wrong in the years of college life. It is "opportunity" usually "which makes the thief;" and unguarded and thoughtless contact which sows the seeds of sorrow. If it is true that women are renowned chiefly for the trouble they make, it is equally true that men are aggressors and often wanting in conscience. With wise supervision (espionage generates cunning), there can be no doubt that the education of both sexes in the same classes brings very satisfactory results. It makes a training-school for the great world beyond, and benefits all concerned in many ways. It is more beneficial for the young men, I believe, than for the young women. Boys, at the time of leaving home, are usually shy and bashful and unused to society. The daily association with their girl classmates refines their manners and awakens their pride. Their chivalry is called out constantly, their ideas of feminine genius and ability are extended; their rugged repose is quickened into activity, and they become more careful in dress and neater in habit. It does not injure men to acquire the gentler graces. The strong, loving, tender man is the favorite with our sex, in the home and every walk of life.

There appears to be no appreciable difference in the ability of men and women in study. Women have never been behind as scholars when given a fair chance. They are quicker and more intuitive than their brothers. Possibly they are not always so profound, though we are not lacking in examples of the depth and strength of the female mind. Carlyle says of Mary Somerville, "She possessed the first quality of genius."

Justin McCarthy says of the same wonderful woman, "She distinctly raised the world's estimate of woman's capacity for the severest and loftiest scientific pursuits. She was able to pursue her most intricate calculations after she had passed her ninetieth year; and one of her chief regrets in dying was that she should not 'live to see the distance of the earth from the sun determined by the transit of Venus.'" She was a mathematician of the first order, a painter and a musician; interested equally in science, literature, and politics, and withal possessed of great religious fervor.

One of the most noted of the writers and students of political economy was Harriet Martineau, a selfish, calculating woman, but with a mind as keen as polished steel. She is a striking example of the intuitive order of genius. She reached all of her conclusions by short cuts, and never seemed to have to work for her results. Knowledge came to her by magic. She was educated liberally, for her time, as all women have been, almost without exception, who have lived in the memory of the world beyond their own generation. All fine minds thirst for improvement, and find it in some channel.

Lady Jane Grey at seventeen could converse and write in eight languages, was a skilled musician, and versed in all of the domestic arts. Lucy Apsley Hutchinson's fame as a chemist has come down to us through the lights and shadows of two hundred and fifty years. Mary Sidney is not less loved and admired than her brother Philip, her brother in poesy as well.

Caroline Herschel, with her great brain and scientific trend of thought, is hardly less noted than her brother William. Their work was so united that they cannot be discussed separately.

Mme. Pape Carpentier, a self-educated woman, was an educational reformer as well as a poetess. Margaret Fuller, with her graceful gifts and trained mind, will not be forgotten while there exist lovers and admirers of literary genius. Living when liberal education was rarely found among women,

she was conspicuously erudite and able. Maria Mitchell, our glory in the stellar world, was possessed of a most original and powerful mind. She received the degree of LL.D. from both Dartmouth and Columbia Colleges, and was Professor of Astronomy at Vassar College for many years. Historical records teem with names of women who have made their mark in this and in preceding centuries; we are not without abundant evidence that their minds will bear training, and that they know how to apply their acquirements and to obtain adequate results.

The woman of to-day desires a thorough education, and has established her right to it because of her ability to profit by its advantages. If we consult the census reports, we will see how women stand relatively, as a class, in this country. At the last census, of 1890, the proportion of illiteracy among the males was 12.4 per cent.; among the females, 14.4 per cent. This is the rate for the whole population of the United States for males and females (whites) over ten years of age. Between the years 1880 and 1890 the rate for females was lowered 3.8 per cent.; for males, 3.4 per cent. We see that we have made a gain of 0.4 per cent. more than the males, and that we are only 2 per cent. behind them. The census of 1900 is likely to show a greater gain.

The "woman question" has been agitated in the last decade more than ever. It has resulted in sending girls to school earlier, and giving them the same advantages which their brother has heretofore enjoyed alone. The advance in the *degree* of intelligence cannot be shown by census taking, which deals only with the primary question, and takes no note of the increased attendance in girls' colleges and co-educational institutions. In no country have the women so forged ahead, in the last twenty years, as in America. They have felt the necessity of improvement, have gone to work systematically to better their mental condition, and have reached results which have always been thought beyond them. Coming up through the trades and professions, they have gained a prac-

tical knowledge of the world, which has always been man's, exclusively. Woman is in need of man now as a friend, not as a protector. In thousands of homes the women are the wage-earners, when, from misfortune, the care has fallen on their more slender shoulders. They have risen to the emergency, have strengthened themselves physically, and entered the lists for fair play, and for the same recognition as is given their brother. I would not attempt to discuss the "rights and wrongs" of woman; that is not within the purpose of my modest work. This is only a chronicle of her uplifting in my own time and memory, only a slight and incomplete record of the strength she has shown in establishing her right to have her mind trained by the same skilled instructors, and her talents polished by the same expert methods, as her splendid associate, Man.

In France the women are beginning to think more of the development of their intellect, and to long for higher attainments. The English women are asserting themselves sturdily, and have made an advance that is most creditable to them. The "college" boys resent their onslaught on their "holy of holies," and cry, "Get thee to Girton."

Max Nordau puts forth the wail that women have "bankrupted gallantry." He asserts that, by her intellectual competition, she forfeits her right to his respect, in the sense which she has always claimed it. "Woman must choose between right and privilege; she cannot claim both at once. Begin to develop your physical strength; you will need it. Since man can no longer be your protector, he will be your enemy." What a poor opinion to have of one's sex! I do not fear that there is the slightest danger that those who have always been our natural protectors will turn into an army fundamentally hostile to us, because woman chooses to improve her mind and meet men on their own ground, intellectually. It is a false warning. I believe firmly, as women show themselves more and more capable, they will rise in the esteem of man. It can but excite their admiration to see them acquit-

ting themselves so well in the intellectual and business world. It is through the magnanimity of man that women have advanced so rapidly, and it will be through his generosity that they will find their hopes realized, and their proudest recognition.

No woman goes into the work of the great outside world from choice. It is much more comfortable to be finely housed and cared for in a luxurious way; but when a girl is forced into work which must bring her daily bread, she has the right to fit herself for something beyond the most menial positions. According to the fibre and strength of her brain should she prepare herself for the struggle for a livelihood. That man first occupied the field does not make her presence there an impossibility, and I do not believe she is unwelcome.

The woman who is well equipped intellectually, and capable of supporting herself, does not yield so readily to temptation of the baser sort. A love of luxury, or ignorance of the world and its wiles, leads many misguided girls into forbidden paths. A little more knowledge, a quickening of the moral nature, and the danger is lessened.

In the new adjustment of woman to the business world, it would be strange if she made no mistakes; but as long as she is womanly and modest, though self-supporting and thoroughly educated, she will always have a friend in her compeer and fellow-laborer of the opposite sex. Gallantry that cannot endure competition is not worth the name.

As the education of woman is becoming more complete and liberal, her sphere is widening. Now she is more often heard of in the Patent Office, in the realms of science, in the surveyor's field, in the higher positions of factories, in the superintendency of institutions, in the management of hotels and counting-rooms, in the pulpit and before the bar. The girl of to-day, be she rich or poor, is learning some one thing that will stand between her and want, should she be thrown on her own resources. In this country, according to the old saying, "It is only a generation from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves."

Until we have a better hold on our fortunes, and until our institutions grow more stable, a trade, profession, or a knowledge of a useful art or science is a good dependence in time of need. In order to meet all the possibilities of adversity, we must educate, liberally and well, both our girls and boys, must place them on an independent footing in the world.

It is a proud feeling which comes to one able to cope with the questions of maintenance and daily bread; we have not the right to shut out from such a possession either our daughters or our sons.

When the first trust deed to all worldly possessions was given to Adam and Eve, there seemed no difference in the degree of ownership; at least none was designated. When dominion was given them over the earth and all which existed thereon, the inference is that they were equally trustworthy and equally responsible. When temptations came they were certainly culpable alike in allowing their curiosity to get the better of their judgment. Although "knowledge," which we are taught to prize so highly, came to us through sin and sorrow, we must congratulate ourselves that Eve *first* saw that it was desirable, and risked everything through her ambition to possess it. That this took courage there can be little doubt. Perhaps "Our Mother" realized how stupid the world would be without knowledge and wisdom, and felt that the possession of the golden apple which she plucked in the broad sunlight of Eden would more than offset a life of ease and paradisiacal bliss. History shows that the first woman was alert, ambitious, and of an inquiring turn of mind, and had the same craving for knowledge which her daughters possess to-day.

Religion, whatever its type—savage, idolatrous, or civilized—has always claimed woman as its most ardent devotee. She has been a strong guiding power in many of the religious epochs of the world.

Luther, a good man and righteous, but misguided withal, made woman a great deal of trouble, and is responsible for the decline of her influence in church matters from his time until

the reaction, many years later. He belittled her power, and drove her from the prominent place which she had long occupied in the religious (Protestant) world. Gradually she is moving back into her rightful orbit, and obtaining a voice in the matters which so well accord with her innate and instinctively religious nature. Woman draws her deepest and purest inspiration from a life of piety, and it would be hard to imagine a prolonged existence for any religious organization, not monastic, without the help and sustaining power of the "sisters" of the church.

Man is not inherently pious. From infancy he must be dragooned into even the simplest outward religious observance. After the first compulsory years in the Sunday-school, whom do we find on the Sabbath day filling the classes? In the young people's prayer circles, who are in the majority? In the good old-fashioned class meetings, who are the devoted attendants? Not in any instance the men and boys. We could tell who are the most fertile in inventing excuses for non-attendance upon divine worship and the appointed services on the Lord's day, but it is not well to be too convincing. In our limited experience there appear so many "Marys" and "Marthas" that the multitude almost excludes from view the faithful "Jameses" and "Johns."

As possessors of thrones and rulers of nations, women shine as brilliantly as men. Through the ambition and personal sacrifice of a great queen, America was added to the "jewels of empire." The governing power in the French home is the grandmother. In savage tribes the queen is the oracle, and the haughtiest chief submits to her ultimatum.

Saint Paul, the celibate, was not inspired by the same sweet consideration and broad-mindedness which was shown by our Lord, when He visited the lovely home in Bethany. When making his caustic exhortations to women, he forgot the generous lessons which Christ had given him. In mild words our Master administered His reproofs and taught His followers. In gentle tones He rebuked the serving Martha for spending

precious hours among her pots and pans, and encouraged Mary to improve all opportunities for gaining wisdom, assuring her that the "good part which she had chosen should not be taken from her." This blessed sojourn on earth was all too short. The disciples seem not to have been sufficiently grounded in these benign and gentle teachings, and gradually and surely warped back into the ways and customs of the old and narrow life when left to themselves. If Pontius Pilate had listened to the pleadings of a woman (his wife) we might have had many more evidences of our Lord's tenderness and compassion toward women. Woman in the church, even if she be not allowed to "speak her mind" before the brethren, is the essence of piety. In the home she is the equal sharer with man in its joys and responsibilities; in the educational circle, is his peer and oftentimes his spur.

In politics, whatever may be her *right*, woman is not in her *natural* element. We do not wish to be understood as saying, or even suggesting, that she is out of place when interested in the affairs which have so long been considered as belonging to the realm of man. If it be found that she can better her condition by adding the duties of politician to those of wife, mother, and home-maker, she will fit herself for the work and perform every duty well and conscientiously. The problem is solving itself; a new type of woman is being evolved. Each one must decide this matter for herself. A great force is in line striving to obtain for women the right of suffrage. The question is agitating the public mind and absorbing the thought of the greatest men and women of our time. Its importance has long since placed it among the great issues of the day. The women engaged in the work are, in every way, of the highest order, and have gained a respectful hearing by their merits. When such an advocate and leader as the beautiful, gifted, and irresistible Elizabeth Cady Stanton is head and front of a cause, there is no gainsaying its standing. Purely personal opinion counts for little, when those who are competent, through long experience and close study, decide

that the woman of the future must stand on the same plane with man in the world of politics. Mrs. Stanton called and presided over the first Woman's Suffrage Convention in the world, in 1848. The saintly Lucretia Mott was her able co-worker. (Her life was a psalm, her memory a blessed sermon.) Mrs. Stanton was greatly influenced in her younger days by the great Gerritt Smith, having been deeply interested in his radical views on Abolition. In 1840 she attended an important anti-slavery convention in England. Delegates were sent from France and America. Many women's societies sent representatives, but when they arrived they were not allowed to take their seats. Mrs. Stanton, in telling me of this, said: "The question of their admission was debated all one day. There I first met Lucretia Mott. At the close of the discussion, I said to her: 'Lucretia, it seems to me, after this debate, that we had better hold a convention when we get back home and discuss *woman's* rights; for I think her condition is about as degraded as that of the slave on the Southern plantation.'" That was the way her work had its inception. After her return to America, she at once investigated the Married Woman's Property Bill, and found so many wrongs contained therein that she appealed to the Legislature to right them. When the Woman's Suffrage Convention was called, Mrs. Stanton was mother of three sons, and all of the women interested were mothers; so that it was not an "old maids'" movement, as it has so often been contemptuously called.

The fine array of leaders and speakers of our sex, upon vital questions, is a mighty force at work upon the subjects which stir the pulse of the people. The brilliant and invincible Susan B. Anthony has labored in season and out of season for the advancement of womankind. The forceful Judith Ellen Foster, an exponent of everything which is good and helpful, is a brilliant example of a liberally educated woman who gives all her time to public work, and claims the admiration and respect of both men and women. The earnest women workers in the

"suffrage" cause are numbered by hundreds and thousands. In the face of labor so sincere as we know theirs to be, it is puerile and impertinent to speak slightly of the "rank and file" who are devoting their lives to the one object of obtaining for women their full rights and privileges. Certain it is that the progressive women of to-day are fitting themselves for every station in life. Those who are now filling important niches are finely educated, and a large per cent. of the number are college graduates. Education will fit them for any sphere in life, and all of its duties.

That the coming generations may possess stronger intellectual powers, greater brain force, and more commendable characteristics, let us see that the girls of to-day are given the most generous opportunities. The matrice is the mould which marks with deepest imprint character and type of mind; nourishing with the instinct of intelligence the faint germs of greatness and nobility. Base metals are shaped in coarse-grained sands. The purest wax is run in moulds of finest steel.

We would not usurp even the smallest privilege of our splendid men and boys. We want only to be worthy of their love and respect. To be able to appreciate them we must sup the philter which gives life to their ambitions, must understand the code upon which their honor rests, and enjoy to the fullest the advantages which come from a close affiliation with the spirits which people the world of wisdom and greatness.

CHAPTER XV

LETTERS FROM OLD STUDENTS

"Many sons and daughters shall arise and call her blessed."

NEWTON, IOWA.

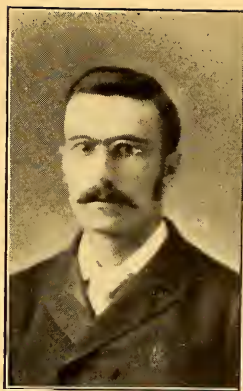
Memory now places Mrs. Stoddard in the classroom, the picture as vivid as though it were yesterday. A woman approaching forty, rather stout in figure, brown hair combed smooth, a round, genial, pleasant face, pleasing manner, that somehow seemed to establish pleasant relations with and attract such uncouth boys as many of us were in those pioneer times. She had a kindly word for every one ; I never knew her to speak unkindly, or to do anything, either in class or out, that would mar my memories of her as a truly refined and noble woman. As a disciplinarian she excelled. How it was I do not yet understand. I have seen little sail-boats gliding up and down, dodging in and out, here and there, apparently going as they pleased, but no more certainly guided by the hand at the helm than we by her were held in our proper course.

The students in all departments and in all conditions, of both sexes, had a profound respect for Mrs. Stoddard. Among the young ladies she was an oracle. Later, my wife and three sisters, and two other brothers besides Bob, making, as you see, eight in all, attended the University at various times, and I think they would all say as much as I have said of her ; and the other girls of the institution would bear testimony to the same effect.

I have heard so often and so much, and always in the same strain, from these sources, that I do not hesitate to say that the young ladies regarded her as perfection.

Since then "I hae been monny a gate, and monny a house." Occasionally I have met Mrs. Stoddard, and so kept fresh such comparisons as I might institute, from time to time, between her and such other people as I have met ; and still she holds that place in memory accorded when a boy, now ratified by the mature judgment of years.

I was assigned to Mrs. Stoddard's class in grammar ; I had studied various authors. Frankness compels me to confess that I had not comprehended one of them. The most confused and senseless jargon I ever tried



GROUP TWELVE.

to comprehend, save alone and except the Westminster Catechism, was the English grammar. Parrot-like, I could repeat the authors I had studied, and so I was thought sufficiently advanced in this study to be assigned to the class in Green's Analysis. It affords me pleasure to recall and to tell you that, like a revelation, the mysteries of that study unfolded themselves to my confused, tired, and discouraged understanding. All that I had before learned that was meaningless was at once made plain. To my surprise, I found that all those dry books were treating of the plan upon which the only language I knew anything about was constructed. I mention this not so much to prove to you how smart I was, or more properly speaking, how dull I was, but to bring out the thought that she was a good instructress. I know it is unkind to lay all the fault at the door of my former teachers, but it now seems to me that any teacher, competent to instruct, ought to have removed, in the course of three or four years, the obstacles that Mrs. Stoddard removed almost instantly.

In language, I must have exhausted myself on English. I confess this to you, because I know, if you recollect anything of me in my Latin and Greek recitations, you would realize that I was withholding a part of the truth if I did not "own up." In these, I recited to Professor Currier. I tried hard to master the lessons; I would rather fail in any other class than his. He never uttered a word of reproach, but somehow his look seemed to say that my failure hurt him, and that he pitied me. As an instructor, he was without a superior. This fact I can establish by witnesses numbering in the thousands, scattered over this and other States; young men and women who speak from an experience in both the Central University of Iowa and in the Iowa State University. It must afford him, as well as Mrs. Stoddard, supreme pleasure, if they realize the great good they have done.

Under such tutelage pass the hours, none more pleasant in my experience, for nearly, or quite, two years.

This brought us to that year of 1861, memorable everywhere in this land. The war clouds which had been gathering, had burst, and need I recount to you the incidents of that hour? Your own home gave up your brother. The College halls were deserted; students and professors alike, to a man, every one that was able to bear arms, enlisted under our flag. If I were to speak, once more, in detail of the events whose memory crowds upon my recollection, this letter would be drawn out to an undue length; but I know you will pardon me if I speak of one of my special friends, Joe Ruckman. Occasionally I have gone with him to his home. The Ruckman family consisted of the father, mother, and three sons—of whom Joe was the youngest—all of them noble boys. The father was a tall, athletic, rosy-cheeked man. The mother was a short, sprightly, and active woman,

with exceedingly bright eyes ; an encyclopedia on history, and thoroughly versed in politics, not only of the State, but of the country. Her conversation was, to me, most delightful. She prepared the meals at an open fire, and the baking was done in the "Dutch bake oven," made hot by standing it in front of the fire and placing coals on the lid. As she busied herself about the household duties, occasionally passing and repassing Joe, she would stroke his head or pat his cheek gently, and it seemed each time she did anything of this sort, Joe would look at me shyly and inquiringly.

In 1863, when my command was on its way to participate in the siege of Vicksburg, we passed the city of Memphis, where Joe and his command were stationed, and we were fortunate enough to see him there as we passed. At our parting then, with a tear in his eye, he expressed the hope that we (Bob and I) might pass safely through the dangers before us. Visions of Shiloh and rebel prisons rose up before us. And so we parted. A few days later the fortunes of war brought to the front Joe and his command. A little later we were in the same line of battle, though a little removed from each other, in front of Jackson, Mississippi. Lawler's Brigade (in which Joe was), by some error, was ordered to charge the enemy's works. It was gallantly done, and both Joe and his brother John were upon the enemy's ramparts, when Joe fell, inside the works, mortally wounded. John lived only long enough to be taken from the field. Shortly afterwards, how I can scarcely tell, the news came to us, along the line, that both the Ruckman boys had been killed. When the sad news reached their mother, it dethroned her reason. I have since been in that home. To me it speaks of war's desolation as no other fact, or incident, or picture, that I can recall.

My dear classmate, I dare not trust myself to speak in detail of the things which come to my mind that belong to the days of which I write, so let us pass entirely that period, to that most delightful moment when war had smoothed her "wrinkled front," and we had again, some of us, returned to the walls of the University.

Dr. Gunn was succeeded by Professor Scarff, a most delightful and capable man. You had been in college during a part of our absence, and were so far advanced that we became classmates. If you remember, I served as a member of the Lower House of the Eleventh General Assembly, much against my inclination, for it carved out another slice of time that to me was then most precious. From 1859 to 1866 was a long time to be in and out of college, the course torn to pieces, and aspirations correspondingly rent.

Not long since I spent a few delightful hours with Dr. Amos N. Currier, who is still at the State University, and we talked of the students of

our day ; it is exceedingly gratifying to know that so many have obtained distinction in various noble vocations. . . .

Your friend and schoolmate,

DAVID RYAN.

ORANGE CITY, IOWA,

October 8th.

I am most happy to express my appreciation of the work and worth of Mrs. Stoddard. I can do it in no better way than by quoting Luke iv. 8, as applicable to her. "The spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach the gospel to the poor ; he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are buried, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

As far as it lies in the power of sinful man to imitate the Divine Master in these things, it has, for many long years, been done by Mrs. Stoddard. Being a woman of rare culture, she is able to shine in the highest social circles, but she chooses, rather, to be the friend of the poor, the ignorant, and the distressed, and to lend a helping hand, to lift all with whom she comes in contact to a higher plane of life. She has done more to inspire the young people with a desire for higher education than any other woman in Pella.

She believes firmly in the country college. It offers advantages which no other institution of learning can offer. Young people of wealth may go to large colleges in large cities, and receive great benefit from visiting the choicest places of entertainment and from hearing and seeing the greatest men of our nation ; but students of limited means and doubtful home-training will be tempted to visit the lower places of amusement because they are within their means, and thus be led astray. In country towns temptations are fewer, the better class of people will receive the students into their society, and they will learn as much through their friendly associations as they will at school.

Always sincerely,

CORNELIA VANDER LINDEN.

DES MOINES, IOWA.

It was with great gladness I heard of your intended tribute to Mrs. Stoddard. To honor the name, and to extend both in time and space the influence of such a good woman, is a noble undertaking. Too often we forget those who helped to shape our lives when they needed shaping, and to sweeten them when they needed sweetening. All communities have

their holy lives. Mrs. Stoddard is preëminently the "Holy Life" of the community which has Central University, your Alma Mater and mine, as its centre.

I love to think such influences are never lost and that they never die. The little goodness or sweetness or love or joy we bring into the world with us goes on living and multiplying and blessing forever. It cannot die. It is in the world, somewhere, all the time. Even matter is immortal. The paper on which I write, a hundred years from now, may be the white brow of a mother to be kissed, or the warm lips of a beautiful girl; or it may bloom as a lily or a rose; or it may be put to uglier uses, not to be despised either. Of one thing I am certain, the matter of it can never be destroyed. And why not these better things of the world—in which Mrs. Stoddard was so rich—why are they not immortal? Matter changes its form and influences become separated from the names of those who originated them, but they are both immortal.

Mrs. Stoddard was loved in Central University before I was born. She is still living, but she became a saint there more than a quarter of a century ago. Her daughter, Bertha, who was good and zealous like her mother, was my teacher, and bore patiently with me when I was struggling with my first lessons. I remember that Mrs. Stoddard came now and then and talked to us in her earnest and inspiring way. I can still see her face as it looked then. I can see her gestures and I can hear her voice. Strange how we carry such things in our minds and hearts! I do not recall any of the things she said, but I know they are parts of me, mentally and morally. They are like the sunshine and the rain which fell on the orchard last spring and are now parts of the fruit that hangs, red-cheeked, on the trees. Everything she said and did then made toward goodness, which is the essence of manhood as well as womanhood, although it is sometimes despised by men.

When I entered the College, after she had disappeared from its halls, the fragrance of her life and character still lingered there and blessed many of us. It will always linger there. Her life is part of the atmosphere, and the College atmosphere is the College, as the sunshine is the daylight. I am sure your little book will help to make this atmosphere permanent. It will also glorify Central University, as we knew it and as we still love it. I think the great universities have been overestimated. I doubt whether their influence is as great or permanent, on the individual man or woman, as the influence of the smaller colleges. Central University, like scores of other similar institutions, was born of the needs and aspirations of the people. Greek and Latin and the higher mathematics and the sciences have been taught there as thoroughly and as conscientiously as anywhere in the world, and the contact between aspiring students

and noble, self-sacrificing teachers has been a direct and a living contact. At the present time, it seems to me, we have taken learning away from the people and massed it in great educational syndicates, which, like other corporations, are soulless. The money demon has invaded education as it has everything else. May your book do something toward restoring the small college to its proper estate and to its proper place in the affections of the people.

And Mrs. Stoddard, as I see her now : her place was that of a sort of extra mother in our college world, a mother superior, spiritually and temporally. She was a consoler there and a comforter, a guide and one who encouraged. She commanded, but she also loved. She was sometimes eccentric and often imperious, but what she made a duty became a pleasure. She walked by faith, where thoughtless young men and women walked by sight.

It is only now, after her work is done and her life is drawing toward its close, that we can see its goodness, which was duty ; its beauty, which was faith ; and its sweetness, which was love, in their right relations.

Sincerely yours,

CYRENUS COLE.

DES MOINES, IOWA.

October 4th.

. . . . I gladly add a word in honor of dear Mrs. Stoddard.

I entered Old Central in 1857 and remained until 1861 ; now as I look back over these years, I realize that Mrs. Stoddard, in her capacity as teacher, did much toward moulding my character and influencing my later life. She was one of the most efficient teachers I ever knew, and could get the best results from her students.

She was preëminently practical in all things. She was the soul of honor and an earnest Christian woman. She inculcated into her pupils principles of uprightness and honor. She taught us never to shirk a duty, to be manly in all of our acts, and often told us to remember, throughout life, that any dishonorable action of ours would reflect upon her, and that it would cause her sorrow to hear at any time that we had done anything wrong.

Thus her influence for good has been with each of us through all these years and will be as long as life remains. We learned to love her, and often affectionately called her "Mother Stoddard." She was one to whom we could go for sympathy and advice. No one ever applied to that overflowing fountain of her heart and went away empty-handed. She loved us all. Kind, gentle, and loving, but not too lenient, while sympathizing with us over our hard tasks, she yet commanded that they be mastered.

We would sit up all night, hard at work on our lessons, rather than see that look of pain cross her face on account of a failure in recitation.

She was of incalculable benefit to the University, and there is no doubt that she has made the sons and daughters of Old Central better and nobler men and women for their having known her and been under her influence.

Yours truly,

GEORGE ANSON JEWETT.

PELLA, IOWA.

My days at Central University are of a later date than those in which Mrs. Stoddard led her boys and girls along the flowery paths of learning, and by her own enthusiasm enkindled a zeal within their hearts which aroused every faculty of their minds and created newer and nobler impulses.

But, while I am not one of her students, may I not, as an alumna, speak of her worth to the institution which we love so well? During the years which have passed since her connection with the college as teacher has been severed, she has remained faithful to its best interests. Her heart is ever open to its students, the old and the new; many are those who, homesick and discouraged, either because of ill-health or of lack of means, have been cheered by her visits, and by her words of comfort and by help in a more substantial form have been encouraged to renewed efforts.

During this interchange of visits with the students, she ascertained how they spent their leisure hours, what books they read, how they read them, and whether they were careful of their health. By her manifest interest in their welfare, she won their confidence and life-long friendship. Who shall say that such friendships cease with time?

A woman of keen perceptive faculties, of a remarkably retentive memory, possessing a mind enriched with stores of knowledge acquired by careful reading and by observation, ever ready to converse with friends, she is much averse to speaking in public.

Mrs. Stoddard is one of those young old women about whom there lingers a sort of perennial freshness. She is, in many respects, a model woman. Her virtues are not pursued to the border of fanaticism, but are characterized by good, common sense, which commends them to the thoughtful mind. Cheerful, full of faith and good deeds, she still lives at her old home, in sight of the college whose interests have ever been her interests.

May the knowledge that she is loved by many and respected by all



GROUP THIRTEEN.

increase her happiness here, and may she yet enjoy many years of usefulness before being called into the larger life beyond !

Yours most sincerely,

LOIS MARTIN.

OAKLAND, CAL.

For two years Mrs. Stoddard's pupil, for several months one of her home circle, her influence upon my life was a lasting one.

Intellectual, sincere, faithful, she made an impression on the College which lifted far above the commonplace.

Her pupils left her with new respect for woman's intellectual powers and a deeper desire to "see things as they are." All shame shrivelled in her presence. The years have separated us, but to her I owe much of whatever I have accomplished in the world. She gave me an impulse toward the intellectual life.

The memory of her faithfulness and uncomplaining cheerfulness in all the privations of those early college days, has been an inspiration in many of the hard places in my life. One picture lives in my memory : the evening lamp is lighted ; I sit with her children around the table preparing lessons. Mrs. Stoddard has taught several hours of the day, and with her own hands prepared the meals for a family of seven. She is now sitting with her knitting, with an English review before her, her beautiful eyes shining with delight over some interesting article. Plain living and high thinking never had a more noble exponent.

God bless her declining years !

ELIZA TUPPER WILKES.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Of all the persons you mention in connection with the College work, I have nothing but the most kindly memories and could speak only words of praise. Of Mrs. Stoddard herself, I can say she was a mother to me, and I greatly appreciate, to this day, her words of counsel and direction when a student and her respect and regard since, even to the present time. Of Dr. Stoddard, though never under his care or instruction as a student, he was always a warm friend, and his friendship is still greatly appreciated. Of Professor Currier the highest words of praise are due. As I think of him now the point that comes most prominently to my mind is that as a teacher he had but few equals, and he certainly could unravel the knotty questions in Latin and Greek in such a marvellous manner that the average student must have understood it whether he cared to or not. As to Dr. Scarff, he needs no words of praise from any one's tongue or pen.

They are not to be spoken, but kept sacred in the memory of every student who ever came under his care ; his memory will long outlive his mortal existence.

Sincerely yours,
W. H. H. BARKER.

IOWA STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,
CEDAR FALLS, IOWA.

I am glad you are going to publish Mrs. Stoddard's biography. She is one of the truest women and best friends, one who loves God and His service with all her heart. Many years ago, when times were discouraging for the College, a report of the committee that had been appointed to find some way out of the difficulty did not give the information desired nor present much comfort. In conversation with Mrs. Stoddard over the matter I said : " If these friends are not to be relied upon, in whom can we trust ? " She leaned over toward me and said : " Brother Loughridge, we can *always* trust the Lord." This seems to me the keynote of all her life and work : a faith in God that never falters.

Yours sincerely,
ALBERT LOUGHRIDGE.

MONROE, IOWA.

. . . . I am glad that you are engaged in the splendid work of honoring one so worthy of honor as Mrs. Stoddard, and hope you may succeed grandly in perpetuating the memory of her heroic, self-sacrificing life. I cannot say too much as to her worth as a friend and instructor. All the girls who were privileged to be under her care while at school can testify to her never-failing interest in all that pertained to their welfare, and we owe her a debt of gratitude that can only be paid by being the sturdy Christian women she so much desired we should be. Old Central has many advantages she did not have in those war times, but she has never had *but one* Mrs. Stoddard. Aside from my own parents, I think no one ever took more interest in my welfare or gave me better advice than she, and I still esteem it a great privilege to meet her and listen to her words of wisdom and rich experience. May she long be spared to bless all who are so fortunate as to come under her influence !

Ever your friend,
SARAH LIVINGSTONE HILL.

OAKLAND, CAL.

I gladly add anything I may to your little volume. The old students will be very grateful, I know, for what you are doing. I was not, at any

time, a member of Mrs. Stoddard's classes, so I cannot speak of her in the classroom, but of her prevailing influence throughout the College. I knew her only a year and a half in school, but that was long enough to be so profoundly impressed by her that she seems to have been dominant throughout my whole life.

To-day I measure every woman engaged in educational work with girls by her as a standard. She had so much inherent dignity of manner and grandeur of appearance, that, combined with her kindly personal interest in each one of us, made us love and admire her to veneration.

How graciously she welcomed us each morning as we gathered in her room, how eagerly we heard her talks to girls, and how proud and worshipful we were of her on public occasions ! It is a sweet memory to me, and so profound that it is as distinct as if it were yesterday.

Wishing you great success in your work,

Affectionately,

MARY CRAVEN OLNEY.

PELLA, IOWA.

My Dear Mrs. Clarkson : I was not in school during Mrs. Stoddard's time, and I have often felt I was born too late.

My peculiar genius is decidedly out of place amid the hurry and worry and concentration, mental and physical, of the end of the century. As I am not wanting in filial affection, I naturally have decided views regarding the "Country College."

While much may be said in favor of rural, as against urban, surroundings for the youth of the land, to my mind, the strongest tribute to the worth of the country college is to be found in the fact that a large percentage of the students enrolled there are financially unable to attend the more expensive institutions.

Universal education alone insures the perpetuity of our government, and whatever adds to the grand total of human knowledge is certainly worthy of all commendation.

My acquaintance with Mrs. Stoddard is not intimate ; I only know her as a talented, lovable, unselfish, Christian woman, who holds a large place in the hearts of those around her.

Sincerely yours,

WILL L. ALLEN.

PELLA, IOWA.

My Dear Mrs. Clarkson : I am sorry to say that when I entered Central Mrs. Stoddard had severed her connection with the school as prin-

cial, but she continued to show her unbounded zeal for the institution and the students by often mingling with them and delivering interesting and instructive lectures before them when opportunity presented itself. As to the influence of the College upon the community and upon the boyhood and girlhood in the State, to form a definite estimate would be a herculean task.

I can say, however, that the vast majority of the alumni would never have reached the positions they occupy, in many instances, in social and political life, had it not been for the excellent opportunities so liberally presented by our "Country College," situated, as it is, in an atmosphere so moral and serene.

I remain most truly,

T. VEENSCHOTEN.

SAN BERNARDINO, CAL.

My Dear Mrs. Clarkson: . . . I knew Mrs. Stoddard well during all the time she was in Pella up to the month of May, 1864, when I left for California.

During most of the time I was a student in Old Central Mrs. Stoddard was one of my teachers—and a royal teacher she was.

I can see her now, as she sat before the class, more than thirty years ago. Calm and dignified, she listened to our recitations, and I can almost hear her words explanatory of the more difficult parts of our lessons.

She loved her work, was always thoroughly prepared, and "apt to teach." Her manners and words were such as to command the confidence and engage the attention of her pupils, and in her presence the rudest boy became a gentleman.

And then I remember how interested a listener she always was on "Friday afternoons," when we all met in the old College chapel to read our essays and "speak our pieces." How her face would light up with pleasure when some one displayed some genius or talent, or showed that the subject had been thoroughly mastered! I am greatly pleased to know that a record of her useful life is to be prepared.

Your sincere friend,

JESSE CURTIS.

MONTEZUMA, IOWA.

When I entered the "Central University" of Iowa, in 1872, I also entered into my first experience away from home.

If there is ever a time when a raw youth needs kindly advice it is at this juncture of his career. There is something in our natures that

prompts a desire for motherly kindness when thrust among strangers for the first time. Mrs. Stoddard was a mother for the new students who entered the College. She took special pains to look after their interests and in a kind manner to inquire after their welfare. In this way she gained the confidence of the young people at once, and she always held it. This gave her great power over the students, and she used it wisely.

In her quiet, unassuming way she "built monuments for eternity." Since first we knew her, business cares and the perplexities that come to us all alike have verified the lessons imparted by her, and those who came in contact with that quiet yet forceful life were the better prepared to fight life's battles.

The bashful boys and girls who entered school when her powers were greatest are now the middle-aged. They are in the midst of business activities and the home cares, but they look back to the old College with interest, and still retain an abiding faith in those words of wisdom which, imparted to youth, became in after years an inspiration.

J. W. JARNAGAN.

PELLA, IOWA.

My Dear Mrs. Clarkson: Mrs. Stoddard richly deserves the notice she will receive in your book. There certainly never was a better, truer, nobler Christian woman on earth than our own dear Mrs. Stoddard. Her heart is like a "harp with a thousand strings." The beauty of this harp is that it does not require a skilled musician to bring out its music.

Does one come to her full of life, hope, joy, responsive music, rich, full, harmonious echoes, come back from that loving heart. Does another, discouraged, "blue as indigo," seek her presence, he is not permitted to leave "till beautiful songs with words" have cheered his inmost being. Should one come in sore distress, with heart bowed down with grief too heavy for mortal to bear alone, Mrs. Stoddard comforts as only a true Christian woman, divinely assisted, can comfort. May she be spared many, many years!

Yours sincerely and always,

LILLIE VIERSON.

INDIANOLA, IOWA.

Mrs. Stoddard's deep interest, personal and individual, in her pupils, is, I believe, the strongest impression which remains with me of her work in the College, after all these long years. She was a tender and a helpful friend as well as a teacher.

AUGUSTA S. HAMPSON (SALLIE SPRAY).

DAVENPORT, IOWA.

My Dear Friend: I am more than glad to give my testimony of Mrs. Stoddard's worth as a teacher and friend. If I could command the strongest, the most beautiful, the truest words of any language, to express my esteem for her and my belief in the excellence and permanent character of her work, there would still be in my heart, unexpressed, inexpressible, the dearest friendship, the truest love for her, and the sweetest memories of those days—days when a smile from Mrs. Stoddard would brighten our lives and a word of approval would lighten our burdens for a whole week. How sweet those memories are!

Bless you and all the dear ones, whose memories throng upon me at this moment, is the prayer of your friend and schoolmate,

LYDIA DAVENPORT WELCH.

WEST CHESTER, IOWA.

I have always regarded Mrs. Stoddard as a good instructor and a woman of great integrity and sterling worth. When she and her husband first came to Pella, they stayed for a time in our home. My father was one of the trustees of the College, and I think it can truly be said he was one of the founders of the institution, and was always a devoted and firm friend of the school.

Very sincerely yours,

SUSAN RITNER CRAVEN.

DES MOINES, IOWA.

I was in school as late as 1862. I was not with Mrs. Stoddard as much as many of the other girls, my home life being such a busy one; I missed most of the social times enjoyed by the students very often at her house. I remember Mrs. Stoddard as a thorough, impartial teacher, ever freely giving us any assistance needed. If in trouble, we were sure of her womanly sympathy, and we did not hesitate to go to her for advice, as to a mother.

The instructions imparted did not end with our text-books. She impressed many lessons upon our minds which proved useful after school days had ended.

She is one of God's pure, noble women. I shall ever hold her in grateful remembrance for many kindnesses.

Affectionately,

TILLIE TOWNE SHULL.

PELLA, IOWA.

MRS. ANNA H. CLARKSON.

My Dear Madam: As one of Mrs. Stoddard's former pupils, it is indeed a rare privilege to be permitted to say anything commemorative of her

splendid work. Away back in the fall of 1857, when she had just returned from her first missionary work in Assam, she was engaged in teaching in the Central University, of Pella. It was at that time that we received those impressions of her as a perfect type of womanly excellence and grace; impressions which the lapse of years has tended to intensify rather than diminish. She was much more than a "teacher." Her former pupils have, no doubt, largely forgotten the contents of the text-books, but they never will forget those charming and encouraging lectures she would give us regarding life, manners, and morals, which many of us doubtless sorely needed.

Her life was noble, in that it was largely spent for the good of others, and whether in the missionary field, the school-room, or attending to the nurture and admonition of her children, and children's children, it is but stating the simple truth to say that, like her Master, Jesus Christ, she "went about doing good."

When to these spiritual graces are added a strong intellectuality, a keen discernment, and discriminating judgment, a wonderful amount of shrewd common sense, and a generous, catholic spirit that failed not to appreciate whatever of good may have been in sect or faction, we cannot but come to the conclusion that our former teacher belongs to that rare class of mortals who leave their impress, for lasting good, on the lives of others, long after they themselves have passed away.

Always your friend,

HERMAN F. BOUSQUET.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I am heartily glad that you have assigned to yourself the pleasant and filial task of writing a little biography of Mrs. Stoddard.

The lives and deeds of such as she, well reported, are among the richest legacies one generation can leave the next. Your purpose is worthy of fullest commendation.

My acquaintance with Mrs. Stoddard was slight. I was in none of her classes, and was only an occasional visitor at her house. Yet I can testify that her coming to the institution, the Pella College, was an event of the highest good fortune to the youth within its walls and to the community; that her influence was a constant inspiration to higher thinking and living, and her work a constant benefaction.

In her noble presence, triviality and immorality stood rebuked; earnestness and purity stood reverent.

You ask my opinion of the "Country College," its right to live, its power for good. Surely Pella College needs no other eulogy than that which the really worthy, and, in many cases, noble deeds of its sons and daughters confer upon it. It has a "right to live"—it has a work to do.

Without undertaking to declare what place it should assume to fill, as between the State Educational System, on the one hand, and the "Great Chicago University," on the other, I do declare that it may continue to be a "power for good," a centre of educational and religious influence, extending and widening as the years roll by.

Very sincerely,
ANDREW F. CRAVEN.

KNOXVILLE, IOWA.

Mrs. Stoddard was an excellent guide and counsellor to the girls under her care, and always took us aside to give us advice. Her noble and dignified bearing was a daily example to us, and it was her heart's desire that we should become honorable and lovely Christian men and women. May she long live to bless us with her influence!

ANNA ELDRIDGE SPERRY.

DES MOINES, IOWA.

Mrs. Stoddard was a wonderful teacher; her instructions were given in such a plain, quiet manner, that we never failed to understand, and could not forget them. Especially do I remember her "Friday afternoon" talks to the girls; they were such pleasant interviews, with advice on all subjects.

I hope she feels as well repaid for her labors as do we who are to-day receiving the benefits from them. Many wishes for a long and happy life for her.

Always,

SALLIE DeCOU KELSEY.

KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN.

Looking down through the vista of thirty years, I seem to see a face illumined with kindness; a form, in its every movement, gentleness; a teacher touched with tenderness; in brief, a woman all womanliness.

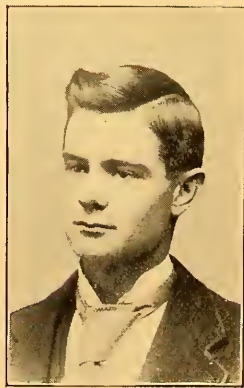
I seem to still hear her motherly "now Sammie," now in reproach, now in encouragement; and my heart, amid the many pleasant recollections of the Central University of Iowa, recognizes only her, as the embodiment of motherliness—as my true Alma Mater.

Your friend,

SAMUEL STRENG.

TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA.

I loved and revered Mrs. Stoddard almost to adoration. To this day she is my ideal teacher. I have always felt that her individuality left its imprint on her pupils.



GROUP FOURTEEN.

After the lapse of thirty years, 'tis a pleasure to think of Mrs. Stoddard as she came into the school-room, the very picture of health--a healthy mind in a healthy body. I am glad that you have charged yourself with the writing of her biography.

With love,

BELLE BAKER PLATT.

PELLA, IOWA.

Dear Friend: I am so glad that some one who has the time and ability, as well as the inclination, has taken it upon herself to write a biographical sketch of the life of our dear friend and teacher, Mrs. Stoddard, and in this beautiful way keep green her memory. I fear that I cannot say much that has not already been written, but will most gladly endorse all the good things said of her. I often recall, with pleasure, those "Friday afternoons," when she lectured to the girls, when she so lovingly, yet so firmly, marked the course of conduct she expected us to pursue; and that student was very refractory indeed who could turn a deaf ear to her admonitions and disappoint her expectations. I have been much in Mrs. Stoddard's society since we left the College halls, over twenty years ago, and our interviews have always been profitable to me, for she never failed to leave with me some food for afterthought, and always seemed as solicitous about my physical, mental, and spiritual well-being as when I was a girl. I am so thankful we still have her with us, though a short time ago she was very near the end. One evening, just as the sun was setting, word came to me that "Mrs. Stoddard was dying." I hastened to her bedside, and as I entered the room, she opened her eyes and took me by the hand, with her usual calm manner, and without a tremor in her voice, said: "My battles are all fought." She was perfectly resigned to the Lord's will. If her work was finished, she was glad to rest; if there was more to do, she was ready and willing to bide her time. I trust many years will be hers to enjoy, and ours to profit by her presence.

Wishing you "God speed" with your dear little book, which I know will be a treasure in itself, I am,

Affectionately yours,

LUELLA KEABLES COX.

DES MOINES, IOWA.

My Dear Friend: I must add my congratulations to the many you will receive from the friends of "Iowa Central," and wish for you the success in your undertaking you so well deserve. The idea must have been an inspiration; and then, what a glorious subject you have!

It is now just thirty-one years since I attended the Iowa Central University, but it was my good fortune, while there, to be a member of

the Stoddard household. I was then a very young girl, but some impressions received while under the direct personal influence of Mrs. Stoddard will remain with me always, to my everlasting benefit I trust. Her unvarying patience, her gentle firmness, her self-denial, unlimited charity, and her active and all-embracing love for humanity, were object-lessons to my youthful mind, which the passage of nearly three decades has neither effaced nor dimmed. At that time she and her noble husband had but just returned from India, where prolonged ill health had compelled them to lay down their chosen work; but their hearts were so full of desire for the uplifting of the whole human race that, notwithstanding their former sufferings, privations, and separations from children and friends, after a few years they again responded to the call from across the sea, "Come over and help us." Surely the world is better for their having lived.

Mrs. Stoddard was a born instructor, with an inexhaustible fund of information from which to draw. It was always a marvel to me how she found time to acquire so much knowledge. She was, however, a devourer of books. And this reminds me that a short time ago, at a reunion of Marion County people, a friend was telling me of a recent interview she had with the dear woman. Mrs. Stoddard had completed the Chautauqua course, and had followed it with a course of reading which included some thirty volumes. My friend expressed her surprise at the amount of reading she had been able to accomplish in so short a time, but her reply was, "Oh, that is so little. I would count that year a blank in which I had not read a *good many more* than thirty books."

Isn't that like her? So anxious to increase her information that she might increase her means of doing good. I have never met her equal for untiring patience in good works.

"Like some fair spirit from the realms of rest,
With all her native heaven within her breast,
So pure, so good, she scarce can guess at sin,
But thinks the world without like that within.
Such melting tenderness, so fond to bless,
Her charity almost becomes excess;
Wealth may be courted, wisdom may be revered,
And beauty praised and brutal strength be feared,
But goodness only can affection move,
And love must owe its origin to love."

HELEN MATTHEWS ROBINSON.

SYRACUSE, KANSAS.

I cannot express the love and gratitude I feel for Mrs. Stoddard. She was a real friend in every sense of the word. As a teacher she was kind,

and ever ready to help over the hard places which school-girls always find and cannot manage alone.

When we were deserving of credit, she always gave us unstinted praise and encouraged us so much that we worked all the harder, for very gratitude. I was in both Doctor Scarff's and Professor Currier's classes, and for them I feel the deepest regard and admiration as teachers and guides for the youth.

The "Friday afternoon" lectures I think I remember with more pleasure than any other feature of the school work, for that was all interesting, with no drudgery about it. The many useful things Mrs. Stoddard told us come to me almost every day, and help me in my duties as wife and mother constantly. Mrs. Stoddard has always been, to me, an ideal woman, perfection in every thing, as well as in teaching ability. I am proud to have been under the care of such gifted and accomplished instructors as these I mention, and I have none but delightful remembrances of my intercourse with them.

The school was blest in being in their charge, and if the people of the community are not thankful for having such noble men and women in their midst, they would be lacking in appreciation; which I am sure they are not, for I know they loved and honored them as but few people are loved and honored by their friends and neighbors. May they long live to direct, by precept and example, and to enjoy the fruits of lives spent in the fulfilment of duty.

With love,

SARAH TOWNE MCKEEVER.

KNOXVILLE, IOWA.

Our dear friend, Mrs. Stoddard, deserves much more credit and distinction for her self-sacrificing devotion to the cause of humanity and education than she has ever received.

I earnestly hope your book will be a success, and that you will reap the rich reward you deserve for undertaking to perpetuate the memory of one so true and noble.

Mrs. Stoddard has certainly proved a sincere friend and helper to all who came within her reach, and especially to the young girls who attended school at the University.

It has always seemed to me that, amid all her family cares, she did more for the real good of mankind than the majority do who devote all their time to philanthropy.

More than thirty years have elapsed since I was in school, and yet, in almost every community in this part of the State, one or more respected citizens, who attended the school during the time Mrs. Stoddard taught, is living to speak her praise, and in whose memory she is still cherished next to a loving mother or sister. In our family (my mother's), we adore

her, for it was when we needed a friend truly that we first met her, and in her found a cheerful and loving one.

No one knows the good she has done. Truly the poor and afflicted, as well as the fortunate ones, wherever she lives, are her special charge. There are no bounds to her works of love and mercy. She was unlike many of the educators of the present time. She did not tie herself to instruction in a special line, and while education to "lift the lowest to the highest" was her theme, and while she helped hundreds of students to understand their slumbering abilities, and to start on the road to usefulness and prominence, she believed and taught that great success was only attainable when the heart was pure, and the hands willing to do whatever they found waiting for them. Laziness she hated with a religious hatred, and one of her habits was to practise what she taught. As an example, she nearly always kept her knitting, or other small work, on her desk during school hours, and any spare moments during recitation hours, she busied herself by doing something useful. She trained her children in the way she taught others to go. I remember her young daughters took mending to school, and when their lessons were learned and they inclined to mischief, she required them to patch their pinafores and dresses. She was truly a loving mother, but she did not allow her parental care and love to so wholly occupy her mind that she could not look out over the world, and plan and help others less fortunate; and while her greatest and most earnest desire was that her own children might grow to a noble maturity, her large soul encompassed the children of every nation, even the heathen, and she wanted them all to be cared for as well as hers. I will give a single example of her thoughtfulness for others, which corresponds, in a high degree, with all her exalted views and unselfish principles. There was then, as now, the proud, poor, ambitious class, and with her keen perception, and without explanation, she saw they had much to contend with which they might not be able to overcome unless they had before them a strong and beautiful example. This class of young men and women could not dress well and hope to secure means to pay board and tuition. To meet the emergency, Mrs. Stoddard dressed her own children plainly. I well remember how she went to the country and bought home-made flannel of a farmer's wife for her daughter's school dresses, and had them wear plain leather boots. Any of the school-girls could afford as good apparel, and it was considered good economy and healthful. The young ladies of the school did not dislike to go clad in coarse material when they knew that Mrs. Stoddard's daughters would dress in the same way, even if a few did wear fine clothes. Thus a good many students were gained for the College, and the world will never know the good this little act of kindness has done, or what an influence it has had in moulding the character of the great State of Iowa. Our little country College has not

the reputation of a Harvard or a Yale, but it is doubtful if either, according to the number educated, has sent out, into the various occupations and professions, a greater number of truly honest, practical men, to say nothing of the well-equipped young women who have been educated there, and have scattered all over the State and the West. This, indeed, has been a school where honesty, practical knowledge, and Christianity have been the most dwelt upon, but the Arts and Sciences have not been neglected, and have been carried along with the Christian graces in a way to prove the value of the school and its advantages. "Truly the wise do not judge of men's merits by their qualifications, but by the use they make of them," and most of our students have been a credit to the Institution.

MARY E. DONLEY (*née* MARY DAVENPORT).

PELLA, IOWA.

I am sorry I was not in college while Mrs. Stoddard was teaching. She went to India about the time we went to Pella. There is one whose tongue is forever silenced, who could grow eloquent over her teachings and lovely influence, but he has entered into his rest.

MARY SMITH MORGAN.

BOISE CITY, IDAHO.

My Dear Schoolmate: I send you a tribute of praise for our loved teacher, Mrs. Stoddard, which I deem not only a pleasure, but an honor, to give to one who was so good and kind to us as school-girls. She not only taught us in books, but in morals and refinement. Friday afternoons was the time devoted to reading essays and declaiming, in the College chapel; afterwards, Mrs. Stoddard gave us a talk in her own school-room. We can never tell how much those talks and her own example have done toward shaping our lives. She also set the example of industry, to which the boys seemed to take an exception, as she brought her knitting in the chapel, Friday afternoons, and knit while she listened to the young people go through with their exercises.

Mrs. Stoddard was an exemplary woman, and we all loved her.

In the spring of 1866 she and Dr. Stoddard gave addresses in Scholte's church, taking their departure the next day for India, as missionaries. I have not seen her since, but the memory of her loveliness will ever remain.

Your friend,

CARRIE MATTHEWS STAMPER.

1402 BEACON STREET, BROOKLINE, MASS.

It gives me sincere pleasure to learn that you are contemplating giving to the friends and students of the Central University a history of the life of dear Mrs. Stoddard.

She is a woman of rare excellence. Her purity, simplicity, and uprightness cause her to be respected by all as a Christian of the higher type. Few in any of the walks of life have better honored their Christian profession. Those who knew her as teacher and adviser, as well as those who will never know her except by tradition, will welcome all the precious memories of her noble, consecrated life.

Her pupils remember her with deep filial affection, and never can they forget that she obeyed the Master's command: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

Very sincerely yours,

ANNA COTTON THING.

SAN BERNARDINO, CAL.

. . . Mrs. Stoddard is entitled to our best efforts, and I am not able to express the love and gratitude I owe her. Without her encouragement and help, my school-days would have been ended during the miserable days of the war. Her influence for good is always with me, and I wonder if we fully appreciate the advantages we enjoyed by coming under such influence in our girlhood days. Lovingly yours,

SARAH SUMNER SHOUP.

KNOXVILLE, IOWA.

Add my testimony to the general fund of respect and esteem for Mrs. Stoddard. Yes, gladly, although what little I may say may not half express my interest in the subject.

My recollections of her as a teacher are most vivid. Over all with whom she was associated she exerted an influence every way for good. She had none of the petty weaknesses and vanities of most women; she had a standard of her own, a high one, and paid little attention to what others might consider the proper thing to do. She took a personal interest in all of us, and all that concerned us; and now whenever we visit the old Alma Mater and call on Mrs. Stoddard, as, if time permits, we are sure to do, she is ready with a warm welcome, and an earnest inquiry of all that concerns our health and happiness. God bless her! and long may she live to brighter recollections of the happy days in Old Central.

Yours affectionately,

SYLVIA SPERRY EBERHARDT.

IOWA CITY, IOWA.

I am very glad to add a few words of praise of the life and work of dear Mrs. Stoddard.

As a young girl of fourteen, when I was first under her instruction, I realized that her life was grand and noble, and as "Principal" of the

young ladies' department, I think the influence she exerted over me was most beneficial and inspiring.

Many times in after years, as my children were growing up around me, have I thought of the dear, kind teacher of my girlhood days, and the sweet pleasant memories that clustered around them. I am sure her strong, noble nature has been a power in moulding the lives of those under her care. I know that mine has been braver and stronger on account of her kind, watchful oversight and instruction.

Affectionately,

RHODA CRAVEN HOWELL.

MITCHELLVILLE, IOWA.

You ask me to write something of the "never-to-be-forgotten days" of the '60s, "when you and I were young."

It was with pleasure I learned of the work you had undertaken.

Mrs. Stoddard occupies a place all her own in the affections and the memory of the boys and girls of former days. Nor can we ever forget the faithfulness and the fidelity of Dr. Scarff, Dr. Gunn, and Professor Currier; but Mrs. Stoddard was the "Mother." of the Institution. As with thirty years of life's experience, I now look back upon their labors for and with us, I can see how, day by day, she planned and sacrificed to advance the best interest of all; forgetful of her own pleasure and comfort, only as she found it in the results of her work, upon the lives of those around her.

We were young and joyous, full of fun and frolic, and intensely interested in ourselves. We expected much from the College and the Professors, but we did not then, as now, know how much of self was sacrificed by those devoted teachers.

I was so fortunate as to be a frequent visitor at Mrs. Stoddard's home. Then, as now, every table was piled with papers and magazines in tempting array. If she thought a student was not sufficiently interested in solid, instructive reading, she would, in her irresistible way, invite him to go with her to look up a certain subject in which she had been trying to interest him, and without his being aware of it, he found himself taking pleasure in a better class of reading, and filled with nobler ambitions.

The Christian atmosphere which pervaded the home of Dr. and Mrs. Stoddard will never be forgotten by many of the students. In that busy household, where every moment had its allotted work, there was always time for Scripture reading and prayers, and every one felt the spirit of devotion. It was here I knew the lovely Aristene Wells, Mrs. Stoddard's niece, one of the noblest and most talented of the old-time students.

In the class-room Mrs. Stoddard had the faculty of commanding attention and arousing the interest of her pupils. Her daily walk and con-

versation was a convincing argument for the deality of a living life, active Christianity, and all who came in contact with her felt that this was the guiding principle of her life. She did very little lecturing; it was a word in season, a look by which she saw into the depths of the heart. Who does not remember Mrs. Stoddard's look? Those wide-open eyes, in which we saw so much of reproof if we needed it; and how well we knew that we were wrong! She always had time and sympathy for those in real trouble, and she had a peculiar faculty of dispelling clouds. I well remember meeting her in the front hall before "chapel" one morning, and remarking with a discouraged air, that things were going all wrong; she simply said:

" I never had a piece of bread,
All buttered nice and wide,
But 'twas sure to fall on the sanded floor,
And on the buttered side,"

and proceeded on her way without another word, but I had received a lesson.

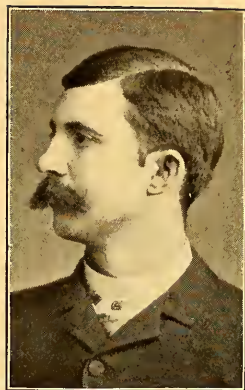
The students knew they had a true friend in Mrs. Stoddard, and now, when the cares of life weigh heavily upon them, many are the letters she receives asking advice, or telling her of their joys or sorrows. Only the Father in heaven knows all that she has been to her pupils, and when He cometh to make up his jewels, she will receive her reward.

LOUISA B. MORGAN.

PELLA, IOWA.

How often, when the college bell spoke to the students, did the desire to attend school rise in me, to be one of the number. Professor Currier and Dr. J. G. Howell especially urged me to go, and also urged my parents to grant me permission to become one of Central's pupils. Indeed the Doctor succeeded in making such arrangements as were satisfactory to my father; *i. e.*, by enabling me to work for my tuition.

In September, 1859, I was enrolled, and how ardent was my hope that my discharge would not occur until at least three years had passed! The teachers to whom I was assigned were Professor Currier and Mrs. Stoddard. She being a stranger to me, I stood in awe of her, or rather imagined I did. Upon making her acquaintance, all fear vanished, and respect took its place. All the students treated her with great deference. I can now see her demonstrating problems, or analyzing sentences in such a way that she fixed the attention of the entire class. One instance I recall of a young lady who was obliged to leave College during the term. Upon entering the building one morning, I saw her standing in the hall, with her hands clasped in Mrs. Stoddard's. Tears were rolling down her



GROUP FIFTEEN.

cheeks. Undoubtedly good, Christian advice was being given in a motherly way, and the effect was visible.

During my stay at the College, I learned to love Mrs. Stoddard almost as a mother, and it was plain to be seen that a similar feeling pervaded the whole school. Nor was this a fleeting admiration, for it still exists; and when one of Central's old-timers is met, the question of Mrs. Stoddard's welfare is uppermost. My labors have always been in Pella. I was present when, as a missionary, she started out with her husband for India. Their leave-taking proved to them that their old friends were many and true. Their return to the "City of Refuge," in later years, was a token that this fact was appreciated by them. Both Dr. and Mrs. Stoddard are true friends of the Central University, and I feel certain that the wish, "Mother in Israel, may you be with us for many years, and enjoy Heaven's choicest blessings," will find an echo in the hearts of all her acquaintances.

JOHN H. STUBENRACH.

LYNNVILLE, IOWA.

Your letter of recent date, asking me to furnish a short reminiscence of my early associations with our beloved and honored teacher, Mrs. D. C. A. Stoddard, and her influence over the life and character of myself and others, carries me back in memory to the autumn of 1860, when, a shy, awkward country girl of seventeen, I first entered the Iowa Central University, where she then occupied the threefold position of teacher, overseer, and mother of all the girls.

Among the varied experiences of nearly half a century, none stands out more prominently than those of the first morning, when, shrinking and unattended, I entered the portals of our Alma Mater, which to my untutored mind seemed the centre of all wisdom, learning, and culture. In point of intellectual acquirements, I felt like a veritable lilliputian in the company of giants. Groups of laughing girls moved around the halls, greeting old friends and making new ones, while I stood alone and apparently unnoticed. But not for long. Mrs. Stoddard, ever on the alert for just such forlorn creatures, spied the "new girl," and, with the kindest smile and most unaffected simplicity and cordiality, came forward to greet me and bid me welcome. She inquired concerning the studies I wished to pursue, and introduced me to the professors who had charge of those branches. From that crucial morning all through the six terrible years of strife and commotion which followed, her interest in me never flagged, and her kindness knew no bounds.

The assistance my parents were able to offer me in my struggle for an education was so meagre that many times I would have been compelled to leave school had it not been for her timely aid, proffered with such deli-

cacy and tact that its acceptance assumed the appearance of a favor conferred. The College was not endowed, and the salaries of teachers were necessarily small, being a division of the tuition each term. Mrs. Stoddard invariably came to me with these gracious words: "I have asked the President to give me your bill, and those of certain others, as my portion. You can settle with me whenever it is convenient to yourself, but in no case hamper yourself or quit school for lack of funds." She never failed to write me during vacation, inquiring about my plans, and urging me to return to school in the fall, and not infrequently invited me to share the hospitalities of her home until satisfactorily settled. Her strong faith in me, coupled with her unfailing kindness, awakened in me such a deep sense of obligation that I felt in duty bound to make the most of my opportunities as a sort of compensation to her. That I did not enjoy a monopoly of her favors many will testify. Her Friday afternoon lectures or talks, as she called them, were of incalculable benefit to me in many ways, as they were, doubtless, to others. Though constantly stimulating our desires for learning, she never suffered us to lose sight of the fact that true culture was threefold in its nature; physical, moral, and intellectual. To be well balanced and fully equipped for an honorable and useful career, one must have a cultivated mind in a strong and healthy body, under the controlling influence of deep, moral convictions. She was, herself, a perfect model of this threefold development. Her splendid form was a constant incentive to physical culture, while her insistence on obedience to hygienic laws made one feel that delicate health, instead of being an evidence of refinement, as some of us foolishly supposed, was an evidence of violated law. Her simplicity of dress was a boon to those who were obliged to study economy and a check to those inclined to superfluity. Those who attempted to soar above their level on borrowed wings were not long in finding out that to present as their own the thoughts and sentiments of others without due acknowledgment, was downright dishonesty and not to be tolerated. Many a girl whose "original" essay was shorn of its finest thoughts and most finished sentences by the vigorous stroke of her relentless pen, can testify to her abhorrence of shams. I think that I can safely say that her influence over my life was more potent for good than that of any other person, unless I except that of my own good mother.

MATTIE PAYTON MAYFIELD.

EAGLE GROVE, IOWA.

For me, the prelude to each of those happy school days, the days of "long, long thoughts," was the straight walk in the Campus, canopied with maple shade, and a sight of a little, low house with latticed porches on the corner. Here lived a dear, sweet lady, her brown hair combed

smoothly down over her ears and her sweet eyes always smiling such a friendly greeting as I passed.

For me, this wonderful little woman was enveloped in romance. She whom I saw so often had crossed the ocean and lived for years in that weird country called Assam. She had a sunny little room, filled with remembrances of this mysterious people. More, she could mingle their musical language with our every-day English, and to me, her English speech seemed tuned to the musical sweetness of Assam.

It was a mystery to me then, felt but unexpressed, how she, who had seen such wonders, could be contented just to live her home life and be as common mortals.

Always on summer afternoons, when she led me through the borderland of botany, and we went on little exploring trips to the woods, the conversation was illumined by the light of her experience. I felt that which I could not express. So too, I felt the lesson of her noble life, and time has crystallized this feeling into thoughts and words.

IDA A. BAKER.

DES MOINES, IOWA.

I am heartily glad that you have undertaken this labor of love, and I know that you will gain the grateful thanks of many old students of Central University who knew Mrs. Stoddard in her active connection with its work.

I came to Pella at a later period, but had the pleasure of spending my first few weeks in Iowa in her home, and your letter brings that home and its inmates before my mind like a well-remembered picture. It was a good deal more than a seven-years' wonder to me in many respects. In the first place, the house was filled with all sorts of souvenirs of the long stay of the family in the far East: weapons of war and implements of peace; murderous-looking "creeses," with waving flame-like blades and uncomfortable handles; native shields of straw, of leather, and of brass, plain or inlaid, or embossed with silver; rolls and books in Eastern languages, with the lines commencing at the southwest corner and reading back-handed; books sacred and secular, with realistic pictures of such recondite subjects as "Thunder," "The Soul," etc.; household utensils of various shapes and doubtful uses; miniature wooden natives, dressed (and undressed) in all varieties of costumes; stuffed lizards, like young alligators; idols and gnomes innumerable, in pottery and bronze, and, in a post of honor on a bracket above the organ, "Great Buddha" himself in alabaster, the eternal calm of Nirvana in his attitude and expression.

In the second place, the family paralyzed me by dropping occasionally from the English language to the Assamese, apparently unconscious that my linguistic acquirements in winter terms of backwoods Vermont

schools left me a little deficient in some of the idioms of the Assamese vernacular. When I had become better acquainted, I found the inmates, in their catholic breadth of ideas, even more cosmopolitan than their surroundings; yet with all their experience in varied duties in both hemispheres, then her greatest and first care was Central University. In the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard, its demands were as sacred as those of the Church, and they have given to it the best years of their lives, the best thoughts of their minds, and the best part of their means, with the sole idea of making it an influence of lasting good. Such zeal and sacrifice were not given unrewarded, for the graduates of Old Central have made their mark well up in all honorable vocations of life.

The most of these successful graduates knew Mrs. Stoddard as a warm friend, many of them became students through her persistent and kindly urging, and all have reason to thank her for much that has made their success possible. Her broad culture and wide experience have been a store of wealth, as open to the student as her purse and services were to the University. Hers has been the noble work of a noble and cultured woman, and I am glad that you did not wait until her warm heart was forever still before giving her the praise she has so grandly earned.

Very truly yours,

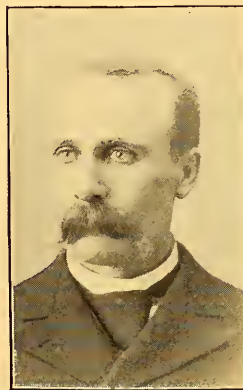
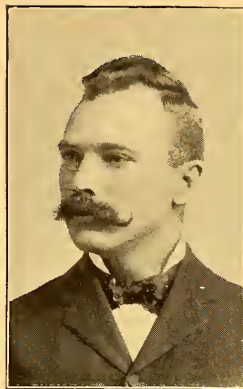
IRA M. EARLE.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

I call your impulse to do this work an inspiration; and what one is impelled or inspired to do from within is surely his own appointed work.

I think my mother's strongest characteristic is her ability to draw out and develop the best qualities of those who come under her care and influence. She always expected the best of her pupils, and as a consequence, received their best efforts in return. Her love of knowledge, for its own sake, is equalled only by her love of imparting knowledge. In one, she is so eager, in the other, so interesting and earnest, that those she teaches are inspired with a like enthusiasm. Then the nobility of her character, the high plane upon which she lived and thought, drew out the nobility of others, for goodness surely attracts and develops goodness. It is the personality of a teacher that moulds the character of pupils more than book-learning or the method of teaching.

A great help to my mother in giving instruction was her quickness and keenness in reading character and understanding dispositions. I never knew her to be mistaken in any one. Then she knew how to develop the good in a scholar by the aid of less noble qualities. I can make my meaning clearer by a personal reminiscence. When a very little girl, my strongest characteristic was my love of approbation. I remember I had very little idea of the difference between falsehood and truth, and



GROUP SIXTEEN.

much less conscience about it. I liked to tell of everything I saw or heard in such a way as to gain applause or cause laughter. My mother knew that I did not fabricate for the sake of deceit or secrecy, for I kept no secrets and told too much. Yet she never accused me of falsehood. Instead, she took every means, by her own words and those of the Bible, to impress upon me the value of truth; that to be truthful was better than to be wise or witty; that the best character of all was one that could be trusted with things or with thoughts. She sometimes confided to me matters which seemed important affairs, often saying: "Speak to no one of this, for I trust it with you." She always listened to my tales with apparent confidence, would turn to me after another had related something, "How does Ella say it happened?" as though I was the one to be believed. Once, when coming to her brimful of new history, I thought, "Now I must say it exactly as it was; that will be the truth; and if I do not, mamma will never believe me again." There was the sprouting of my conscience. You see how wisely she planted the seed and cultivated the soil. She had like wisdom in cultivating good qualities in older pupils. How different the policy of some of the teachers of to-day who practise a system of espionage and suspicion upon their pupils that stunts self-respect and increases bad behavior.

One evening last summer, I sat at a table surrounded by old students and teachers. Mirth was unconfined; it could not be otherwise with such a host as Murray Cox. In the midst of repartee and merry laughter, I felt a sudden tension at my throat and the tears came into my eyes. There, at the other side of the table, sat Dr. Scarff, chained to his chair and dumb with paralysis; near by was my mother shut in by a wall of deafness. You could not have told by their faces that they did not enjoy as much as the others who could hear and answer. Yet I could not help thinking of their imprisonment. Why are they deprived of all this pleasure while we enjoy it so fully? Why are they afflicted in such a way that they lose their greatest joy, the pleasure of teaching? One thing my mother still enjoys in full, the pleasure of visiting with and hearing from her former pupils. She is still an ideal teacher in her motherliness. Her pupils are her children, and she is as much interested in their children as though she was grandmother to them all. Then she has such an abundance of love left for her very own, that we are not in the least jealous of you.

With kind regards always,

ELLA STODDARD RYAN.

SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB,
COUNCIL BLUFFS, IOWA.

I believe in the "White Flower" movement while our friends are still with us. Why wait until they have passed into the "Beyond" before

we say what good their influence has accomplished? Honest praise for honest endeavor often sends us along to higher effort. The poet has expressed my sentiments in this respect:

“ Keep not your kisses for my cold, dead brow,
The way is lonely, let me feel them now.
Think gently of me, I am travel-worn.
When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need
The tenderness for which I plead.”

My personal knowledge of Mrs. Stoddard dates back to my earliest childhood. Indeed, Mrs. Stoddard and Central University are synonymous in my mind. As a toddling child, I used to attend Sunday-school in the College Chapel with my older brothers and sisters, who were pupils of Mrs. Stoddard's. I can remember thinking then of Central University as a large building in the College Campus, with wonderful possibilities in the line of hazel-nuts in the rear, and an immense hickory-nut tree, which was the goal of ambition of the college youth, and always in connection with the College would come its rival attraction, Mrs. Stoddard's home, at one corner of the Campus, the house stacked with curiosities from foreign lands, herself the pervading spirit of the place. What pleasure she took in imparting her knowledge to us! Then comes a blank of a good many years; I was not a student of the College until 1885. Consequently I did not have the good fortune to be one of Mrs. Stoddard's pupils. But of later years, her companionship and suggestions have been of untold value to me. In fact, hers was a valuable influence always; especially valuable in that it was not felt by the individual alone over whom it was shed, but extended through them into the homes of the entire community.

My father knew her quite intimately through all her sojourn in Pella, and well remembers her connection with the School during the Rebellion. The College classes at that time were nearly broken up by so many pupils going to the war and the financial depression which followed. We feared we would lose our School and buildings. Some were in favor of selling out and giving up, thinking it impossible to meet the liabilities and to keep it running successfully. It was then that Dr. and Mrs. Stoddard, Dr. Scarff, and Professor Currier came to the rescue. They pledged all they had and assumed all the responsibilities of freeing the School from debt. I think the College owes its existence to-day to their pluck and energy. It is true, without the hearty coöperation of many more warm friends, they would have failed. When I received your letter, I asked my father what he thought of Mrs. Stoddard's work in the School and of her influence in the city. He said: “ I think (and your dear mother

thought the same), from my personal knowledge of Mrs. Stoddard, that she, by her educational ability and exemplary life, has done a great work for the College and community that will continue to live long after she has passed into the spirit land, and it will be said of her, 'though being dead, her works will follow her,' and eternity will alone reveal the good work of her life upon the generations following. Your mother and I always regarded her as one of God's noblest women." This sincere tribute from one who had known her for so many years, I consider more valuable than anything I can say. I wish I could command language whereby I might express to you the appreciation and admiration I have for her. But I am sure your ability will lead you to say all that I would wish to write.

Your friend,

MARGARET HAMILTON.

CARTHAGE, ILLINOIS.

I can hardly believe that thirty-two years and more have passed since I left school, almost an average lifetime, and this lovely October weather tones me up, and I feel as if I should delight to go back to my books and begin over again.

I am sure I could do better work now, could comprehend, assimilate, and make my own much that was dim and obscure in the earlier days.

Having relatives in Iowa City, I frequently hear through them of Professor Currier. His interest in Pella, and the old students he taught there, has been unremitting, and we all remember him as the "Bonaparte" who marched us over the "Alps." Were you ever in his class of Mental Arithmetic? It was the grandest drill imaginable.

My last year in college was a lonely one, with my classmates so largely numbered with the soldiery, yet when I call to mind the lovely times Professor Scarff made for me in recitation, I think I may say it was all beautiful. His instructions were so graciously given, so fair, so true, and the tone of it all was clear and ringing.

I can never pay my obligations to these dear instructors, but, by a good life, and striving to follow their leading, I hope, in some measure, to show my appreciation of their work.

But after all I may say of others, and I gladly and affectionately lay down my tribute to their valuable efforts in my interest, still it is to the practical teaching and personal influence of our dear, faithful Mrs. Stoddard that I am most conscious of being indebted for all I am worth.

She is the one who, having "put her hand to the plough," never let go. I have, all these years, had the pleasure of a correspondence with Mrs. Stoddard, more or less interrupted. As the years have gone by I have realized more and more how much she has been to me an inspiration to better things.

My practical, everyday life has so often been made interesting by some suggested thought of the school-day lessons.

Her plain manner of dealing with our delinquencies was something unpleasant to observe but lasting in benefits. I suppose I needed all the reprimands I received, and many more that were graciously omitted, and when I recall the wilful waywardness of those days, I am sure I must have been a great trial to this dear friend.

There was much that was hard to bear in those years preceding the war, and all the way along. Yet how bravely she endured the hardships of those gruesome days! How much courage and hope she put into the young lives around her, that later on developed into the good and useful manhood and womanhood that has risen up to bless her name! I know she is still true to the love of Old Central, and does not forget to jog the memories of any and all who can, in any way, be laid under tribute for helping on the interests there.

If some one of us should find himself with a few extra dollars at any time, I am sure she would be ready to tell him of some good thing he could do to help our Alma Mater, and let us not forget to meet our obligations in this line when the time comes.

Lovingly yours,

FANNIE BARKER CUTLER.

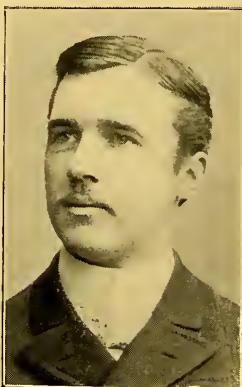
P. S.—You ask me what I have been doing since I left school. I might repeat an old anecdote of my brother's with some appropriateness here. He says he went out one day to the cemetery where was buried one Mrs. Sims, and he called out, "Mrs. Sims, what are you doing there?" and the answer was, "Nothing."

DES MOINES, IOWA.

I realize an attempt to express in a letter what I know Mrs. Stoddard to have been to the students of Central University would be impossible. It would fill a book.

However, it gives me pleasure to say that the names of Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard were household words in my father's family from my earliest recollection. I learned to admire Mrs. Stoddard from what I heard of her, afterwards learned to love her for what I knew of her. I was, happily, a student of I. C. U. a part of the time when she occupied the position of "Mother" to the girls in the school, and the impression made upon me by her Friday afternoon talks, to which I listened so attentively because of my full belief in the speaker, have remained with me through over twenty years of life. She seldom talked to us upon what might have been classed the "popular subjects of the day," but she dealt with matters of real life which would make us stronger, physically, mentally, and morally. The





GROUP SEVENTEEN.

spirit of "mother love" was felt in every talk, as she instructed us upon almost every phase of woman life. Her watchwords were ever "truthfulness, purity, and kindliness."

Her sympathy for others was always quick and strong. I have seen the tears come to her eyes at the knowledge of misfortune, and again, her face fill with pleasure in knowing that happiness had come to others. She was ever forgetful of self, and never tried to impress us with an idea of her own worth, unless I may say upon one occasion. She had been telling us of the importance of prayer in our daily life, and that we should ask for everything we needed, and added, that when Mr. Stoddard was a young man he had often prayed to God to give him a good wife, and he claimed that the prayer had been answered. She encouraged us in being industrious, that we might become useful women. She was pleased to have us bring fancy work while we listened to her addresses.

The number of noble women and mothers who have gone out from her training are shining examples of good work. In later years I see her seldom, but her interest in me and the things which go to make up my life is just as strong as when I was a school-girl. To me, her true worth and friendship are of the real things of life that are pleasant and enduring.

TEDEE M. EARLE.

LEON, IOWA.

Dear Friend: I am pleased to know that you have determined to write the biography, and thus perpetuate the memory and life of that noble woman, Mrs. Stoddard.

I knew her as a friend and teacher, the three or four years I was at the Central University as a pupil. I first became acquainted with her in 1861; I was there during the years 1861 and 1862. Then the terrible war came on, and one hundred and twenty-four of the young men and one of the professors—Currier—laid down their books, took up their muskets and went to the front. How well I remember the morning of April 14, 1861, when we learned that Sumter had been fired on, and the prayer of President Gunn at chapel exercises that morning! I can see that noble woman, Mrs. Stoddard, as she sat on the platform, with the tears streaming down her face.

While I felt it was my duty to enlist in the services of my country, still I was anxious to remain at school. I could not decide the question myself, so I went to Mrs. Stoddard, in whom I had the utmost confidence, and told her my feelings in regard to the matter, and I distinctly remember what she said to me. Her advice was, "Don't be in a hurry, John; there are plenty who are willing to go to fill all calls so far made." I took her advice and remained until the close of the school year of 1862. At the end of that year, when I bade her good-by, I said to her, "I will not be here

next year; I must go to the 'front' with the rest of the boys." Her response was, "The country now needs your services; go, and may God bless you and permit you to return."

When the war closed and I was on my way home in the spring of 1866, I stopped at the University to visit my brother and other old friends, without any expectation of entering the school again. The next day I met Mrs. Stoddard; she gave me a warm welcome, and then said: "Well, you are coming back to school, of course." I said: "No, I am getting too old." Her reply was: "Not a bit of it;" and then she said, "You asked my advice before you went to the army, and I am going to give you some advice now without your asking for it. Go home and visit your people, then come back to college, and you will never regret having followed my advice a second time." I told her I would give the matter due consideration, but at the same time I had no idea I would return. I did go home and visit my people, and in a few days idleness became a burden to me. I submitted the question to my mother and told her the advice Mrs. Stoddard had given me, and she said: "I believe that is the very best thing you can do." The next day I gathered up my books and went back to the University. When I saw Mrs. Stoddard she remarked, "Well, I see you have concluded to take my advice again," and, as she well said, I have never regretted having done so. I have always regarded this as a favorable turning-point in my life. Her counsel and advice have been of inestimable value to me, as they have been to many others. Her whole soul was in her work; she lived to benefit and bless others.

I had not met her since I left the University until the summer of 1889. I was attending the Chautauquan Assembly at Colfax. On "Recognition Day," to my great surprise, she appeared as a member of that year and received her diploma.

As a teacher she loved her work, and inspired her pupils to the greatest efforts. While firm, she was impartial, kind, and affectionate, and invariably won the esteem and love of her pupils.

Hoping you may be inspired by the noble work you have undertaken, I remain your friend and classmate,

JOHN W. HARVEY.

FLORIS, IOWA.

The name of Mrs. Stoddard is very dear to me, as I am sure it is to all the old students. She is "one among a thousand." To know her is to love her, and to-day Old Central is in need of just such a guiding hand among the girls. They need her influence.

In the first place, she was a great reader of human nature; she read the character of each student and dealt with her accordingly. While she was

not stern, she was always firm and had the interest of each student as much at heart as if he had been one of her own family.

I think her "Friday afternoon" talks with the girls had much to do with her success. I know, personally, they were a great help to me, and I cannot say too much in her praise.

She always knew where the girls were and what they were doing, but she never seemed to be watching them.

I lived with her in her home, and she was always the same dear, loving character that we met day by day in the school-room. She was more than a mother to me, and I am proud to-day to be called her friend.

Wishing you great success in your undertaking, I am,

Your friend always,

MOLLIE SWEENEY BRIGGS.

KNOXVILLE, IOWA.

I am glad to know that you are writing a biography of Mrs. Stoddard. I was a student in the College in Pella, in 1858 and 1859, and it was my good fortune to be in one of Mrs. Stoddard's classes. We studied Cutler's Physiology. The class was composed of the following students, whom it will interest you to hear named over: H. F. Bousquet, Henry Morgan, Eliza Ritner, Hattie Eastman, Miss Osborn, Mr. Osborn, my brothers John and Joseph, and myself. Mrs. Stoddard gave instruction to our great satisfaction and benefit. I was prejudiced against women teachers when I went into the class, but I was well satisfied that she knew her business when the close of the term came.

Again in 1860-61 I was a student at Old Central; I was again in a class under Mrs. Stoddard's direction. In our history class were Sarah Sumner, Lydia Davenport, W. H. Barker, W. H. Sumner, H. H. Davenport, and myself. At the end of the term we all passed a good examination, thanks to our teacher's efforts.

I think Mrs. Stoddard is one of God's noblest women; she is painstaking, patient, kind, and true to her calling. As a teacher she was firm, positive, yet lovable.

She was, and is, an unusual woman.

E. B. RUCKMAN.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

I am delighted that you are to publicly recognize the eminent services which our dear Mrs. Stoddard has rendered the students of Central University. While I was too young to enjoy the advantages afforded by her as a teacher, yet indirectly I was benefited through my sister Edie, who was a life-long admirer of this gifted woman (the woman as well as

the instructor), and if she were here to-day, nothing would afford her more pleasure than to add her words of praise and gratitude.

I assure you I am most happy to be able to eulogize her while she is yet among the living. Dear, grand woman, her influence will extend to many generations. What a pity such beautiful and useful lives cannot remain with us forever.

I always have felt that I had her hearty sympathy and "God speed you, daughter," in the practice of my profession.

May her remaining days be more beautiful than ever, and may her heart be warmed by our words of praise.

Most sincerely,

ELEANOR STALLARD DAILEY.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Your letter asking me for reminiscences of Mrs. Stoddard and the "Old College" came to-day. It is good of you to get up such a volume as you propose, in honor of Mrs. Stoddard, and every student of long ago will be your debtor.

I never was in any of Mrs. Stoddard's classes, and never met her except in the most infrequent and casual way. Therefore I cannot, from personal experience, add anything to the flood of testimonials to her worth and influence which will, no doubt, pour in upon you from her former pupils. They are the persons to speak for her, and that they will do it, no one who knows her standing with them as I know it can doubt.

But of the Old College itself, your letter calls up reminiscences and memory-painted pictures, just such as you would expect from an old fellow when reminded of his school-days almost forty years past. Such suggestions to an elderly man bring trooping with them recollections of his youth, his hopes, his loves. Let us trust he cannot, through the mist of forty years, see any hardship, or jealousy, or ill-will, or anything else that tends to mar the picture memory calls up before him. The beauty and softness are all there—but the harsh angularities are painted out by the brush of time. There is, on the canvas before me, youth and beauty, hope and love, surrounded by such a halo and haze as the setting sun spreads over nature's canvas. You have read the essays of that great American, George William Curtis, who, calling himself the "Easy Chair," discourses of life as it unrolls itself in the reveries of one who has seen much, thought much, and, as the day declines, calls up the morning of his youth. How we sympathize with him when he reminds us that in these degenerate days, no one can sing as did the sweet songsters of our youth, none so brave, so generous and manly as the friends of our youth, no love so sweet, and no girls so charming as those who blessed our youth.



GROUP NINETEEN.

And as I sit here in my dull office, this dull, foggy evening, I forget the present, and that life is hard and toil constant, but am flooded with the sunshine of happy memories. Around me again are the brave boys and lovely girls, the noble teachers, and a host of friends of long ago.

Oh! there never were such fine teachers as ours; there never were such boys and girls. No, never!

It was in the winter of 1855-56 that my memories of the Old College begin. A poor lad, with hands coarse from toil, with patched trousers, without overcoat or mittens, shy, awkward, proud, found welcome, warmth, a friend as well as teacher, companionship and sympathy.

Mr. Scarff presided in a brick building, west of Garden Square, on the street or road leading out of town towards Des Moines.

Louise Bookenoogan—God bless her!—was there. So was Sylvia Sperry, witty and bright, and Andrew Sperry, the Bousquet boys, the Morgan boys, Jesse Curtis, Sylvester Howell, and that glorious creature, Gertrude Robinson. Jane and Barbara Jenkins lived in Pella at that time, but I do not recollect them in connection with the school until subsequently. Becky and Tillie Towne, the sweetest-tempered of girls, I do not recollect till later, but think they were there.

There were others there too who deserve mention, but why should I make out a catalogue of fine boys and pretty girls!

Before the frightfully cold winter of 1856-57 came on, a couple of rooms in the present college building were completed. In the summer, too, of 1857, a little tow-headed young man made his appearance in Pella, who, despite his white head and small size, quickly became the life and soul of the College. He had more vigor, more teaching capacity, more influence over young minds, than any man I have ever met. He was an inspiration. He was an ideal. May all the blessings of our Father above rest upon him. I owe more to him than to any other man, and I am glad of this opportunity of acknowledging my debt. He stimulated, he infused ambition. He loaned me books, and from his pitiful salary, loaned me money. Again I say, may the blessings of Heaven rest upon him. He deserves them. His position and honors have been well earned.

It is not necessary to mention his name. Every student of the old time knows him, and I doubt not, applauds my expressions.*

But, returning to the fearful winter of 1856-57 and the completed rooms in the college building. We had lots of fun that winter. The boy, thinly clad as ever, spent a few happy weeks. I think Dr. Scarff, handsome, reticent, beloved, did not teach much that winter. I suppose the students of later years can hardly realize the erect, handsome, black-haired young man we old ones knew as Dr. Scarff.

Of the students, there were present practically the same as we had

* Professor Currier.

the winter before. Andrew Sperry did not, I believe, attend while I was there. This winter, I first remember Minerva Prentis and her brightness of wit. Mattie Fulton, too, just too pretty and sweet for anything. Like the preceding winter, a few weeks was all the boy could get at school. But the next winter, the lad got there in November, when he found quite a change. A Mr. Hornish, of Keokuk, had subscribed \$10,000 to the College. What an immense sum! It seemed larger to us unsophisticated Westerners than a million given nowadays. How high the hopes aroused by this gift! Our people really thought it would found a college. Financial stress overtook Mr. Hornish, and he was unable, with his \$10,000, to found a great University. He however paid the interest for a time. On account of this subscription, Dr. Gunn was transferred from the pastorate of the Keokuk Church to the Presidency of our College.

He too was then young, eloquent, and most devout. He and Professor Currier made a good team.

To the students there were very considerable accessions. Among others, Job and Hattie Eastman, Casset, Arnold, Roe, Alonzo Keables, and the Ritners, Ike, Eliza, Susan, Lucetta, and a host of little Ritners. You didn't know Lucetta Ritner. How well I remember her round, pretty face and laughing eyes! Death withered that lovely flower before the year was out. You did know Becky Kelsey, no doubt. But, wasn't she a beauty? During the year, we had Stuart, the Whitneys, and others. About the first of December, among other accessions, we all recognized a decided addition in the coming of Andrew and Mary Craven. I can see them yet as they came walking up to the College building, one snowy Monday morning, with Isaac and Eliza Ritner. Within a week, I had surrendered to the young lady, and have been led in chains ever since. I don't believe that, in these degenerate days, youngsters fall in love as they did in my time.

Didn't we youngsters take headers in those days! Over head and ears did you say? That doesn't express it. We plunged head first into an *ocean!*

Don't talk to me, young folks. You don't know anything about it. If you had lived in the Wild West forty years ago, then you would have an idea of what it is to fall in love. If you had lived in those days, young man, and your sweetheart's dress had brushed against you as she passed, you would have felt a thrill from the crown of your head to the end of your big toe. But in this age, you are *blasé* before your time.

You have never felt the rush and the tempest of the blood that comes to vigorous, healthy young manhood as they did in those days of old. But it is time for the old man to brush aside the picture his memory recalls and go home. If I should go on at this rate, it would take half of your book to tell of this year alone. There are lots of incidents. To me, it

was the most interesting of all my school experience. Then came 1858-59. But as my stay that year was only three or four weeks, I remember but little about it. It was in 1859-60 that a lot of us were expelled or suspended for going to a forbidden party. Then in 1861 came the Rebellion and the appeal to arms. Is it to be imagined that such sturdy young manhood as was gathered there at our little College in 1861 would fail to respond, heart and soul, to their country's call? Then young blood did thrill and tingle at the disgrace to our flag. I don't suppose that up to that time we thought much about our country or its flag, but when Sumter fell, the country gave a great gasp of amazement and shock. Then we pulled ourselves together, as it were, and made a mighty resolve, which was kept faithfully. How earnestly the young manhood and womanhood of our little college mother helped the keeping of that resolve is too long a tale to tell. So I brush away the picture from before me and return to the duties of the hour.

Sincerely yours,

WARREN OLNEY.

WALLA WALLA, WASH.

You ask for reminiscences of school and army days. I am many hundred miles from the journals kept in those times, and without their aid, details will be impossible.

Of Mrs. Stoddard, I have the most sincere feeling of good will and respect. This sentiment has been strengthened by the oft-repeated testimony of my wife, who was a pupil and neighbor of Mrs. Stoddard's for several years. She never tired of recounting the good qualities of her old teacher to her daughters and others. She was held up as a model woman, teacher, and mother. Among her virtues were a dignified bearing, unruffled temper, a faithful discharge of known duties, and loyalty to her convictions of right.

She was mother as well as instructor to the young ladies, and carefully noted their deportment, language, dress, and "manners," always advising wisely. The knowledge we possessed of her labors in a foreign mission field, with her good husband, intensified our regard for her.

Professor Currier was much better known to me than Mrs. Stoddard. It was he, with President Gunn, who welcomed me when I entered the ranks of "Old Central University" when a green boy from the backwoods. He cleared away difficulties that arose before the student when struggling with poverty, mental sluggishness, diffidence, and discouragements. He even shared his purse and bed with those needing help. He was a wise and willing counsellor, ever watchful against evil tendencies, always manifesting a lively interest in the physical, mental, and moral development of the students, and was severely loyal to the trust he accepted from parents in the care and training of their children. His authority was

exercised with that mildness that disarmed resentment and a firmness that inspired respect and a yielding obedience.

At the same time, the students failed not to have fun at his expense. A nearly proverbial expression among them was that "he required two suits of clothes to enable him to make a shadow." He was, however, suspected of having a heart of flesh and susceptible to wounds from Cupid's arrows.

I venture to say that all of us would, with more than ordinary pleasure, grasp his hand and look into his face, renewing the acquaintance of one who was a friend, guide, and benefactor, that too when it cost many sacrifices on his part.

Dr. E. H. Scarff, as teacher and preacher, was a familiar figure entering and leaving the College building, sitting on the platform at chapel exercises and in the pulpit. I knew him best as the preacher and spiritual leader of the time, never having recited to him in school. His earnest, logical, and loving presentations of the Gospel truths are all before me as a distinctly outlined picture. He was loved and honored by all who knew best the inner life of the man. He was "on crutches" the last year of his labors at Pella.

I can only wish all three of these friends long and happy lives, and, as we in the army marched and sang of John Brown, "may their souls," the widening stream of influence set in motion by them, "go marching on." In the latter part of May, 1861, eighteen students marched from the College campus to defend their country's honor and to help put down the Rebellion. Of these, Warren Olney and Sylvester Howell were nearer to me than any others, although twelve of us "messed," slept in one tent, held family prayers, for many months. "Ves" and I bunked together, and on the march shared our blankets. But one cold night in the winter of 1861 and 1862, on the North Missouri River, while on a forced march, the ground covered with snow and ice and a cold wind blowing, we agreed to pool blankets with Warren. When our bed was made, the place next to the fire was at a premium, so we located ourselves by "drawing straws." We talked, read, and sang much together. The voices of Howell and Olney averaged charmingly. Howell sang a fine bass and Olney carried the air. Emery Sperry and Olney became adepts at foraging, the writer was a fair cook, and Howell smiled softly and helped empty the "mess" kettle. Camped in the mud and rain at Pittsburg Landing, Tenn., on April 6, 1862, "we four" made ready to go to the 8th Iowa camp to hear the preaching, and to see Professor Currier, "Dave" and "Bob" Ryan, members of that regiment. But the "long roll" and the "sound of battle" gave us other work for the whole day, the Confederate generals paying no heed to our desire to attend church. While at the "Hornet's Nest," Sperry lost a leg, and during the day, two others were wounded.

It is known that the 8th Iowa boys made good soldiers and received merited promotion, and the attenuated "Currier," and the "big all over" Ryan brothers had their share. Mrs. Stuart was with me in the army nearly one year, showing courage when the "picket lines" were attacked, preparing for flight or fight. She was efficient in caring for the sick, instructing soldiers in the studies which some of them were pursuing, and in making camp-life more pleasant for those about her. She was always loyal to her Alma Mater, her country, and her God.

Very truly yours,

W. A. STUART.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Iowa Central University! what a flood of memories that name recalls! Your father and my father were certainly entitled to rank among its founders, and I suppose I was one of the first crop of students—or nearly the first, at any rate—having begun to attend when it occupied one room in a brick building at the west end of Pella. Among the students at that time I remember Herman Bousquet, Jonas Earle, Belle Miller, Louisa Bookenoogan, Gertrude Robinson, and Rebecca and Tillie Towne. There were others also, perhaps fifty or sixty of them, but just now, after the lapse of some thirty-three or four years, I cannot recall their names.

At that time Professor Scarff was the entire "faculty" of the University, and I was the *entire Latin class*.

Oh! how the winter winds did blow, and the winter snows did fly, and how beautiful were the springs and summers and the girls, in those bright, youthful days.

Afterward came greater things. Professor Cory was added to the faculty, and took charge of an upper room in the same building. The next step in the march of improvements was when the College building was partially completed, so that school occupied a part of it. Then—if my recollection is right—came other students: your brother Sylvester, E. R. Cassett, Jesse Curtis, Hampson, Arnold, the Misses Ritner, Fannie Barker, and many others.

Somewhere about this time too, Professor A. N. Currier was added to the force. Under this *régime*, however, poverty did not permit me long to stay. Going to school a few months, then teaching elsewhere a few months, and going to other parts of the State occasionally, left me with a somewhat churned-up recollection of these days; but if I could just catch one of the old students of that time and fasten him down here by me now, how I would question him, and ask him what he remembered, and overwhelm him with memories of little incidents long years ago forgotten!

Well, by and by came the war, and it pretty nearly wrecked the University for a while. I have been told that, in one of the rooms of the

University now is a marble tablet, inscribed with the names of the young heroes who went from it at the call of their country and never returned. Honor and love to their memory—and love and honor more and more as the years go by forever!

The last time I was in the University building was far from being a sad occasion for me. It was just one month from the day when I returned from the war, and I had attended church in the chapel with the lady who had, that morning, become my wife. Dr. Scarff preached, and I noticed that he did not tremble then half as much as he did some two hours before, when he married us.

With best wishes for the success of your book, and kindest regards,
Sincerely,

A. F. SPERRY.

KNOXVILLE, IOWA.

When I hear old students tell of Mrs. Stoddard's excellence as a teacher in Central University, I wish that I might have sat under her instruction. When I was a student she was not a member of the faculty, but her influence and individuality still pervaded the entire school. She, by those little attentions which make one feel at home, was a mother to every new and bashful student.

It is with much pleasure I recall her invitation to a Thanksgiving dinner my first year in school. I was her guest, not because I was her special friend, but because her big-heartedness and her love for the boys and girls who strove to improve themselves prompted her to show us these kindnesses. I am only one of many who were the recipients of her gracious favor. Hundreds call her blessed and will cherish her memory as sacred. She was never too busy nor too tired to advise with a student as to his best course to pursue.

Her interest in the Institution has never seemed to wane; not even when the black clouds of adversity gathered over "Central" and threatened her destruction. The clouds were dispelled; the sky is now clearer, and Mrs. Stoddard still loves and labors for the University, which is doing a grand and noble work.

MANDELIA HARSIN.

ATLANTIC, IOWA.

In the spring of 1857 I had my first introduction to the classical city of Pella, with its odd, low houses standing in stiff, straight rows, the white walls adorned by white-headed children playing about them. The thatched roofs were a great curiosity, the wooden shoes another; the dialect spoken finished up the novelty of this city of "Refuge." To a child of fifteen years, what more dreadful than not to understand what

people were talking about. I soon found that they were all eager to learn English, and almost all could talk more or less. We lived on a farm seven miles north of Pella, and I was content and happy with all but the schools of our new home. One summer day when I was about sixteen years old I happened to be left in charge of the home; myself and a large mastiff were amusing ourselves on the doorstep, when a soft-voiced, pleasant-spoken man came in at the gate. It was Prof. A. N. Currier. He was hot and dusty and looked tired; I hastened to bring him a chair, and he asked me for a glass of milk. I was pleased with his face and invited him in to partake of a bowl of bread and milk. While eating it he talked with me of the school and invited me to come to Pella to college the ensuing winter. It was just what I wanted, and I decided to ask father about it very soon. In order that I should not forget, the next week a carriage drove up to the door and a lady with two lovely girls called to me a pleasant greeting, and asked me if I would give the children a glass of milk, telling me that she was Mrs. Stoddard, principal of the Ladies' Department of the College at Pella, and she would be delighted to have me as a pupil. I fell in love with dear Mrs. Stoddard then and there. I wish I could describe her as she was then; she had one of the sweetest, noblest faces, not only fair to look upon but so full of intellect. The soft, creamy, India silk dress which she wore then, in memory, is the one dress she always wore. To me it seems a part of her. In no other was she so attractive, and in those days Mrs. Stoddard was a very beautiful woman (and she is now, to all her girls). So many sons and daughters have carried out from the College walls a memory of her words and influence that give her a mother's place, and has helped to shape their lives through all the long years since they have seen her face or trod the paths of the old school Campus. She was a mother as well as teacher to each one of her girls, as I soon found, when in 1859 I went to her house to board and attended school at Central. Her own children were small, but they studied methodically, and they were well trained, and knew when study hour came as well as any of us. My room-mate, Emma Neal, and I used often to wonder what she would do if they were such teases as many little ones; we never found that out, however; all the mischief brewed was reserved for older heads and hands, and with them Mrs. Stoddard was reasonably patient. I look back now and recall the girls and boys of that time and the way she managed and controlled those turbulent spirits, getting the best from raw material, and through all holding their love and respect, even when reproving them. I recall so vividly in one of her Friday afternoon talks about Commencement time, she urged us all to wear calico dresses for the examinations. Very many did so in sympathy with her idea that many bright children were kept from school for lack of means to dress expensively, and their foolish pride would not let them wear

plain clothes while others with whom they came in contact dressed richly. Her influence was exerted so strongly in this direction that in my time a good calico dress was elaborate enough for the Friday afternoon exercises, and that was the "state" occasion of the week. Then Mrs. Stoddard with her knitting always sat up in the front, and the flash of her needles suggested to any of us who had forgotten it that we were expected to have our fingers busy while we were being entertained. This freak of industry did not please some of the boys, and on one occasion, at the close of a long essay on "Industry" in general, one of them concluded with these memorable words, "Now, boys, out with your knitting and show the girls how industrious you can be," whereupon there was a great commotion on the boys' side of the room, and to Mrs. Stoddard's amazement, some of her best boys took out their balls of yarn and knitting needles. For a few moments the industry of the room was surprising. Then Dr. Gunn arose, and, with one of his broad smiles, remarked in a rather shaky voice, "The young gentlemen can be excused from further labor for this day, and the young ladies also may put away their work and give their attention to the literary exercises."

The winter of 1860-61 was a memorable one in the school; the Chapel was crowded with pupils. Prof. Currier, Dr. Gunn, and Mrs. Stoddard were the leading spirits, and the ranks of boys and girls in the old halls were well worth seeing, but the call "to arms" was to them as the gathering of the clans. Old Central sent out all her able-bodied young men with one of her professors to lead them, and we girls were left disconsolate. Many of the girls left the school, never to return, and of the boys very many of them fill unknown graves on Southern soil. While the boys were facing fearful odds in the South, the girls tried to keep up one another's spirits as best they could, and in spite of Mrs. Stoddard there was mischief in the air. I often think that the war coming on and taking the boys into the field direct from their studies had much to do with the many school "matches" in those days, as many of the boys came home to marry their "best girls" in the near future. Others came not at all. On the marble slab in the College Chapel are many names that stood high on the roll of honor in the school-days. Mrs. Stoddard mourns for her boys with true mother love, and we all stand sorrowfully before that list of noble names on the marble slab.

"On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And angels keep with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

MARY FISHER CURTIS.

MILLER, S. D.

I have wandered away from my father's house where there is plenty and to spare, and have been feeding upon the husks of the Great American Desert for over a decade, but I am still proud of my native State and still prouder of my Alma Mater and her galaxy of noble workers and servants, among them that splendid mother in Israel, Mrs. Ira Joy Stoddard. Make such use of this picture, for her dear sake, as you see best.

I have the pleasure and honor to be,

Very truly yours,

J. H. COLE.

CHAPTER XVI

CENTRAL COLLEGE—FORTY-SIXTH YEAR

(Incorporated as "Central University of Iowa;" Pella, Marion County, Iowa.)

CALENDAR FOR 1898-1899

Fall Term, fourteen weeks, begins September 14th, ends December 23d.

Winter Term, twelve weeks, begins January 3, 1899, ends March 31st.

Spring Term, eleven weeks, begins April 2d, ends June 18th.
Commencement, June 18th to 22d.

LOCATION

Pella is located on the Des Moines Valley Division of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad, about fifty miles southeast of Des Moines, Iowa. By consulting connections with the Iowa Central and Burlington and Northwestern Railroads at Oskaloosa, Iowa; the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, and Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroads at Ottumwa, Iowa, students from North, East, and South will find easy access to the place. The Wabash Railroad is four miles distant (station named Howell), and by daily stage from Durham, Iowa, connections are made for the Southwest by the Burlington Railway.

Iowa Central University is located in a quiet city of some three thousand inhabitants, in one of the most beautiful and productive sections of the State. There are good churches and social privileges, students being cordially welcomed to the homes of the people. The inhabitants value highly the Col-



lege, and have generously supported it with gifts and patronage. Those who prefer a quiet place for their children appreciate the high moral and religious life of the community. Without question the citizens will liberally support a general effort to increase the endowment and efficiency of the School.

FACULTY (1898-1899)

Arthur Billings Chaffee, President and Professor of Mental and Social Philosophy. (A.B., Princeton University, 1876; A.M., Princeton University, 1879; Rochester Theological Seminary, 1876-1879; Professor of Latin Language and Literature, Franklin College, Indiana, 1879-1888; Professor of Chemistry and Physics, Franklin College, 1888-1889; pastor at Seymour and South Bend, Indiana, 1889-1896; Franklin College, 1894; student in Sociology, University of Chicago, 1895; President Central University of Iowa, 1896.)

Emanuel Hengstenberg Scarff, Emeritus Professor of Mathematics. (A.B., Denison University, 1847; A.M., *ib.*, 1850; D.D., *ib.*, 1875; graduate Colgate University, theological course, 1850; President Judson College, 1850-1852; pastor at West Jefferson, Ohio; Delphi, Indiana, and Pella, Iowa; Professor of Mathematics, Central University, 1854-1878; Emeritus, 1878.)

Kate Frances Keables, Professor of Latin Language and Literature. (A.B., Central University, 1878; student in Chicago School of Music, 1881; Professor of Music, Central University, 1882-1884; Professor of Latin, Central University, 1884; graduate student, University of Chicago, 1897.)

William Williamson Cook, Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy. (A.B., Central University, 1884; A.M., *ib.*, 1887; Professor of Mathematics, Central University, 1890.)

Asa Bee Bush, Professor of Greek Language and Literature. (A.B., University of West Virginia, 1885; A.M., *ib.*, 1888; Instructor of Ancient Languages, University of West Virginia, 1884-1886; Principal Shepherd College, State Nor-

mal School, 1886-1892; Professor of Mathematics, Southwest Baptist College, 1892-1894; President Walton College, 1894-1895; President Southwest Baptist College, 1895-1897; Ph.D., Southwest Baptist College, 1898.)

Martha Firth, Professor of History and English. (Ph.B., Central University, 1893; graduate student, University of Chicago, 1897; Professor of History and English, 1894.)

Jennie Kuyper, Instructor in Latin. (Ph.B., Central University, 1893.)

Charles Lebbeus Custer, Instructor of Biblical History and Registrar. (A.B., Central University, 1898; student at William Jewell, 1880-1881; Instructor in Des Moines College, 1882-1883.)

Charles Webber Aikens, Physical Director and Instructor. (Ph.B., Central University, 1895; graduate student, Michigan University, 1896; Physical Director, Central University, 1897.)

William Albert Young, Instructor in French and German Languages. (A.B., Central University, 1898; student, University of Chicago, 1897; graduate student, University of Chicago, 1898.)

Wilford O. Clure, Instructor in Elocution.

A. P. Kuyper, Instructor in Music.

Mrs. Henry P. Scholte, Instructor in Painting and Drawing.

John B. Hamilton, Instructor in Shorthand and Type-writing.

EQUIPMENT

The Campus is an elevated plateau of eight acres, surrounded by broad streets, and finely ornamented with large trees. A large open space in the east part of the Campus affords room for field sports.

The main building is of brick, three stories above the basement. It is adapted to the general work of class-room instruction.

Cotton Hall is for young ladies. The rooms, neatly furnished and well ventilated, provide accommodations for thirty people. The dining-hall will seat seventy-five.

The new building is in process of erection. It is an imposing brick structure of three stories, and will contain gymnasium, chapel, library, bath and recitation rooms.

The library of about four thousand volumes is growing with the advance of the institution. New books and current periodicals keep the students abreast of the times. The reading-room is liberally provided with daily and weekly newspapers, magazines, and periodicals.

The laboratories contain, as adjuncts to the work of instruction, astronomical, physical, chemical, and biological apparatus, maps, globes, charts, etc.

The cabinet, while not large, contains several hundred specimens of minerals and natural products; and is a growing addition to the work in geology and mineralogy.

DEPARTMENTS

1. Central College offers a four years' course leading to the degrees of A.B., Ph.B., B.S., Th.B.

The work done in the College has an honorable recognition by the University of Chicago, Rochester Theological Seminary, and elsewhere. The especial attention of pastors is called to the Th.B. course, as offering a good training for those unable to spend a longer time in preparation.

2. Central Academy, offering courses of four years each in preparatory studies for Central College.

In the four years everything needful is offered for entrance to any college in Iowa.

3. Teachers' Course, providing studies especially adapted to teachers and general students; arranged and designed to prepare teachers thoroughly for their duties. The students of this course enjoy all the benefits of complete class-room training. Emphasis is laid upon the need of the

right qualification of heart as well as the head for the teachers' course.

4. Commercial Course, giving instruction in practical business law and methods; with advantages of stenography and typewriting. This course is not an experiment; and with each year is growing in favor. The studies in this course are: book-keeping, business writing and spelling, arithmetic, grammar, business law, actual business, political economy, stenography, and typewriting. Opportunity is given to study the modern languages and other advanced studies.

5. Music Course, a systematic course of three years' training, under competent instructors.

6. Art Course, furnishing abundant opportunity for accomplishment in water-color, oil-painting, sketching, china, fabric work, etc.

7. Oratory and Physical Culture. The latest results of specialists in this line of work are employed.

ORGANIZATIONS

LITERARY SOCIETIES

The Philomathian (for young gentlemen), the Alethian (for young ladies), and the Advance (for both sexes) societies meet weekly and carry out programmes of literary work. All their exercises are under the direct supervision and criticism of the faculty. Every student is required to do literary work, either as a member of one of the societies or before the faculty.

CHRISTIAN SOCIETIES

These organizations hold regular meetings and exercise a healthful influence over the spiritual interests of the students. The associations conduct Bible classes, covering six years, of one hour per week, excepting the sixth year.

The associations maintain a course of first-class lectures and entertainments; and the best talent has appeared in Pella.

ORATORICAL ASSOCIATIONS

The College Oratorical Contest Association, connected with the State Oratorical Association, has a preliminary contest during the fall term of each year. The successful contestant represents the university in the intercollegiate contest. The work is an original oration of acknowledged merit; and the contestants must have a satisfactory rating in their literary work.

The Academic Oratorical Contest Association, held every term, is confined to academic students; and the work is declamation. The contestants must be good students in regular classes. Three prizes are given at each contest.

EXPENSES (PER TERM)

Collegiate Department.....	\$8.00
Academic	7.00
Incidental Fee.....	4.00
Library Fee.....	.50
Music	12.00
Rent of Piano, per term (one hour daily).....	1.00

Ministerial and missionary students approved by their churches pay two dollars tuition and four dollars and a half, including library fees.

Ministers' wives and children pay two dollars less for tuition and four dollars and a half, including library fees.

ROOMS AND BOARD

Rooms in Cotton Boarding Hall are thirty to forty cents per week for each student. The board in the Hall per week is one dollar and seventy-five cents.

The rooms in Cotton Hall are furnished with all necessary articles except bed clothing and towels.

The rates in private homes do not vary much from those given.

A BEAUTIFUL LIFE

*Minimum and maximum estimate of necessary expenses for a year
of thirty-six weeks.*

College Bills.....	from	\$33.50	to	\$40.00
Board and Room.....	from	86.00	to	100.00
Washing	from	9.00	to	15.00
Books	from	5.00	to	15.00
Total.....	from	\$134.00	to	\$170.00

Many students, by strict economy, bring their expenses below one hundred dollars for the year.

CENTRAL'S STATUS

RANK.—Listed among the first-class colleges of Iowa.

DEPARTMENTS

Preparatory.....	Three Years.
College.....	Four Years.
Theological	Two Years.
Normal.....	Three and Five Years.
Music.....	Three Years.
Business.....	Two Years.
Oratory and Physical Culture.....	Two Years.
Art.....	By the Term.

FINANCES

Assets.

Main Campus.....	\$15,000
Recitation Building.....	10,000
Cotton Hall.....	8,000
New Y. M. C. A. Building.....	15,000—\$48,000
Endowment (interest bearing).....	23,000
Endowment (non-productive).....	3,000— 26,000
Library and Apparatus.....	5,000
Notes of doubtful value.....	10,000
	\$89,000





Anna Howell Clark

Liabilities.

Orders for Salaries (about).....	\$6,000
Current Expenses.....	4,000

ATTENDANCE DURING 1897-1898

Two hundred; about one-third women.

NEEDS

Biological Apparatus....	from \$50.00 to \$1,000 (endowment)
Chemistry	from 50.00 to 1,000 (endowment)
Physics	from 100.00 to 2,000 (endowment)
Library	from 100.00 to 5,000 (endowment)
Advertising Fund.....	50
To complete new building.....	1,500

The pressing need is an adequate endowment of \$100,000. There is an absolute demand for \$25,000 at once.

LETTER TO "CENTRAL'S" ALUMNI.*

In the nature of things anything in the way of autobiography must lack in the modest qualities that are so charming, as they call the writer into a prominence from which there is no shelter. I would much prefer being served by a fond and partial friend, who would be "to my virtues ever kind, and my faults a little blind."

But to prove my obedience and desire to be still a mild and tractable member of the "Central" sisterhood, I will, as best I can, give a report of myself in these latter days, and an account of the "ups and downs" of my college life.

I entered Central University in September, 1862. I was fifteen years of age, but knew absolutely nothing of systematic work. Hampered by frail health, I had never been able to complete a term's work. I regularly entered and as regularly fell by the way. Some of you remember the wisp of a girl who looked so good-for-nothing and was more good-for-nothing than she looked.

As we fall into the sere and yellow leaf, our friends are prone, when we

* Printed here by request. Written in 1897 by "order" of the Alumni Committee, which is requesting, each year, autobiographical sketches of old students of the college.

mention telling dates, to miscalculate our years on earth and burden us with more than we can endure. To save trouble in counting up, I will give a clear record. I was born in the year 1847, in the seventh month and on the seventh day of the month. I was graduated June 26, 1867, and was married on December 26th of the same year to James S. Clarkson, of Des Moines, Iowa.

The college classes were sparsely settled when I began my college work. There were only two or three young men in School and very few young women. All who were old enough were working at home. The war was in its second year, and the literary ranks were depleted to swell the number in the field.

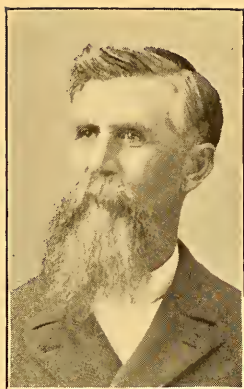
Before I had been in college a month, every man who had gone to war from Central University seemed like a brother to me. They were all strangers, but our cause was one, and I gave them my heart's affection.

At this time Dr. Scarff was Acting President of the College, and Mrs. Stoddard was the Principal of the Girls' Department. Professor Currier was away "soldiering." The Preparatory Department was in the majority; the upper classes were very small.

If I were asked my chief delight in school I would say, unhesitatingly, the music. The studies in the regular course were difficult and trying, and I hailed with joy the relaxation which the music gave.

Professor Cory, with his delightful personality, was one of my earliest friends. He and my brother Sylvester were inseparable. They, between them, undertook to teach me to sing scientifically and to read notes. When I had made a little progress, Mrs. Cory came in to form a quartette. We used the old "Cythara" which was out of date before I was born. The first selection we practised was the anthem "I Was Glad." It opened with strident measure. With my young soprano voice I launched out on the first line, "I was glad;" Mrs. Cory, in rich contralto, came to my aid, and in full round tones sang "I was glad;" Professor Cory, in joyous strain, sailed away on a high key and proclaimed that he was glad; my brother, not to be outdone, in deep-sounding bass in the middle of his chest, added his line, "I was glad." Then we all, perfectly satisfied with our solo performances, sang together: "I was glad when they said unto me;" and so on to the close.

Can I ever forget the happiness I found in the cantata "Queen Esther"? Miss Cleveland was the queen; Professor Cotton, "Ahasuerus, the King;" David Ryan impersonated Haman; and Professor Cory, "Mordecai, the Jew, who sat at the King's gates." It was some trouble for the erstwhile bland and handsome David to look his part, but he gradually assumed a murderous and piratical appearance that would have done credit to a Robin Hood.



GROUP TWENTY-ONE.

Professor Cotton took our troupe of warblers to Knoxville, Monroe, and Red Rock. We had designs on Oskaloosa and Newton, but the storm-gates opened and the flood came and we were soon a washed-out, worn-out, and drowned-out company of minstrels.

If my little Franklin stove, around which gathered so many girls during the school year, could speak, it would tell you who were my close and confidential friends. On its cheery little fender the dearest and best girls in the world have toasted their toes. Let me call my little roll. There were Mattie Payton and Sarah Sumner (what a help they were to me in mathematics!), Aristene Wells, Eliza Tupper, Annis and Emma Rudd, Fannie Barker, the four Towne girls, Louise Bookenoogan, Mattie Morgan, Maggie Keane, and merry Molly Sweeney. My paper is not long enough to name all the girls of whom I was fond, and who "came and went" in our home. Every student was made welcome by my father and mother (as in my father's home to-day).

The friend, par excellence, of my college days was Mrs. Stoddard. I honestly thought I was the one individual constantly in her mind, that she was absorbed in my interest alone, that my affairs and confidences must have kept her from sleeping. I had no idea that she cared for any one else particularly, and I almost pitied the other girls who were not so close in her affections. Now, brothers and sisters, I have learned by observation that this friend of our younger days was a monumental deceiver and double-dealer. Now I know that each and every one of you thought, as did I, that you were the best-beloved of the heart and the apple of the eye of this queen of diplomacy. Her infinite tact made lords and ladies of us all. There is a woman, my dears, who could have out-generalled Napoleon, who has more tact than had Récamier, a brain to be compared with Madame de Staël's, the piety and sweetness of Emily Judson, the courage of a pioneer mother, and a heart of molten gold that ran into every channel after her boys and girls.

Congratulate yourselves that "Drusilla Allen" came into this world for your benefit and mine, and that for so many years her loving care and guardianship have been vouchsafed the youth of our community.

A pleasant episode was the first tree-planting on the Campus. Dr. Scarff, the Ryan boys, Joel Deweese, and others procured the trees at Deacon Smith's. I was the only girl, as I remember, who planted her own tree. Most diligently I dug the hole, and, while some one steadied the tree, spread the roots, watered the tree thoroughly, and begged it to grow. And grow it did. It stands now, a big, fine sentinel, the second from the North Gate on the east side of the broad front walk.*

* The planting took place in the spring of 1866. Coming through Lincoln, Nebraska, the 26th of last month, I visited for an hour with Mr. Joel Deweese and Mr. Thomas Ryan and the latter's family. We talked over the planting and verified the above date.

The boys had the best of it in my college days. They had nothing to do but study and exercise. They would not even write essays or commit new orations, but would recite over and over again "Ye call me chief;" "I come not here to talk;" "The boy stood on the burning deck;" etc., etc. I fume now when I think how they slipped through, while the girls were so much more heavily burdened; we were obliged to read original essays every fortnight.

I enjoy my days of college work now more than I did when I was in the harness. I have almost forgotten the long nights of study, the uncanny early hours, the deep snows, the cold recitation-rooms, the breakfastless run for chapel, and the shiver of fear lest I should miss roll-call. Worst of all was the examination week. To this trial, as it existed in my days in Central, I am unalterably opposed. If a student's rank cannot be decided upon after the work of an entire term in the class-room, it can scarcely be determined in one or two days of public examination. This, in my later judgment, is a strain upon the nerves amounting to cruelty. The two weeks' vacation given in the spring I invariably spent in bed, utterly worn out with the wear and tear of examination week and the fear of having a poor "standing" read aloud before the entire community.

College work was a heavy tax upon me, as I was coping with those much stronger than myself in physical strength and mental training. I think I had mind enough to do the work, perhaps; but I had not time enough. I tried to do too much. When I was graduated I weighed but ninety-six pounds; I believe I would have evaporated in another six months. It took years to overcome the strain of the work, study, and exposure to cold, and to regain strength and elasticity. I mention this that you may be wise in time with your own boys and girls. Watch the physical strength, and the mental will take care of itself.

I cannot recall any work especially meritorious that I accomplished in college. When I think over the impressions made upon me by some of the Central girls, I know they must have been potent in influence. There was Mattie Payton whose beautiful, sad eyes told her heart's story, though her lips were always framing words of cheer for others. And Sarah Sumner! Was there ever such a spring of fun and joy as she possessed? I never saw her, even when she lay on a bed of agony, that her face was not all a-twinkle with merriment. When she met with the accident that nearly took her from us, and every heart quailed when helping to dress those fearful wounds, the plucky girl rallied us on our white lips and poked fun at our faint-heartedness. Was there ever a maiden surrounded by a purer atmosphere than the stately Aristene Wells? And what a high-minded girl was lovely Mollie Mitchell! There was Ella Keables—a perfect pocket edition of contentment and comfort. The Ryan sisters were all such *finé*, staunch girls. Their word was as good as their bond.

Who could fail to be stirred by the energy and enthusiasm of Eliza Tupper, or the strong, forceful character of Fannie Barker? There were hosts of girls who were good daughters at home and efficient in the class-room. Could there ever have been a more tender "mother-girl," or a brighter student, than Louise Bookenoogan?

The college was full of strong, brave characters in the sixties. For those were war times, and the best was called out. It was not a little hard to compete with "war-students," when they came home for the last two years of their course. They were strong, athletic men, full of experience, in haste to be off for their study of professions and active work in the world. I was the only girl in my class ('67).

We had some good intellectual drill in the old days—in our debating society. I remember, with a blush, the first time I arose to take part in a debate. I have often wondered if the presiding officer had the slightest idea which side I championed. I talked "for" and "against" in the most delightful confusion, without the faintest idea of the "question." It was a proud day for me when, later on, I sat in the President's chair. I needed all the dignity I could command, for the "boys" and "girls" were merciless on initiation day. David Ryan, in magnificent and impressive tones, covering a subdued chuckle, addressed me as "Mr. Speaker," and referred in "Capitol" tones to his "colleagues." John Morgan shifted himself from one foot to another in his easy way, and, with both hands in his pockets, looked me straight in the face and began his argument with "Honored Sir, I appeal to you and the gentlemen of the jury," etc., etc. I was on my mettle and did not smile, but my brain was active anent their time of trial.

A few memories have been awakened recently by letters from old classmates. Honorable John Harvey, who is now a stately judge, tells of the time when he and "Dave" Ryan (who also wears judicial robes) were boys together. He unburdens his heart by saying they "used to eat watermelons in the same patch;" but neglected to mention whose patch. This partial confession is a step in the right direction. I have no doubt that the citizens of their county are glad that those boys have grown up. Further confessions are in order.

We enjoyed stirring times when the railroad essayed to pass through Pella. One survey, and unfortunately the one selected, ran through the College grounds. This incensed every one connected with the University. Out of spite, the station was established a full mile from town, beyond sidewalks and well on the way to Oskaloosa, but the trains ran through our beloved domain, cutting the girls' recreation-ground through the middle, passing out of our northwest corner and on by Elder Elliott's front gate. It was a most insulting proceeding, and we vowed to get even. Almost by magic barrels of soft-soap made their appearance in the night

on the west side of the College. The tracks were liberally spread with this unctuous paste, and for many days we had the joy of seeing the engines puff and pant, and the wheels slip and slide, until the crew cleaned the rails and sanded them. We had to give up the fight finally. The railroad had too much sand and we had too little soap. The screaming of the engines, the blowing of the whistles, and the letting off of the steam almost broke up the school sessions. We threatened to tear up the track, but never did. Peace was proclaimed finally, and the trains slipped through the grounds slowly and quietly. The whole thing was an outrage, but we had to submit, and daily expected to see some of Elder Elliott's children mangled before our very eyes on their way to school.

I have done a good deal of studying since I left school. In fact, I am delving into some thing or other all the time. I do not make marked advance, but I keep alive, and know what is valuable when I see it. I select my friends carefully; and greatly enjoy the friendship and society of my elders and superiors. I find that nothing brings me such good results as digging for facts and writing upon them. There is no surer or speedier way to enrich the mind. The world is full of interest and wisdom, and there is no place to stop in the search for knowledge.

There are some affections which grow with time. I could not appreciate the quality of work which Central University was doing, until, with riper years, I had wisdom enough given me to know what it must have cost to sustain such an enterprise, not in funds and endowments alone, but in the wealth of energy, patience, and sacrifice, the daily drain of heart and soul, and the expenditure of vital force by those who stood at the helm. It is with the utmost gratitude that I learn of the rising interest of the old students, especially among those who are at hand and in touch with the everyday life of the school. *The University must live.* It has sprung from seed which will neither freeze out, drown out, starve, nor die out, and we must see that it is strengthened and nurtured; and lose no opportunity to foster its growth until it blossoms like a rose. We must each light a fagot of enthusiasm and hold it aloft until we shine like a city on a hill. The great Troy school—The Emma Willard Female Seminary—was restored to life and usefulness by its alumnae, led by Mrs. Russell Sage, who has shown the most splendid zeal and ability in its behalf. A strong alumni is a great force and can accomplish wonders when wisely directed and controlled.

It is a regret to me that I cannot meet with you this year. I leave this imperfect sketch, which has been written over rolling car-wheels, hoping it will, in some measure, be what you desire.

I clasp hands with you all and renew my pledge of fealty to thee and thine.
I am, with affection, Your college mate and friend, always,

ANNA HOWELL CLARKSON.



GROUP TWENTY-SEVEN.

CHAPTER XVII

MRS. EMMA WILLARD

"Hers was a mien of majesty; born to command, her will was law."

The Troy Female Seminary, where Mrs. Stoddard obtained her education, and from which she was graduated, was founded by Mrs. Emma Willard, a most remarkable woman.

Mrs. Willard—born Emma Hart—was the daughter of Samuel and Emma Hart, of Worthington Parish, Berlin Township, Connecticut. She was next to the youngest of seventeen children. Mr. Hart was in moderate circumstances, but possessed of New England thrift, which enabled him to take care of his large family comfortably.

The child Emma was born February 23, 1787, and was wonderfully strong and vigorous, physically and intellectually. The parents were full of intelligence, and reared their children on such literary diet as Chaucer and Milton.

Early in life Mrs. Willard began to develop a deep love for science, and moonlight nights would find her on the horse-block studying astronomy. Until her seventeenth year she attended the village school, leaving it to begin the work of teaching. She succeeded wonderfully at the latter, and decided to make it her life-work. In 1807 she went to Westfield; and later to Middlebury. At the latter place she met Dr. John Willard, and gave up teaching to become his wife.

Dr. Willard was twenty-eight years her senior. Theirs was a marriage of complete happiness and harmony.

In the financial crisis of 1812, Dr. Willard lost his fortune, and Mrs. Willard resumed her work, establishing in Middlebury a school for young women. Up to this time only light

sciences had been taught to girls. The curriculum she prepared was far in advance of anything yet offered them; and she soon had under her care as many as she could manage. She met with opposition, of course; but that was nothing to a woman of her firm resolution. Having only a meagre education (liberal for those times), she studied day and night preparing for her classes. She engaged Professor Amos Eaton of the Rensselaer Polytechnic School for Boys as her own tutor, and thus managed to keep ahead of those she was instructing. Mrs. Willard loved her work; and taught by original methods. In 1820 she graduated a class in geometry, and had to endure much unpleasant comment and criticism on account of her bold determination to give women all the mathematics they could master. Her Commencement exercises were most interesting occasions, and agitated the intellectual circles thereabouts not a little.

Mrs. Willard was the first woman to take a high stand for the intellectual improvement of young women. She opened the way and let in the light. Her courage and liberal-mindedness have justly rendered her famous.

The Quakers, in 1711, gave the girls equal privileges with the boys in educational matters in the schools chartered by William Penn in Pennsylvania. This was in the matter of common-school work only.

Dr. and Mrs. Willard decided to establish their school in Waterford, New York, and they advised with Governor De Witt Clinton as to their plans. The governor favored the enterprise, and a charter was given them by the State Legislature. Three years later, the citizens of Troy offered buildings and grounds, with the proviso that the Willards move their institution to that city. The offer was accepted, and the school began its work there with fine prospects.

At this time Mrs. Willard put into use her books, "Willard's History and Chronographer" and "Willard's and Woodbridge's Geography."

In 1825 the school suffered a great loss in the death of Dr.

Willard, but Mrs. Willard went bravely on with her work. John Willard, Jr., and his gifted wife had been with her for several years, and they supported her ably at this time.

In 1830 Emma Willard visited Europe to investigate school methods, and to perfect some work she had in hand. She became interested in the women of Greece, who had but little opportunity for improvement. Upon her return to America, she started a movement to educate the women of Athens on their own grounds, and fit them to be instructors. Surely the "wheel had gone round" when new America could offer learning to cultured Greece; and through the women of both countries. By selling her "Notes of Travel," she was enabled to dedicate a large sum for this ambitious and laudable work.

Mrs. Willard had marvellous methods and great success in Normal work. She trained her own teachers, and was exceedingly considerate to those who were without means of obtaining an education.

In 1847 Mrs. Willard transferred her mantle to the shoulders of John Willard and his wife, who were so fully capable of carrying out her ideas. Her strong, analytical mind, ever busy, turned to the study and research for which it had been longing. She delved into scientific matters, and soon attracted attention by her profound and scholarly conclusions. Her treatise on the "Circulation of the Blood" brought her well-earned fame. When sixty-two years of age she published a work on "Respiration and its Effects;" when sixty-five, a treatise on Astronomy.

An English gentleman found fault with Mrs. Willard for educating women so thoroughly, saying, "They would be spoiled for wives; no one would want them." She replied, "The finer their education, the sooner they marry, and I have great difficulty in keeping my teaching ranks full."

Mrs. Willard and Napoleon were contemporaries; and she and La Fayette were friends. He greatly admired her ability, and thought her account of the American Revolution in her "Uni-

versal History" remarkably good. La Fayette visited her school in Troy. When she went to France in 1830 he showed her every attention possible in the gay French capital.

In 1854 Mrs. Willard attended the "World's Educational Convention" held in London. She always evinced a lively interest in the advance and uplifting of the school system.

As practical as was Mrs. Willard, she possessed a rich and tender vein of sentiment. Her beautiful and eloquent poem, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep," will live forever. So full is it of sublime trust, undaunted courage, and belief in immortality, that it inspires and elevates with its true grandeur and lofty tone.

Mrs. Willard was very distinguished in appearance; and rejoiced in the most perfect physical condition. She spent a part of each day out of doors, no matter what the state of the weather. She believed in fresh air and plenty of vigorous exercise. A gentleman who visited her one day, near the close of her life, congratulated her upon her fine state of health. "Yes, thank you, judge," she said, "I have perfect health, but it is *old* health." She was wonderfully quick and bright in repartee, and possessed unusual conversational powers. She was most careful of her personal appearance; always dressing handsomely, she was a picture in her shining black silk or satin, and precious laces. She lived to be eighty years of age.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, in her address before the "Emma Willard Association" in Troy, in 1895, sixty years from the day she was graduated, and in the same room where she received her degree, discoursed most charmingly of Mrs. Willard and her mental grasp and great ability. She spoke of the majestic mien of her loved instructor, and of her trials in battling against public opinion and settled belief. She dwelt on her great perseverance, and her stern and relentless pursuit of knowledge on her own behalf, as she studied by night and taught by day. She honored her memory in every possible way, and eulogized her gifts and attainments in stirring words

of eloquent praise, and appealed to her hearers to emulate her virtues, and imitate her example in filling, to the last, each hour with worthy, ambitious work and purpose.

Mrs. Russell Sage paid a beautiful tribute to her memory in an address recently delivered. She dwells upon her girlhood, and the advantages of her Christian-home training and intellectual growth. She says: "Those were the days of the stage-coach and toll-gates, of whale-oil lamps and long evenings by the open fire. It was before the advent of Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Holmes, Emerson, Halleck, and Poe; before Webster's Dictionary and Spelling-book." Proudly she tells of Mrs. Willard's judgment and foresight. She remembers hearing her say, in 1840, that the time was not far distant when railroads would cross the continent, passengers would eat and sleep in the cars, and trains would be seen with the engines fired up, placarded, "For San Francisco; through in four days."

Many women of note, who have been of use to the world, were pupils of the famous Troy school. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who is the most noted American woman of to-day; Louise Chandler Moulton, Mrs. Russell Sage, Mrs. Charles Gardner, Mrs. Newberry Adams, Mrs. Spelman, Mrs. Jane Bancroft-Robinson, Mrs. Lincoln Phelps, Miss Dillaye (founder of the Ogontz School), the dowager Duchess of Marlborough (Lily Price), Mrs. Ira Joy Stoddard (first principal of the Ladies' Department of the Iowa Central University), the Misses Irving (nieces of Washington Irving), Mrs. Pierpont Marks, Miss Mary Hastings, and many women who are distinguished in literary and educational circles. Nearly all, if not all, of these ladies are charter members of the "Emma Willard Association."

This interesting society was organized April 25, 1891, in New York City. It sent representatives to the World's Fair in Chicago, in 1893; and through its influence there has been a great awakening interest in the Troy Seminary. The "Middlebury Scholarship" has been established by the Emma

Willard Association, in memory of the place in which Mrs. Willard first presided over a school, when she was Emma Hart. Two thousand dollars were raised for this purpose. A statue has been reared in Troy of the loved instructor, to which the Emma Willard Association contributed over fourteen hundred dollars.

"Russell Sage Hall" was given by the great New York financier, in honor of his wife, Margaret Olivia Slocum Sage, the first and only president the Emma Willard Association has known. Mrs. Sage is a strong intellectual woman, able and thorough in all she undertakes; and is of untold value to the Association which she leads. She was an instructor in the Ogontz School for eighteen years. She says her entire career was moulded by Mrs. Willard, that she owes her a debt she can never repay. She is largely responsible for the revival of interest in the Troy School. With her ample means and generous heart, she has helped it substantially. Her work has been ably seconded by Mrs. William C. Spelman, Mrs. H. L. Pierson, Mrs. Marvin Lord, Mrs. Titus Eddy, Mrs. Leon Harvier, Mrs. Charles Simmons, Mrs. Ertell, Mrs. J. S. T. Stranahan, Miss Mary A. Hastings, and Mrs. Haines.

Biographies have been compiled of the graduates of the school, which are full of interest; for there are many useful and well-known women among those who have been educated at Troy Seminary. Mrs. Charles H. Gardner, of New York City, is one of Mrs. Willard's pupils who has earned an enviable reputation as an instructress and author of text-books. Mrs. Gardner's home was in Troy. She attended the Seminary both as day and resident pupil. She began her work of teaching in Mrs. Willard's school; and was with Madame Chegarez six years, as teacher of history, mathematics, and music; afterward, for a year and a half, in Dr. Gardner's School, in Bloomfield, New Jersey. After her marriage with Dr. Gardner, she removed with him to New York City, and established their delightful school at No. 607 Fifth Avenue; they now have under their care over eighty young ladies.

Mrs. Mary A. Hastings taught mathematics in the Troy school many years; and is now lecturing on art.

Mrs. Stranahan also taught in the Willard School, before her marriage with the eminent Brooklyn politician; and has since attained some eminence as a writer.

Mrs. Jane Bancroft-Robinson, a graduate of 1871, is the Dean of the "Woman's College of the Northwestern University," at Evanston, Illinois.

Mrs. Lydia M. Van de Warker is the oldest living graduate of the Troy Female Seminary. She was born in 1802.*

The Association numbers over three hundred members, all united in the one purpose of sustaining the School which their leader founded and fostered in the first quarter of this century.

The Seminary was, until recently, presided over by Miss Emily T. Wilcox, a grandniece of Mrs. Willard. She followed Mrs. John Willard in the care of the School, and ably conducted the work to which she succeeded.

Long live the Troy School! And long life to the spirited women who are determined it shall be a factor in the educational world, and forever shed the gracious influence which has stimulated and inspired their own lives! The "Emma Willard Women" are a power in the land; cultured, ambitious, refined, and womanly, they are an honor to themselves and to the School of learning in which they were equipped and trained. The wisdom of their famed preceptress has filtered into their lives, has cleared their vision, and made light their intellectual pathway. In them the great Emma Willard lives; and through them will be disseminated the pure and lofty principles of her life.

Such women as Mrs. Willard can never wholly pass away. The good they do remains. They live in those whom they have nurtured; their methods become a part of the world's possessions; and their memory is the most precious treasure which falls to our inheritance.

* Deceased, 1897.

CHAPTER XVIII

CENTRAL UNIVERSITY'S ROLL OF HONOR

Aikins, H. D.....	Thirty-third Iowa Infantry.
Amos, C. J.....	Captain, Fortieth Iowa.
Baker, J. C.....	Thirty-third Iowa.
Barker, E. G.....	Cav., First Iowa; also Captain, 113th U. S. C. I.
Barker, F. C.....	Sergeant, Twenty-ninth U. S.
Barker, Wm. H.....	Third Iowa.
Bartlett, Phenix.....	Thirty-third Wisconsin.
Berry, James P.....	Thirtieth Iowa.
Betts, Wilson.....	First Kansas.
Black, George W.....	Fourth Iowa.
Bousquet, Henry L....	Thirty-third Iowa; also Lieut. & A. Q. M. (Ark.)
Bousquet, Herman.....	Third Iowa; also Mem. of Signal Corps.
Bousquet, John J.....	Third Iowa; also Lieutenant, U. S. C. I.
Bullar, A. T.....	Third Iowa.
Burkholder, Daniel.....	Eighth Iowa.
Campbell, M. K.....	Fifth Iowa.
Canine, Cornelius.....	Thirty-third Iowa.
Carter, William.....	Fourth Iowa.
Chapin, Judson S.....	Quart. Mast. Serg. Fourteenth Iowa.
Cheatham, Joseph.....	Thirtieth Iowa.
Cheatham, Thomas.....	Forty-fifth Iowa.
Clark, James A.....	Thirty-ninth Iowa.
Clark, James D.....	Ninth Iowa.
Clutter, W. S.....	Fourth Iowa Cavalry.
Cory, M. D.....	Fifth Iowa.
Cowman, T. J.....	Third Iowa.
Cox, Thomas W.....	Thirty-third, Musician.
Craven, A. F.....	Eighth Iowa.
Currier, Amos N.....	Eighth Iowa, and Lieut. Eleventh Mo. Cav.
Curtis, H. G.....	Eighth Iowa, and Adj. M. M. Brigade.
DeCou, John.....	Eighteenth Iowa.
Deweese, J. W.....	Twenty-third Iowa.
Downing, W. H. H.....	Thirty-third Iowa.
Dunnington, Orville.....	Thirty-third Iowa.
Earp, N. J.....	Fourth Iowa Cavalry.

Earp, Virgil.....	Eighty-third Illinois.
Gibbons, Daniel.....	Forty-ninth Indiana.
Graefe, E. F., Jr.....	Forty-eighth Iowa.
Guthrie, Wallace.....	Thirteenth Iowa.
Hampson, J. A. P.....	Major, Tenth U. S.
Harcourt, C. W.....	Fortieth Iowa.
Hart, Ezra.....	Twenty-second Iowa.
Harvey, James H.....	Eighteenth Iowa, and Lieut. 113th U. S. C. I.
Haven, R. P.....	First Colorado.
Hill, John.....	Miss. Mar. Brigade.
Hobbs, Albert.....	Captain, Third Iowa.
Howell, Sylvester S.....	Lieutenant, Third Iowa.
Jewett, R. H.....	Seventh Missouri.
Johnson, I. N.....	Third Iowa.
Johnson, S. W.....	Miss. Mar. Brigade.
Jones, R. D.....	Miss. Mar. Brigade.
Keables, Alonzo F.....	Sergeant-Major, Third Iowa.
Kellenberger, J. H.....	Third Iowa, and Lieut. Ninth Iowa Cav.
Law, E. H.....	Third Iowa.
Lawhead, William.....	Eighth Iowa.
Lindsey, E. H.....	Third Iowa.
Mann, George.....	Forty-seventh Iowa.
Maple, Wm. H.....	Sergeant, Thirty-fourth Iowa.
Masteller, T. C.....	140th Ill., and Capt. Stew. Gunboat Ex.
Mathews, Olfrey.....	Fortieth Iowa.
Mathews, Peter.....	Fortieth Iowa.
Moore, N. O.....	Thirty-third Iowa.
Morgan, John.....	Thirty-third Iowa, Second Lieutenant.
McCullough, Charles.....	Eighth Iowa, and Lieut. 71st U. S. C. I.
McCullough, William.....	Thirty-third Iowa, and Lieut. 113th U. S. C. I.
McCleod, John.....	Thirty-third Iowa.
McCleod, Josiah.....	Third Iowa.
McMichael, W.....	Miss. Mar. Brigade.
McMillan, John.....	Eighth Iowa.
McReynolds, Ewing.....	Fifth Iowa Cavalry.
Norris, C. N.....	Fifth Iowa.
Olney, C. M.....	Eighth Iowa.
Olney, Warren.....	Third Iowa, and Captain, 65th U. S. C. I.
Owen, John W.....	Eighth Iowa.
Parrish, Orson.....	Third Iowa.
Parrish, Wm. O.....	Third Iowa.
Paul, James M.....	Third Iowa.
Payton, Tillman.....	Fifth Iowa.

Perkins, E. H.....	Thirty-third Iowa.
Peters, Julius M. A.....	Thirty-third Iowa.
Peterson, George.....	First Nebraska.
Presley, Robert.....	136th New York.
Rankin, Wm. A.....	Captain, Thirty-third Iowa.
Reese, Samuel P.....	Fortieth Iowa.
Rhoades, J. F.....	Third Iowa.
Ritner, Isaac.....	Sergeant, Thirty-third Iowa.
Ritner, James A.....	Third Iowa.
Ritner, Judson.....	Twenty-fifth Iowa.
Robertson, S. W.....	Fourth Kansas.
Roth, William.....	Sixteenth Iowa.
Ruckman, John.....	Captain, Third Iowa.
Ruckman, Joseph.....	Second Lieutenant, Third Iowa.
Ryan, David.....	Capt. Eighth Iowa, and Col. Second E. M. D. W. T.
Ryan, Robert.....	Sergeant, Eighth Iowa.
Seary, Thomas J.....	Seventh Iowa.
Sharman, C. H.....	Lieutenant, Thirty-third Iowa.
Snyder, John.....	Thirtieth Iowa.
Sperry, A. F.....	Major, Thirty-third Iowa.
Sperry, E. F.....	Third Iowa.
Stone, B. P.....	Ninth Iowa.
Stone, William G.....	First Iowa, and Lieut. Twenty-first Iowa.
Stuart, Wm. A.....	Third Iowa, and Capt. Sixtieth U. S. C. I.
Sumner, Wm. H.....	Lieutenant, Third Iowa.
Talbot, Hiram M.....	Forty-eighth Iowa.
Taylor, Edgar.....	126th New York.
Thomas, J. W.....	Forty-seventh Iowa.
Towne, George W.....	Thirty-third Iowa.
Vanderly, John.....	Eighth Iowa, and Miss. Mar. Brigade.
Vandervolk, Weiger.....	Eighth Iowa.
Vinyard, Lemuel C.....	Fourth Iowa Cavalry.
Vinyard, T. J.....	Thirty-third Iowa.
Van Ausdel, Wm.....	Fortieth Iowa.
Ware, James L.....	Lieutenant, Twenty-fifth Illinois.
Whitney, Henry.....	Second ^{even} Lieutenant, Forty-fifth U. S. C. I.
Whitney, Henry.....	Second ^{1st} Lieutenant, Forty-fifth U. S. C. I.
Wilson, D. C.....	Thirty-third Iowa.
Wilson, W. D.....	Second Sergeant, Forty-fifth Iowa.
Wolfe, William.....	Eighth Iowa.
Wood, Jesse.....	Third Iowa.
Woods, E. M.....	Thirty-third Iowa.
Woods, Paschal.....	Tenth Illinois.

Whetstone, Isaac M.....	Thirty-ninth Iowa.
Whetstone, Joseph E.....	Thirty-ninth Iowa.

RECAPITULATION

Commissioned officers.....	26
Non-commissioned officers.....	17
Killed.	10
Died.	14
Total number enlisted.....	124



Yours Affectionately
D. L. H. Spodden









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